October 2017

Scrapbook No. 3 undated

...nsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1877.

The Academy of Fine Arts of this city, following the example of New York, is now exhibiting a loan collection of paintings, in its new and beautiful building on Broad street. Five rooms, filled with choice pictures, mostly the property of private citizens, are thrown open to the public. Our first visit there was at night. The large, lofty, brilliantly-lighted rooms were crowded with ladies in costumes marvelous to behold, many of them really exquisite and picturesque, and gentlemen in sober black in attendance. There were as many faces vying in loveliness with the pictured faces upon the walls that we found our attention much distracted from the latter to the living, breathing forms of beauty around us. Afterwards we had a quiet, daylight view, which enabled us to form a truer estimate of the collection. There were very few persons there, but we had a delightful sense of companionship in the pictures that surrounded us. The collection comprises some of the pictures that were in the Exposition, and many that were not. Hans Makart's great picture of "Venice Paying Homage to Cattarina Cornaro" is there. It has been purchased by the Academy for $25,000. Very magnificent it is, but the size is rather oppressive. Nor does it show to advantage surrounded by other pictures. An entire room ought to be appropriated to it.

Cabanel's exquisite pictures of "The Birth of Venus" and "Evening Star" are also there, and vividly recall Centennial days. The French artists are largely represented,—Millet, Corôt, Troyon, Meissonier, Gérôme, Merle, Détaille, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Rosa Bonheur, and many of lesser note.

Some of the finest pictures are by American artists. We saw no lovelier landscape than a scene among the Adirondacks, by W. T. Richards. It is wonderfully beautiful. In the sky are hues of pale purple, pale gold and turquoise blue, perfectly reflected in the clear waters of the little lake beneath. From either shore of the lake rise great masses of gray rock, to which bright vines and shrubs are clinging; in the foreground is a group of trees, brilliant in their robes of scarlet and gold, but with a subdued brilliancy. There is no glare; in the background the purple mountains fade away into the distance. The coloring is most harmonious, exquisite in its softness. Over the landscape hangs that wonderful, dreamy haze which we see only on October days. The scene recalls Whittier's words:—

> "The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
> The south wind softly sigh,
> And sweet, calm days, in golden haze,
> Melt down the amber sky."

"Leafy June," "The Beach at Atlantic City," and "On the Wissahickon," are other fine pictures by Richards.

"The Shepherd's Return," by Paul Weber, is very striking. The sky is particularly fine,—a wild sky, with heavy, dark gray clouds passing over it, their threatening aspect relieved here and there by a sunburst of gold; a bleak moor, over which a shepherd is driving his sheep home-ward in the fading light. A few lonely houses are scattered around. A church-steeple in the distance is the only relief to the wildness and desolation of the scene.

"The Sea," by Edward Moran, is a grand picture,—grand in its perfect simplicity and truthfulness; dark, stormy, foam-capped waves, upon which a solitary ship is tossing; a few snowy gulls in the foreground; heavy masses of steel clouds overhead. That is all, and most impressive.

Schreyer's Arabian pictures are full of spirit and power. In one, "The Retreat," two Arabs are flying at full galop across the desert. The magnificent horses, one black, one gray, are straining every nerve to escape the enemy, who is still at some distance. One rider drops his rein, turns, while at headlong speed, and fires upon his pursuers. The excitement of the moment thrills us as we gaze upon this striking and wonderfully life-like representation.

To our thinking, the loveliest face in the whole collection is that of a "Young Girl of Etretat," by Merle. She is coming up from the sea, which lies green and sparkling in the sunlight behind her. She carries a bag on one shoulder and another in her hand. As Etretat is, I believe, a fishing-town of Normandy, there are perhaps fish in the bags. But this is certainly an ideal fisherwoman, lovelier even than Christie Johnstone. Her face is an exquisite oval, of a soft, rich, rather dark tint. The low brow is shaded by wavy, dark hair. The features are perfect. The eyes cast a spell over one,—large, lustrous, dark eyes, sad almost to mournfulness. There is something very pathetic in their expression. The neck, shoulders, arms and hands are exquisitely beautiful. The white chemisette, brown bodice and blue skirt are very picturesque. A dark red handkerchief tied loosely over her head adds to the beauty of the wonderfully sensitive, refined, thoughtful face. It is a face that haunts one. I see it before me as I write, and shall not soon forget it.

Another very beautiful picture of Merle's is "The Fisher's Wife and Child." A woman with an expression of deep sadness and anxiety on her lovely face sits on a rock by the sea-shore, while the waves rise high in a storm. Her back is turned to the sea, as if she could not bear to look full upon it, but her head is slightly turned towards it, while she clasps closely to her bosom a lovely little boy with golden hair and violet eyes. The careless, childish unconsciousness of his expression contrasts strikingly with the anxious sadness of the mother's face.

Rosenthal's "Elaine" is in this collection, and Gérôme's "Old Clothes-Dealer, Cairo," which was also in the Exposition. It is an admirable painting, so rich and harmonious in color, so full of expression. The old clothes-dealer wears a white turban, and has a variety of bright-hued garments heaped upon his shoulder; in one hand he carries an old helmet, in the other a gun. His mouth is open, but it really seems as if it were the greatest possible effort for him to keep it open even long enough to cry "old clo's," or whatever the Eastern equivalent for it may be,—some

THE COMMONWEALTH:
A JOURNAL OF
Politics, Literature, Art and News,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
No. 25 Bromfield (north side, between Province and Washington) Street,
—BY—
CHAS. W. SLACK & SON,
(CHARLES W. SLACK.....HENRY V. SLACK.)
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

THE COMMONWEALTH can be obtained by the single number, or in larger quantities, upon application, of
ALL REGULAR NEWS-VENDERS.

The C

Eleventh Volume.—No. 3; Wh. No. 525. BOST

A Trip to the "Sea-Islands."

A CONTINUED BRILLIANT DESCRIPTION.

BY CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.

PART II.

A few miles from Beaufort, beside the Beaufort river, are now laid the foundations of a new city—to be called Port Royal city. It is at the terminus of the Port Royal railroad, and its founders, who are Northern men, predict for it a very thriving and prosperous existence. This, however, is in the distant future, as the town now consists only of several whiskey-shops, which are the scourge of this region, and a single dwelling-house. The situation is pleasant and picturesque, beside being advantageous for trade; and if some industrious, energetic Northern settlers could be imported, and the liquor shops abolished, the town would doubtless prosper.

The last days of our visit were spent on St. [illegible]lena Island—one of the Port Royal group, [illegible]site Beaufort—where some of us had [illegible] years ago, during the early days of the rebe[illegible]n. We visited the school first, and [illegible] how much progress had been made. Many whom we had left mere babies were now in the first class, and well advanced in arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, etc. Almost without exception they seemed bright, and as eager and interested as we remembered that our pupils were in the time when the blessings of freedom and "eddication" were new to them, and their thirst for "larnin'" seemed unquenchable. This school has had the great advantage of being under the same teachers from its beginning—ten years ago. And women of such high culture, such enthusiasm, and disinterested devotion to their work, as Misses M. and T., could not fail to accomplish a great amount of good. They are not only teachers, but friends, advisers, and helpers of the people on the island. And Miss T. adds to her other duties that of physician. They have formed a temperance society among their scholars, which meets twice a month. They have dialogues, recitations and little plays. Some friends of ours who were present at one of the meetings told us how admirable it was. The teachers were present, but took no part in the management of the meeting. It was conducted entirely by the children. There was perfect order and system, and our friends were astonished at the really remarkable dramatic talent which some of the children displayed. We had a specimen of this while in the school, for Miss M. had her boys recite for us one of their pieces—"Two Bare Hands." It is an English poem, into which she has introduced some temperance verses; and is so good and so appropriate that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it entire:—

TWO BARE HANDS.

We sing no songs of politics,
We write no idle story,
We lead no conquering army on,
Yet we shall have our glory.
High, brothers, high,
The banners fly and fly;
We brothers strong—
We two bare hands.

In forests deep awaiting us
The keels to be are growing,
The sea hath never sails enough,
The winds are ever blowing.
Swing, brothers, swing,
The axes ring and ring;
We brothers strong—
We two bare hands.

pect perfection from a people so recently delivered from slavery, and are disgusted with the whole race because they do not find it. They say, "Oh, the teachers see only the best side of the people. They don't know their laziness and dishonesty and untruthfulness as we do!" In this they are much mistaken. Such teachers as those on St. Helena know the people thoroughly. They have lived among them for ten years; have constantly visited their homes; know all their faults as well as their virtues. They do not think them perfect, or nearly so. They only say that, considering the training which they have had from their birth, which their ancestors had for hundreds of years, it is wonderful that they should be as honest, as truthful, as industrious, as they are. They think it marvellous that the iron hand of slavery has not crushed all hope, all aspiration, all virtue, out of this generation utterly. And the secret of their good influence over these people is that they treat them with respect—with the respect due from one human being to another. They show them that they believe them capable of improvement in every way, just as other people are. They do not speak to them and treat them as if they considered them utterly degraded and inferior beings, for whom there is no hope—as, I grieve to say, too many Northern people do. And the consequence is that the people are deeply grateful, and every good quality there is in them responds to the touch of kindness and sympathy. Of course there are some so degraded that little can be hoped from them, but these are not the majority; nor is their degradation one whit deeper than that of the "poor whites," nor, indeed, than that of some of the former masters. On this island, I believe, even some of the enemies of the people acknowledge that they are improving. Most of them own little lots of land, upon which they work industriously, and some are building themselves nice houses. Their greatest hindrance is the sale of whiskey. Liquor shops are scattered over the islands, kept by unprincipled men who would gladly ruin the people. In some instances, I am sorry to say, liquor is sold by the glass in shops kept by Northern men of respectability and standing in the community. Earnest appeals have been made to the State government to stop this disgraceful traffic, and it has been somewhat lessened by the increased price of licenses. But such an outrage should be suppressed entirely. The teachers have formed their little temperance society, hoping that its influence may protect the young people, at least, from this terrible evil, and the children are so heartily interested in it that it cannot fail to have a good effect.

And now we must digress for a moment from our sketch of the islands to say a word about the politics of the State, which indeed affect the islands, too. We know that its government is corrupt; that bribery and dishonesty prevail; and many people are ready to lay the blame upon the ignorance of the blacks. They lament that the right of suffrage was ever conferred upon them, and wish that the Democrats might rule the State. Of course many of the blacks are ignorant, and are influenced by unprincipled politicians—Northern and Southern. But the right of suffrage is actually necessary to their protection against the vindictive hatred of the rebels (how deep and barbarous that hatred is the kuklux developments have shown). Were the freedmen denied the right of suffrage a large proportion of them would be again reduced to a

but always treated with the greatest respect whenever they chanced to meet any of the freedmen. "I think this speaks well for the character of the people," said Miss T. earnestly. "How many places there are at the North where we should not have dared to do this! Nor should we venture it here, at the South, among any but the freedmen."

Miss B. gave us some facts in regard to the people on Port Royal Island which are interesting to know. "Although," said she, "most of the people in our district own their own land, most of them having five or ten acres, and some even twenty acres, they are not independent of the larger planters around them. They must find work somewhere that will bring them in a little money, especially when their taxes are all the time increasing; as in the case of one man who has only five acres. In 1870 he paid 76 cents tax; in 1871 it was $1.20; and this year it was $2.60; and the man can hardly raise on his land provisions to last half a year. The land of the Old Fort Plantation is rented entirely to the colored people, and they raise from it what they can without farming implements or animals [illegible] work with, or having anything [illegible] to improve the soil." This is a specimen of the disadvantages and discouragements under which these people have to labor. Miss B. said that during the winter, when the children were not obliged to work in the fields, the school was very interesting. There were about fifty children who were never absent unless seriously ill. They seemed delighted to be in school, and gave no trouble. In proof of the interest which the children still feel in their schools, and the efforts they make to enable them to continue, another teacher, in Georgia, says that nearly all of her pupils taught during vacation; and one little girl of eleven earned enough to sustain herself in school the rest of the year.

The time came for our pleasant sojourn to end, and with regret we bade farewell to the islands; to the teachers and children and parents; to the groves and flowers and streams; and, stepping into the delightful freight-car, began the journey homeward. The Cherokee-rose was in the fullness of its beauty, then. It took the place of the jasmine, and overran the banks of the little streams and draped the trees and hedges in the same graceful way. It is a single rose, a little larger than our Northern wild-rose, with petals of the purest white and exquisite, shining leaves. It needs only fragrance to make it perfect. I remember that one day we wreathed long sprays of it around a lovely picture—"The Maid of Mont Blanc." The effect was very beautiful. Through roads made delightful by it, and by violets, azaleas, honeysuckles, dogwood, bignonia, and innumerable blossoming blackberry vines, we came back again to dreary old Charleston, which seemed more prison-like than ever after our experience of the cheerful country life of the Sea Islands.

We two bare hands.
[redacted]fields are wide and warm and brown,
As were the earth all pleasure;
The sun shines bright on earth, the clouds
Drop low their dewy treasure.
Sow, brothers, sow,
The grain will grow and grow;
We brothers strong—
We two bare hands.

The sea is kind, throw net and line,
It cannot well deny us;
There's always need upon the land,
The winds were made to try us.
Pull, brothers, pull,
Our nets are full and full;
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

We raise our race, we lead our land,
Foremost among the nations,
We sign the pledge, we break the cup,
We dash aside temptations.
Sign, brothers, sign,
Down rum and wine;
We brothers strong—
We two bare hands.

We sow, we pull, we swing, we sign,
We whirl the wheel of labor,
We sing the day when man to man
Shall be but friend and neighbor.
Sing, brothers, sing,
Our songs shall ring and ring;
We brothers strong—
We two bare hands.

The boys acted, as well as recited, the poem; imitating perfectly, and with great spirit, the swinging of the axe, the sowing of the seed, the pulling in of the nets, etc. It was very effective. The schoolhouse is situated opposite the church, an old red brick building, in one of the finest groves of oak that we have seen. All the trees are hung with moss, and one stretches its huge protecting arms over the little burying-ground. On some of its great branches clusters of exquisite little ferns nestle closely to the rough bark.

The church is devoted to the services of the colored people—none of the whites on the island, except the two teachers, attending it. We went there one Sunday, and were struck with the great improvement of the people in dress and general appearance since we had last visited it, eight years ago. They were all neatly dressed, and ludicrous attempts at finery were rarely to be seen. Many of the men were on horseback; and the women in comfortable vehicles of their own, some having attained to the dignity of buggies. Of course the characteristic mule-cart was in the ascendancy. But even that looked neater and more comfortable than it once did. Altogether the group collected under the noble trees, was quite a pleasing and picturesque one; made especially so by the appearance of the elder women, who still retain their snowy aprons and bright turbans which are so becoming. We regretted that they did not sing any of their old hymns, "spirituals," as they call them. The teachers told us that they still sing these during the shouts in their "praise-houses," but never at church. They now sing from ordinary hymn-books, and often make sad havoc of words and tune. Their preacher is a good old man, but very ignorant. And we wished some intelligent, Northern colored minister (as they prefer having one of their own color) would come down and preach sensible, practical sermons to them.

We visited one day the home of the representative from St. Helena—an intelligent, pleasant-faced black man, in whose welfare the teachers are much interested. Indeed it was through their influence that he became a candidate for the Legislature. They knew him to be a sensible, trustworthy man, and thought he might do good there. They taught him in the evenings, and talked with him on various subjects relating to the history and politics of the country, and were delighted with his eager interest, and quickness of perception. His wife is an excellent and industrious woman, his children bright scholars, and his perfectly neat house, and the well-kept and carefully-planted ground around it, bear evidences of thrift and good management.

It was pleasant to hear the teachers talk of the freed people on the island. They felt so encouraged and hopeful; so different from many of the Northern planters and traders, who, coming down solely to make money, seem to expect a proportion of them would be again reduced to a condition little better than that of slavery. Intelligence, honesty, and purity in politics, are not *always* found at the North, even among those who have had every advantage of birth and education. Is it so strange that we do not often find them here? It is from the rising generation, who will have had the advantages of freedom and education, that we must hope for a better state of things; and meanwhile, instead of the utterly unprincipled politicians who come here from the North, let earnest, sensible, philanthropic men come, who will influence the freedmen for good, instruct their ignorance, show them that they have faith in them, and strive to elevate them in every way.

These thoughts came to us as we drove towards the teachers' home, and noticed the kindly and cheerful greetings which they exchanged with the people on every hand. Soon we reached their pleasant place—an old Southern plantation, which bears the aristocratic name of Frogmore. They have renewed the dilapidated house, cleared the grounds, planted a lovely flower-garden, and quite transformed the whole place. From their windows one sees a charming picture; the beautiful grove of moss-hung oaks; the vine-wreathed piazza; the garden in front, glowing, in April, with the most brilliant summer flowers; and, beyond, the blue water of the bay. Within are books and flowers and pictures, and an interesting family of dogs and cats, and it all seemed more homelike than any house we have visited in the South. There was but one drawback to its delights, and that was sand-flies! They were fearful, all over the islands. They are tiny insects, so small as scarcely to be visible, yet their sting is even more penetrating and painful than that of the mosquito. They are simply intolerable. They drove us from the beautiful garden, and poor Miss T., who was working among her plants, was so besieged by them that her brother was obliged to rush to the rescue with a large fan, with which he drove the torturers away, swinging it vigorously over her head until her work was done.

Miss T. gave us an amusing account of "Puss," a former pupil of mine, and now one of Miss M.'s scholars. She is a tiny creature about thirteen, having grown but little in all these years, and is bright and original and perfectly incorrigible. Miss T. took her to live in the house with her, and gave her *two* nice French calico dresses, both alike. After wearing them a little while Puss declined to go to church, because "the girls would laugh at her for wearing the same dress so often!" Afterwards she announced she that she must run away and work to get a new dress. Miss T. told her that she could not have another dress then, and if she went away she could never come back again. Whereupon Puss exclaims in the most tragic manner, "O God, I stand in need of a friend!" and runs away, and does not return.

One day, in school, one of the children complained to Miss M. that Puss was "cussing" her. Miss M. would have been horrified had she not known that "cussing" among these children means simply calling uncomplimentary names, and not really cursing at all. But she felt it her duty to investigate, and asked the accuser what Puss had said to her. "Oh, she cuss me, ma'am, she cuss me out of the *spelling book;* she call me Gog, Magog and Synagogue!" What could be done with the delinquent against whom such a novel charge of profanity was brought? Puss's way of parsing "sister" was comical. "Of what gender is sister?" asked her teacher. "He is feminine, ma'am, him's a gal." This illustrates their upside-down way of using the pronouns, which is one of the errors of which it is hardest to correct them. They use "he" for every gender.

Miss T. gave us one instance of the trustworthiness of the people on the island, which seems to us worth relating. She said that for years she and Miss M. had been in the habit of driving, alone, over the island, visiting remote plantations, going through lonely wood-roads, sometimes being out until after dark, and they had never been insulted or molested in any way,

CHILDHOOD'S FANCIES.

I am accustomed to make great use of an invaluable little volume, the "Brief Biographical Dictionary," and it contains one line that often arrests my attention, and has for me an inexhaustible charm. The plan of the book is simply to give in alphabetical order the name of each noted person, with his occupation, his biographer, and the dates of birth and death; thus preserving in the smallest space, as in an urn-full of white dust, the substance of each career. And among these condensed memorials—inserted between "Fleming, John, Scottish Naturalist," and "Fleming, Patrick, Irish Roman Ecclesiastic"—occurs this line:

"Fleming, Marjorie, *Pet.* (Life by J. Brown, M. D.) 1803-1811."

That is all; but it is to me as touching as the epitaphs of children in the Greek "Anthology." Those who have read in Dr. Brown's "Spare Hours" his delicious sketch of the fascinating little creature thus commemorated, will not wonder that her life of eight years obtained for her a niche in fame's temple as enduring as that of any of her maturer clansmen. Nay, what to us is a mere "Scottish Naturalist" or "Roman Ecclesiastic" beside "Pet Marjorie?"

I would fain take this adoption of this rare little maiden into the Biographical Dictionary, as an indication that we are beginning a more careful and reverent study of childish ways. It is wrong to leave this mine of quaintness and originality to be the mere wonder of a day in the household, when even the savants are beginning to talk about "Psychological Embryology," vouchsafing us two polysyllables, huest beneath whose protecting shadow we may enter on pleasant themes. Why should we praise Agassiz for spending *four* hours a day at the microscope, watching the growth of a turtle's egg, and yet recklessly waste our opportunities for observing a far more wondrous growth? Or why should the scientific societies send agents to study the Chinook jargon, or the legends of the Flathead Indians, when the more delicious jargon of these more untamable little nomads remains unrecorded? Mr. G. P. Marsh has drawn important inferences as to language from the broken English of children; and there are themes of study, more absorbing still, in their broken and fantastic imaginations.

Care and duty hem us in so closely during maturer years, that we should become dry and desolate but for constantly recurring to the one period of life when the limitations *of space and time do not* oppress us, and the far off is as the near. The baby who puts out his little hand for the moon is compelled to draw it back empty, yet he puts it forth many times again. My friend's little daughter, after having the stars for the first time pointed out to her, requested next day to have "two little stars with sugar on them for breakfast." And in their first dealings with human beings children set aside the petty barriers of generations and centuries in the same fine way. "Mamma," said in my hearing the little daughter of a certain poetess, "did I ever see Mr. Shakspeare?" It was at the dinner-table and between two bites of an apple. On another occasion the same child said with equal confidence, "Mamma, did you ever know Cleopatra?" There was no affectation about it; she was accustomed to seeing literary people and other notabilities at her mother's house; and Shakspeare and Cleopatra might have come and gone, arm in arm, without exciting her half so much as the arrival of a new paper doll. Thus a child traveling with me, and seeing me salute, at a railway station, a certain Methodist minister of great dimensions, inquired, with casual interest, whether that was the Pope? To assign to the Pope his proper place in space, and to Shakspeare or his heroines their rightful position in time,—what have children to do with such trifles? Matters more important claim their attention; are there not hoops and skipping-ropes and luncheon?

And when the imagination of children thus sets out on its travels, it embraces with the same easy sweep the whole realm of mythology and fairy-land, still without questioning or surprise. A young gentleman of my acquaintance, aged seven, who had already traveled in Greece with his father, and who was familiar by hearsay with the Homeric legends, formed lately a plan of vast compass for summer entertainment. He proposed to his father that they should erect a hotel on one of the Plymouth (Massachusetts) hills, and should engage all the Greek gods and goddesses as permanent attractions for the possible boarders. He suggested that these deities had been "turned out" so long that they would doubtless be glad to get places, and he could afford to pay them handsome salaries out of the profits. It was a part of the scheme that Agamemnon, Ulysses, and others, should also be engaged to "preach" at the hotel, giving in their discourses a narrative of the Trojan war. This course of lectures was to last ten years, and to be repeated in every decade; and finally Orpheus and the Nine Muses were to give a series of concerts for the benefit of the enterprise. This plan he devised for himself and quite independently of his father, but wished that gentleman to use his influence with the colleges toward securing the necessary spectators. This appeal was met by the generous pledge of a hundred tickets from Cambridge alone, whenever this "grand combination of attractions," as the programmes say, should be brought together.

In what land of blissful fancy do children dwell when they build up such visions as this—eager to talk about them, wounded if they are ridiculed, desolate if they are crushed, and yet never absolutely believing them to be wholly true? In maturer years we still yield ourselves with some readiness to fancy; we weep at the theater; actors themselves weep. Charles Lamb's friend Barbara S. remembered, in old age, how her neck had been scalded in childhood by the hot tears that fell from the eyes of Mrs. Porter, as Isabella. It does not even require the illusion of the visible stage in order to *produce such* emotions. When Richardson was writing "Clarissa Harlowe" he had letters by scores, imploring him to save his heroine from impending despair, or to bring back Lovelace to virtue. "Pray, reform him; will you not save a soul, sir?" wrote one correspondent; and Colley Cibber vowed that he should lose his faith in a merciful Providence unless Clarissa were protected. Nor were these the mere whims of a fantastic period, for who does not remember the general groan of *dismay* among the young women of America when Miss Alcott, in her second volume, forbade the banns between Joe and Laurie. Yet how far do even these instances fall short of the intensity of childhood's emotions!

I knew a little girl who was found sobbing in bed, one night, unable to close her eyes, long after her usual time of slumber. With much reluctance and after long cross-examination, she owned that her sorrow related solely to the woes of "Long Tail" and "Blue Eyes," two devoted rats, whose highly wrought adventures she had just been reading in a child's magazine. "Blue Eyes" had been caught in a trap, from which "Long Tail" had finally rescued her, but their sufferings had been so vividly described, that it was long before she could be induced to view it as anything but a real tragedy. Less easy of persuasion was a child once under my charge, a boy of twelve, unusually strong and active, spending almost his whole time in the open air, who was yet moved by the story of "Undine" to such exaggerated emotion, that he lay awake the greater part of the night, in an agony of tears, which grew worse and worse till I hit upon a happy thought, and imagined for him a wholly new ending to the tale,—bringing Undine out of the water and re-uniting her to Hildebrand, so that all should live happily ever after. Being offered this entirely ideal refuge from an equally ideal woe, my poor little pupil dried up his tears and was asleep in ten minutes.

We are apt to be amazed that children should thus lend themselves to be profoundly moved by what they do not, after all, accept as truth. But what know they of real or unreal? The bulk of the world's assumed knowledge—as that the earth revolves around the sun—is to them as remote from personal verification as their fairy stories, and seems more improbable. They have to take almost everything for granted, and the faculty of "make-believe" is really in constant exercise, whether in study or play. "Only the Encyclopedia to learn," said Lord Chatham, with doubtful encouragement, to his boy; but, so long as it is all one way, how is any one to draw the line where the wonders of the Encyclopedia end, and those of the "Arabian Nights" begin?

"I should think," said my little cousin to me, as he hung enraptured over the "Pilgrim's Progress," "that those Apollyons must be a bad kind of fellows to have about!" He would have taken the same view of rattlesnakes, never having actually seen either species of monster. Sir Philip Sidney says, when speaking of the old theatrical practice of labeling the stage-scenery, "What child is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing 'Thebes' written on an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" But all history, and art, and science are but so many stage-doors to the child, and they are all labeled Thebes, or something still more incomprehensible. Even Keats begins his classification of the universe with "things real, as sun, moon, and passages of Shakespeare." The truth is, that the child does not trouble himself to discriminate between the real and ideal worlds at all, but simply goes his way, accepts as valid whatever appeals to his imagination, and meanwhile lives out the day and makes sure of his dinner. Luckily, you can by no means put him off with any Barmecide delusion about that.

We do not sufficiently remember that the most hum-drum daily life is essentially ideal to an imaginative child, or is, at least, easily idealized. One secret of the charm of "Charles Auchester" is, that in the early chapters it describes the enchantment *produced by music on many* a susceptible child, portraying emotions such as many have experienced, but none had ever before dared to describe. There is nothing in it which overstates what I can remember to have felt in childhood when lying awake in bed, after dark, and listening to my sister's piano. It may have been a nightly ten minutes, at most, but I perceive now, in looking back, that the music lulled all childish sorrows to sleep, and drew a curtain of enchantment over the experience of every day. And even without such melodious aid, children will take the echoes of

the most prosaic events and weave them into song and legend for themselves. How vivid the picture of the lonely life of the Bronte household, with their nightly dramas, into which Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington enter, and the wayfaring man at the door is caught up into the romance. But a thousand such childish experiences are unrecorded. We go to visit the families of our friends, and find that we have long served as *dramatis personæ* to their children. They have only heard of us, have never seen us; but they have long since painted us in their pictures, played us in their games, named dolls or boats after us, and taken us with them on imaginary voyages to the North Pole. They have supplemented their own lives, in short, by including in fancy the experiences of every life with which thay have come in contact.

It is a common thing for children to live in some world of their own, apart from all their daily duties and belongings. In one household of my acquaintance, two little girls possess a private fairy-land named "Blab." All their play hours are passed in it; its secrets are known to them only; even their parents are not admitted; but their baby sister, not yet two years old, is by birthright a citizen of the realm, and acts with great dignity her part in its pageants. They have invented for this enchanted land a language, both spoken and written—their father, it should be said, is an eminent linguist,—and they have devised novel combinations of letters, to express sounds not represented in the English tongue.

I knew another child who spent her summers on a charming estate by the sea-shore, with her grandfather for chief playmate. They jointly peopled with a fairy world the woods and rocks around them: every rocky cave, every hollow tree, every hole in the ground was full of enchantment. There were paths and ravines where it was forbidden to walk fast or speak aloud. The two playmates would steal off by themselves and hold secret converse for hours, concerning these wonders, till, on one unlucky day, the elder conspirator forgot himself so far as to speak disrespectfully of the prime minister of the Court of Fairyland. No actual peril could have taken more apparent hold of the child's imagination. She walked up and down, wringing her hands, and endeavoring to propitiate the supposed wrath of these beings unseen, by such highly wrought appeals as this:

"I come to implore you in behalf of my beloved grandpapa! Spare him! O respectable Green Bird! do his doom lightly!"

Another child of my acquaintance created for himself, before he could speak plain, a realm less fairy-like but more fantastic, whose ideal hero was named "Mr. Dowdy." The materials for his career were all drawn from the incidents of daily life in the streets of Boston, where the child dwelt; and nothing was seen from the windows that was not immediately glorified among the incidents of Mr. Dowdy's life. Going once to spend a night at the house, I found the elder members of the family quite excited about a public meeting which they had attended, and which had been broken up by a mob. I had petitioned, as usual, that the little boy might sleep with me, for his imagination, like that of most children, was liveliest at first waking, and his prattle was, when taken in moderation, a great delight. I accordingly found his pretty head lying on my pillow at bed-time, and was aroused the next morning, to listen with drowsy ears to Mr. Dowdy in full career. Nestling close to me, the young narrator proceeded. The excitements of the night previous had added to his vocabulary a new word; and, accordingly, "Mobs" appeared on the scene as a new figure, a sort of collective unit, antagonistic to all good —a prince of the powers of evil—a malign being who made unseemly noises, broke benches in halls, and forced peaceful aunts to flee for their lives. To "Mobs" malignant enters the virtuous and triumphant Dowdy, and the scene thus proceeds:

"Then Mobs come up'tairs again, make a noise, frighten the people, frighten Aunty. Then Mr. Dowdy come; he set his dog on Mobs; eat him all up; drive him away."

Then rising in bed, with an air of final decision and resistless fate:

"It says in Queen Victoria's book, that outragis Mobs must be put down 'tairs!"

So heartily had I gone along with the flow of narrative, that I hardly felt disposed to question the infallible oracle thus cited, and "The Koran or the Sword" seemed hardly a more irresistible appeal than Queen Victoria's book. I had not the slightest conception what it meant, but, on inquiry at breakfast, I was shown one of those frightful medical almanacs, such as are thrown in at unoffending front doors. This, it seemed, had been seized upon by one of the elder boys, and one of its portraits had been pronounced to look just like the pictures of Prince Albert. It had afterward passed to my little friend, who had christened it, for the alleged resemblance, "Queen Victoria's book," and had hung it on the wall, to be henceforth cited solemnly, as containing the statutes of the imaginary realm where Dowdies dwelt.

More commonly, I suppose, this ideal being is incarnated in a doll. I knew a little girl who spent a winter with two maiden ladies, and who had been presented by one of them with a paper doll, gorgeously arrayed. She named it the Marquis, and at once assigned to that nobleman the heart and hand of her younger hostess. He was thenceforth always treated with the respect due to the head of the house; a chair and plate were assigned him at table, though, for reasons of practical convenience, he usually sat in the plate. "Good-morning" must always be said to him. The best of everything must be first offered to him, or else Lizzie was much hurt, and the family were charged with discourteous neglect. Indeed she always chose to take the tone that he did not receive quite the consideration to which his rank and services entitled him; and when she first awaked in the morning, she would give reproving lectures to his supposed spouse. "He does everything for you," the child would say to this lady; "he earns money, and buys you all that you have; he shovels your paths for you"—this being perhaps on a snowy morning when that process was audible— "and yet you do not remember all his kindness." The whole assumed relationship was treated as an absolute reality, and the lively farce lasted, with undiminished spirit, during the whole of a New England winter.

It is matter for endless pondering. What place does this sort of thing really occupy in a child's mind? It is not actually taken for truth; the child will sometimes stop in full career and say: "But this is all make-believe, you know," and then fling itself again into the imaginary drama, as ardently as ever. These little people know the distinction between truth and falsehood, after all, and the great Turenne, when a boy, challenged a grown-up officer for saying that Quintus Curtius was only a romance. These fancies are not real; they are simply something that is closer than reality. This makes the charm of that inexhaustibly fascinating book, "Alice in the Looking-Glass," a book which charms every child, and which I have yet heard quoted by the President of the London Philological Society in his annual address, and to the reading of a chapter of which I have seen Mr. Darwin listen with boyish glee by his own fireside. No other book comes so near to the very atmosphere of the dawning mind, that citizen of an inverted world, where the visions are half genuine, and the realities half visions. After Alice in the story has once stepped into the looking-glass, passing through it to the world where everything is reversed, she is at once amazed by everything and by nothing. It does not seem in the least strange to be talking with the queen of the white chessmen, or to have her remember the things that are not to happen till week after next. Alice in the pictures never loses the sweet bewildered expression we know so well, and yet she is "always very much interested in questions of eating and drinking," and is as human and charming as Pet Marjorie. Who shall disentangle the pretty complication? The real and unreal overlap and interpenetrate each other in a child's mind, film upon film, till they can be detached only by a touch as subtile as that of Swinburne, when he essays to separate the successive degrees of remoteness in the portrait of a girl looking at her own face in a mirror,—a poem on the picture of a likeness, the shadow of the shadow of a shade.

"Art thou the ghost, my sister,—
White sister there?
Am I the ghost,—who knows?
My hand, a fallen rose,
Lies snow-white on white snows,
And takes no care."

Nor does it require any peculiarly gifted temperament to bring forth these phenomena of childhood. Given the dawning mind as agent, and the wonderful universe as material, and all else follows of itself. Some of the most remarkable stories, I have ever known were told of children whose maturer years revealed nothing extraordinary, just as I heard the other day of a girl who could hum the second to a musical air before she could speak, and who, on growing up, proved to have hardly any ear for music. There never was a child so matter-of-fact, perhaps, but his mind, on coming in contact with the outer world, encountered experiences as hazy as the most dreamy poet could depict. In older people we can discriminate between different temperaments, but childhood is in itself a temperament, or does the work of one; and it is brought face to face with a universe of realities so vast and bewildering that you may add all the realm of the impossible and hardly make the puzzle more profound.

In Hans Andersen's story, the old hen assures her chickens that the world is very much larger than is commonly supposed—that indeed it stretches to the other side of the parson's orchard, for she has looked through a hole in the fence and has seen. But to the child, the whole realm of knowledge is the parson's orchard, and all experience is only a glimpse through some new hole in the fence. What deceives us elders is, that the child placidly keeps on his way through this world of delusion, full of his school and his play, and accepting everything as easily as we accept the impossibilities of our dreams. He is no more concerned with your philosophical analysis of his mental processes than were the pigeons reared by Darwin with the inferences he drew from their plumage and their shapes. Holding in himself, could we but understand him, the key to all mysteries, the urchin does not so much as suspect that

that he dresses himself with consummate skill! Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. Lord Jeffrey came unexpected while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's. The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones."

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have seen since! Coming in from a drive one forenoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library; "he said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table!" I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes; a tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, which he was sitting writing at, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters all lying about, and running his eyes over me, from head to foot, said, "Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?" An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got. "Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word. Another inclination of the head, even slighter than the first. "I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation, and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am waiting till he comes in; but in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter, here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle!" Finding that I would absolutely make no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions. "Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?" "No!" "Oh, he doesn't! Perhaps he studies

seventy-fourth year. Had she lived to the age of the patriarchs every day of her life would have been filled with clouds of goodness and of love. She had been fifty-four years the delight of my father's heart. If there is existence and retribution beyond the grave my mother is happy. But if virtue alone is happiness below never was existence upon earth more blessed than hers. She was married at twenty and had five children—three sons and two daughters. Two only of the sons have survived her. Her attention to the domestic economy of the family was unrivalled—rising with the dawn and superintending the household concerns with indefatigable and all-foreseeing care. She was an ardent patriot, and the earliest lessons of unbounded devotion to the cause of their country that her children received were from her. She was always cheerful, never frivolous; she had neither gall nor guile."

Opening Charles I's Coffin.

From Notes and Queries.

In 1813, while a passage was being constructed under the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, an aperture was accidentally made in one of the walls of Henry VIII's vault. Three coffins were seen, and it was supposed that one of them might hold the remains of Charles I. The vault was examined in the presence of George IV and other distinguished persons, among whom was Sir Henry Halford, and to the work published by him ("An Account of the Opening of the Coffin of Charles I," 4to, 1813) I am indebted for the details of the interesting incident. On opening the coffin supposed to contain the remains of the unfortunate monarch, the body was found wrapped in cere-cloth, and the damp folds about the face adhered so closely that on being detached it was found to retain an impress of the royal countenance—a circumstance which to ardent loyalists will doubtless recall the legend of Santa [illegible]. The head was found to be s[illegible] and the black hair of the [illegible] neck, to facilitate [illegible]

[illegible] study, Mrs. Carlyle?" [illegible] work by the clock."

Away back in 1835, when she was triumphing over and victoriously binding under foot the poverty which Carlyle thus calls beautiful she writes him in Italian. It is a pathetic picture of the young wife, struggling to make herself worthy of the man whom her prophetic eye saw was to be "an intellectual king." She says:

Methinks you are somewhat forgetful of your poor little ones. These, your long silences, this long absence of yours are becoming painful to me. Come back, my husband, come back, in God's name, to your home. In vain worthy gentlemen come numerously to pay their worship to me. In vain I force myself to occupation, to diversion, to contentment. In the absence of my husband I remain ever disquieted, ever at a loss, but if you find that you are better in the country, if your precious health is becoming stronger, your mind more clear more tranquil, then have no thougnt of me. Consider that I submit my will to your advantage and I will do my best to be patient.

And then she goes on to flatter herself for having written "this lovely Italian" without a dictionary and without forethought. At another time she indites a letter for her dog Nero. It was the dog with which Carlyle had "a great deal of small traffic, poor little animal, so loyal, so loving, so naive and true with what of dim intellect he had;" it was the dog of which Mrs. Carlyle says in a short postscript to a letter to John Forster: "I forgot to tell you that I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with amiability. To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs, as I ought to do and can't; and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honor and glory."

She gives a lively picture of the results of one of her husband's whims. He had left her, as usual, to superintend the fixing up of the house in Chelsea, and, when he came back, his quiet was disturbed by a young lady practising on the piano next door. So a new arrangement had to be made and the carpenter was called in to remedy the evil

[illegible] divine afflatus of a poet from whom we may expect much in the future. Miss Mamie E. Fox is the young poetess, who gives evidence of great talent and genuine literary ability. A Cincinnati paper recently published one of her short stories, which has received encomiums from several able critics.

Visitors at "The Colored American" Office.

A. P. Lewis, William H. Stewart, C. T. Walker, Augusta, Ga.; James L. Johnson, Parker N. Bailey, F. T. Hyman, J. B. Hyman, Miss Jones, Miss George, A. J. Farley, Jno. J. Bell, Jr.; W. M. George, H. L. Joh[illegible] Jackson,

[illegible] event happened to [illegible] visit. Just before the President arrived at the exposition grounds a letter fell into the hands of the Washington police which caused the most prompt action. This letter contained the information that a notorious Chicago anarchist of the extreme type had left Chicago and was believed to have gone to the exposition. Furthermore, the letter stated that the anarchist had made threats against the life of the President.

The Washington police lost no time in wiring their information to the detectives on duty in the exposition grounds. A full description of the Chicago anarchist was sent. His age, height, the color of his eyes and hair and other details by which the man might be identified were transmitted in prescribed police form. Among other things it was noted that the man sometimes grew a black muntache and wore eyeglasses. "He is a dangerous man" was the word that went out from Washington.

Grounds Were Searched.

The exposition police got a photograph of the man. An official photographer was called in, and within an hour copies of the photograph were in the hands of every secret service agent and plain-clothes man on the grounds. Armed with these a thorough search was made of every building within the tall hedge fence. The auditorium, where the President was to hold a reception after his speech and shake the hands of many hundreds of admirers, and the grand stand were searched. Detectives stood at every gateway, and, with a likeness of the anarchist in their hands, scanned the faces of the crowds as they entered. An instance of the care that was taken is shown in the fact that one man who said that he was a member of the Rough Riders and that he merely wanted to shake hands with the President was turned away.

STARTS WORK ON 1909 FAIR.

Alaskan-Yukon-Pacific Committee Figures on $380,000 for Expenditures.

Seattle, Wash., April 30.—Saturday, June 1, will be memorable in the history of Washington and Alaska as the "ground-breaking day" of the Alaskan-Yukon-Pacific Exposition of 1909.

The executive committee of the exposition has decided to invite the governors and mayors of the surrounding States and cities as guests. The committee fixed the sum of $380,000 for expenditures on the buildings and grounds, which is an in[illegible] of $120,000

Prof. William R. Dimmock, the principal of Adams Academy at Quincy, Mass., receives a salary of $6000, doubtless a larger sum than any other person in the country in a similar position. The Academy maintains a high grade of excellence, and has a good number of students. Prof. Dimmock was formerly of our Latin School, and subsequently professor of Greek in Williams College.

Col. Mason W. Tappan, of Bradford, N. H., has been appointed Attorney-General of the State by the Governor and Council. He is an able and true man, eloquent and methodical, and a noble old Free-Soiler. Should he accept the position the State would secure an officer who has few equals either in practical sagacity, eloquence of speech, or the power to secure for his clients favorable verdicts and judgments.

The poet Whittier, who lives in Amesbury, Mass., some six miles up the river, says that one of the first questions asked him by Dom Pedro, of Brazil, was in reference to the valley of the Merrimack and the Whitefield church. This church bears the name of the First Presbyterian in Newburyport, and was formed by Whitefield one hundred and thirty years ago. The building contains a handsome marble monument to the great revivalist.

As we feared, when the *Advertiser* censured (after exposure) its city editor for agreeing with the other daily papers, to make no mention of a postoffice theft, a few months since, this gentleman sought the earliest opportunity to leave the establishment. Mr. R. W. Merrill accordingly, after six years' service, has accepted a position upon the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *Times*. Mr. Merrill is a young man of ability, an experienced journalist, and a genial companion.

Mortimer Collins, poet and novelist, died in London, on the 25th ult., at the age of forty-nine. He was born at Plymouth, England, in 1827, receiving his education in a private school. Devoting himself to journalism and the other

...TORIA AS...

Natives of Orissa, in a Corner of India, Find a New Saint.

From the London Spectator.

The *Athenæum* mentions casually a striking incident which is stated to have recently occurred in Orissa, and which would have broken Lord Beaconsfield's heart. Sergeant Atkinson, presumably an Inspector of Roads, or, it may be, police officer, reports to the *Indian Spectator*, a native paper published in English, that a tribe in Orissa has adopted Queen Victoria as its deity. We have no details, either, as to worship or creed, though they will, no doubt, be speedily obtained; but the story is *prima facie* probable. The French General Raymond was worshiped as a god, though he probably believed nothing; so was General Nicholson, though he was, as we have heard, of the straitest sect of Irish Orangemen; so was a military philanthropist, whose name we are ashamed to have forgotten, who devoted his life to a wild tribe in the Bengalee Himalayas; and so also may be the Queen. As to things, the instances of their elevation are endless. Sir A. Lyall knew of scores of shrines reared over stones and among sacred corpses, and himself "knew a Hindoo officer, of great shrewdness and very fair education, who devoted several hours daily to the elaborate worship of five round pebbles, which he had appointed to be his symbol of Omnipotence. Although his general belief was in one all-pervading Divinity, he must have something symbolic to handle and address."

The adoption of Queen Victoria into a system like this is so natural that we wonder it has never occurred before. She is just the material to make a goddess of; a living being, of far-reaching power, invisible, yet present throughout India; a worker, in native eyes, of many wonders; and on the whole beneficent, though that, indeed, to the devotees of smallpox and cholera, both of which have worshippers, and the first very many, would make but little difference. God creates, and God crushes also, in the Hindoo mind. "There is no reason in the world

but two cats, subjectively there are a thou-
...ed, each sin... al expands
...like

...Y 1, 1907.

THE POET WHITTIER.

How He Met His Only Love and How They Drifted Apart.

Rev. Thomas S. Gregory, in New York American.

John Greenleaf Whittier was one of the sweetest poets that this country or any other has ever produced; and this in spite of the fact that he was doomed to live and die a bachelor.

In the spring of 1828, when the poet was about twenty years old, he did his first and last courting.

In the quaint old town of Marblehead, in the home of a well-to-do shipmaster, dwelt Evelina Bray, the shipmaster's daughter. Evelina was "sweet sixteen," as pretty as a peach and as pure as the wood violets with which she loved to decorate her hair, and with the winsome, modest maiden Whittier fell desperately in love.

During the aforementioned springtime, as the flowers were creeping up from under the snow, and the landscape was taking on its first delicate touches of the summer to come, young Whittier went down to Marblehead, found Evelina, and told her of the sentiment that he could no longer conceal. To his joy he learned that the sentiment was reciprocated.

But the "course of true love did never yet run smooth," and it was already decreed that Whittier's was to be a "lost love."

The shipmaster of Marblehead was a "worldly" man, and one of his chief delights, when on shore, was to hear his daughter play on the piano and sing; while Whittier's parents, as well as Whittier himself, were of the strictest sect of the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was an emblem of sin, and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic, and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it; Evelina Bray knew it; and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later—in 1833—the couple met
...ery road-
...all winter
... silk are
... constant,
... mounting
...d silently
... these lit-
...ide them
...und cling-
...e set free at
a touch, to float away again; they occupy the room with a delicate aerial life of their own. Like these winged things are the fancies of childhood, giving to the vital seed of thought its range; bearing it lightly over impurities and obstructions, till it falls into some fitting soil at last, there to recreate itself and bear fruit a hundred fold.—*T. W. Higginson in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE WELCOME VISITOR.—The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah! how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers!

A STRIP OF BLUE.—(By Lucy Larcom.)—

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine;
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees;
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken, precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God! is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

The Yellow-Hammer's Nest.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

—*John W. Chadwick, in Harper's Magazine.*

that he dresses himself with consummate skill! Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. Lord Jeffrey came unexpected while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's. The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones."

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have seen since! Coming in from a drive one forenoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library; "he said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table!" I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes; a tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, which he was sitting writing at, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters all lying about, and running his eyes over me, from head to foot, said, "Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?" An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got. "Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word. Another inclination of the head, even slighter than the first. "I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation, and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am waiting till he comes in; but in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter, here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle!" Finding that I would absolutely make no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions. "Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?" "No!" "Oh, he doesn't! Perhaps he studi

seventy-fourth year. Had s
the patriarchs every day of
been filled with clouds of g
She had been fifty-four yea
father's heart. If there is e
tion beyond the grave my
'f virtue alone is happi
upon ea
ty

Y 1, 1907.

THE POET WHITTIE

How He Met His Only Love
They Drifted Apart.

Rev. Thomas S. Gregory, in New York

John Greenleaf Whittier was o
sweetest poets that this countr
other has ever produced; and thi
of the fact that he was doome
and die a bachelor

In the spring of 1828, when the
about twenty years old, he did
and last courting.

In the quaint old town of Ma
in the home of a well-to-do sh
dwelt Evelina Bray, the shi
daughter. Evelina was "sweet
as pretty as a peach and as pu
wood violets with which she love
orate her hair, and with the
modest maiden Whittier fell de
in love.

During the aforementioned s
as the flowers were creeping up
der the snow, and the landscape
ing on its first delicate touch
summer to come, young Whit
down to Marblehead, found Ev
told her of the sentiment that
no longer conceal. To his joy h
that the sentiment was reciproc

But the "course of true love
yet run smooth," and it was al
creed that Whittier's was to b
love."

The shipmaster of Marblehea
"worldly" man, and one of his
lights, when on shore, was to
daughter play on the piano
while Whittier's parents, as well
tier himself, were of the stricte
the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was an emblem of sin, and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic, and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it; Evelina Bray knew it; and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later—in 1833—the couple met again, but no word was spoken of

for her dog Nero. It was
with which Carlyle had "a g
of small traffic, poor little a
loyal, so loving, so naive and true
of dim intellect he had;" it was th
which Mrs. Carlyle says in a short
to a letter to John Forster: "I forgo
you that I have got a little dog, an
has accepted it with amiability.
sure, when he comes down gloomy
morning, or comes in wearied from hi
the infatuated little beast dances rou
on its hind legs, as I ought to do and
and he feels flattered and surprised
unwonted capers to his honor and

She gives a lively picture of the re
one of her husband's whims. He had left her, as usual, to superintend the fixing up of the house in Chelsea, and, when he came back, his quiet was disturbed by a young lady practising on the piano next door. So a new arrangement had to be made and the carpenter was called in to remedy the evil

Collins, poet and novelist, died
he 25th ult., at the age of forty-nine
at Plymouth, England, in 1827
education in a private school. De
elf to journalism and the othe
he elaborate worsh
which he had appointed to
of Omnipotence. Although his gen-
eral belief was in one all-pervading Divinity, he must have something symbolic to handle and address."

The adoption of Queen Victoria into a system like this is so natural that we wonder it has never occurred before. She is just the material to make a goddess of; a living being, of far-reaching power, invisible, yet present throughout India; a worker, in native eyes, of many wonders; and on the whole benefi-cent, though that, indeed, to the devotees of smallpox and cholera, both of which have worshippers, and the first very many, would make but little difference. God creates, and God crushes also, in the Hin-doo mind. There is no reason in the world

anarchist in their hands,
es of the crowds as they
stance of the care that
own in the fact that one
hat he was a member of
rs and that he merely
hands with the President

K ON 1909 FAIR.

acific Committee Fig-
0 for Expenditures.

pril 30.—Saturday, June
ble in the history of
laska as the "ground-
e Alaskan-Yukon-Pa-
909.
mittee of the exposi-
invite the governors
rrounding States and
committee fixed the
for expenditures on the
buildings and grounds, which is an in-

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First Chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Spring forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!

there is a key to be sought. If he bestows one thought upon the problem of his existence, he dismisses it easily with the assumption that grown-up people understand it all. But his indifference lulls the grown-up people also, and even as we watch him his childhood passes and his fancies [illegible]

sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
suns are born, the worlds spring forth from Thee;
as the spangles in the shining rays
e round the silver moon, the pageantry
heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

million torches lighted by Thy hand
nder unwearied through the blue abyss:
own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
at shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
glorious company of golden streams—
ps of celestial ether burning bright—
n lighting systems with their joyous beams?
Then to these art as the noon to night.

t as a drop of water in the sea,
this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
t are ten thousands worlds compared to Thee?

no, that comes not in time. I suppose we are all at times more sentimental than we consent to acknowledge, and at other times more hard-hearted; and it is for education so to direct our imaginative power that it shall help us in the contest between right and wrong.

Nevertheless parents, as must be owned, often regard the imagination as a faculty to be dreaded for their children. People are like Mr. Peter Magnus in Pickwick, who disliked any thing original, and did not see the necessity for it. They assume that this faculty is a misleading gift, tending to untruth—making a boy assert that a hundred cats are fighting in the garden, when there are only his own and another. Yet even this extreme statement is not to be ranked among deliberate falsehoods—it is only an intense expression, what the Greeks called a plural of reverence. For the boy two cats are as good or as bad as a hundred, if they only scratch and sputter enough, which, indeed, they are apt to do. He cannot report the battle as greater than his imagination sees it. Objectively there may be but two cats, subjectively there are a thousand. Indeed, each single animal expands before his eyes like that dog in Leech's "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which is first depicted as it seemed to those travelers —vast, warlike, terrific;—and afterward, as [illegible]imaginative [illegible]king cur. [illegible]dent both [illegible]nly when [illegible]s that we [illegible]vividness [illegible]sor Jared [illegible]historians, [illegible]man could [illegible] of imag-

[illegible] child-like [illegible]ongues to [illegible]t of truth [illegible]llected for [illegible] the philos- [illegible]n emotion [illegible]s, children [illegible] words as [illegible]-rhymed," [illegible]since Py- [illegible]rat, which [illegible]hildren, as [illegible] they were [illegible] of trans- [illegible]nation for [illegible]ght up on [illegible] Even the [illegible]once some- [illegible]meditative [illegible]l of mine, [illegible]ystical re- [illegible] have all [illegible] was only [illegible]thought of [illegible]heir imag- [illegible]leading to [illegible]tterances, [illegible]r minds to [illegible]ep an out- [illegible]easy faith [illegible]n, and re- [illegible]"juvenile" [illegible]ich means [illegible] room the [illegible]non milk- [illegible]very road- [illegible]all winter [illegible] silk are [illegible] constant, [illegible] mounting [illegible]d silently [illegible] these lit- [illegible]ide them [illegible]und cling-

ing in unexpected places and are set free at a touch, to float away again; they occupy the room with a delicate aerial life of their own. Like these winged things are the fancies of childhood, giving to the vital seed of thought its range; bearing it lightly over impurities and obstructions, till it falls into some fitting soil at last, there to recreate itself and bear fruit a hundred fold.—*T. W. Higginson in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE WELCOME VISITOR.—The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah! how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers!

A STRIP OF BLUE.—(By Lucy Larcom.)—

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine;
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees;
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken, precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God! is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

The Yellow-Hammer's Nest.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

—*John W. Chadwick, in Harper's Magazine.*

that he dresses himself with consummate skill! Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. Lord Jeffrey came unexpected while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's. The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones."

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have seen since! Coming in from a drive one forenoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library; "he said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table!" I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes; a tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, which he was sitting writing at, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters all lying about, and running his eyes over me, from head to foot, said, "Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?" An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got. "Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word. Another inclination of the head, even slighter than the first. "I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation, and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am waiting till he comes in; but in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter, here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle!" Finding that I would absolutely make no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions. "Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?" "No!" "Oh, he doesn't! Perhaps he studi

Though kindled
To trace Thy
And thought
Even like
Thou from
First chaos,
Eternity had
Springing fou
Sole origin;
Thy word en
Thy splendou
Thou art, and
Light-giving
Thy chains the
Upheld by The
Thou the be
And beauty

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Th
Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;

Away back
ing over and
the poverty
ful she writes
picture of the
herself worth
phetic eye sa
king." She s

Methinks you
poor little ones.
long absence of
Come back, my
name, to your h
come numerous
vain I force mys
to contentment.
remain ever dis
find that you ar
precious health
more clear more
of me. Consider that I submit my
advantage and I will do my best to be pa

And then she goes on to flatter herse
having written "this lovely Italian" without
a dictionary and without forethought. At
another time she indites a letter
for her dog Nero. It was the dog
with which Carlyle had "a great deal
of small traffic, poor little animal, so
loyal, so loving, so naive and true with what
of dim intellect he had;" it was the dog of
which Mrs. Carlyle says in a short postscript
to a letter to John Forster: "I forgot to tell
you that I have got a little dog, and Mr. C.
has accepted it with amiability. To be
sure, when he comes down gloomy in the
morning, or comes in wearied from his walk,
the infatuated little beast dances round him
on its hind legs, as I ought to do and can't;
and he feels flattered and surprised by such
unwonted capers to his honor and glory."

She gives a lively picture of the results of
one of her husband's whims. He had left
her, as usual, to superintend the fixing up of
the house in Chelsea, and, when he came
back, his quiet was disturbed by a young
lady practising on the piano next door. So a
new arrangement had to be made and the

H. L. Joh

we ar
voted
Hims
As t
tion
score
amo
Hin
fair
dai
pet
sym

the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was
an emblem of sin, and music the sure and
certain mark of wickedness.

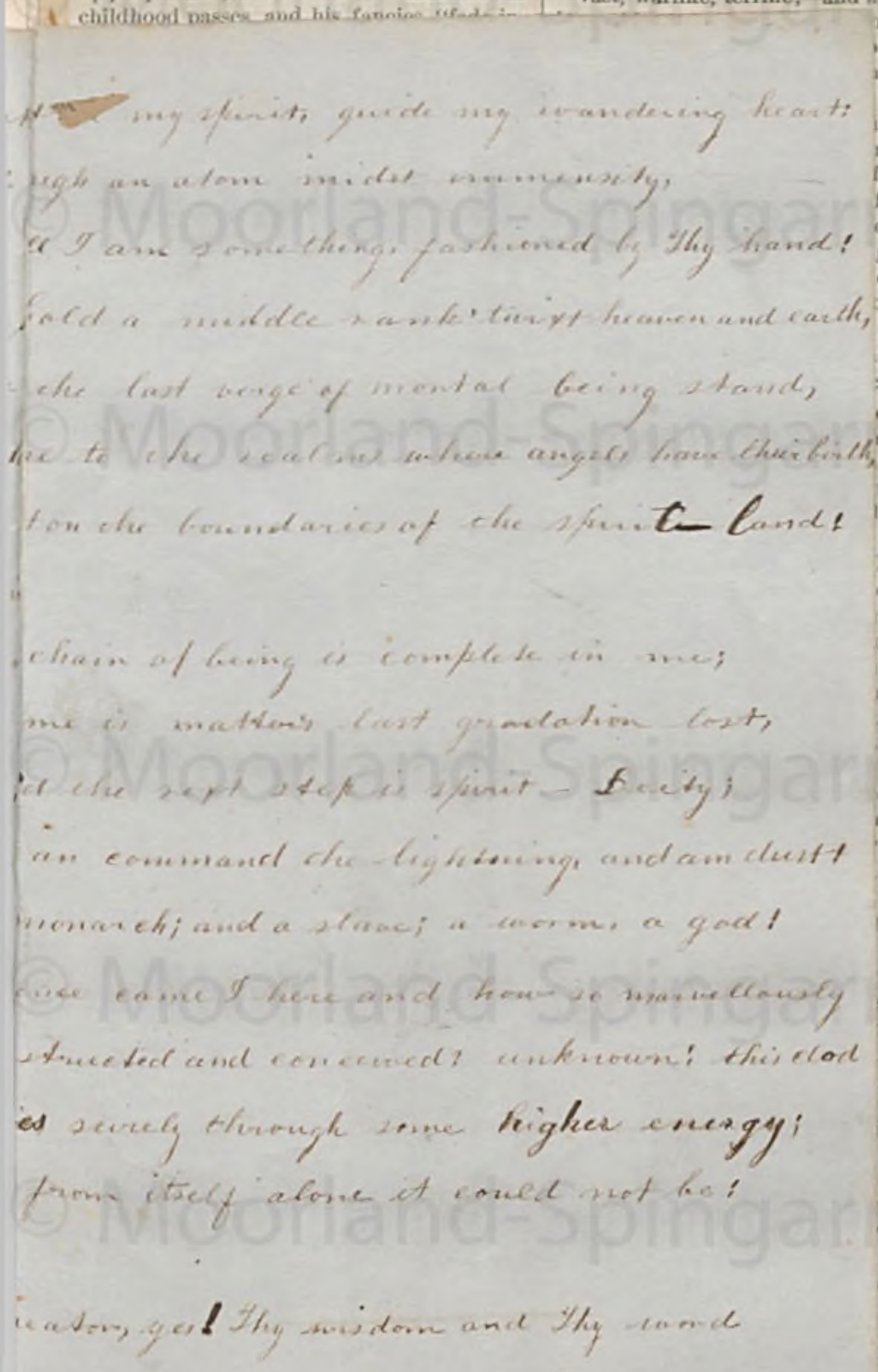
Between these opposite, antagonistic,
and uncompromising views of things there
was no concord possible. Whittier knew
it; Evelina Bray knew it; and, like the
philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon
the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later—in 1833—the couple met
again, but no word
eral belief was in one
he must have something symbolic to
and address."

The adoption of Queen Victoria into a
system like this is so natural that we wonder
it has never occurred before. She is just the
material to make a goddess of; a living being,
of far-reaching power, invisible, yet present
throughout India; a worker, in native eyes,
of many wonders; and on the whole benefi-
cent, though that, indeed, to the devotees
of smallpox and cholera, both of
which have worshippers, and the first
very many, would make but little difference.
God creates, and God crushes also, in the Hin-
doo mind. There is no reason in the world

th
cl
G. in
di ne
al 27
y De
ar
a the
fa
th
N June
ory of
"ground-
Yukon-Pa-
he exposi-
governors
tates and
fixed the
s on the
s an in-

there is a key to be[illegible]t. If he bestows one thought upon the problem of his existence, he dismisses it easily with the assumption that grown-up people understand it all. But his indifference lulls the grown-up people also, and even as we watch him his childhood passes, and his fancies [illegible]



my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
ugh an atom midst immensity,
I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
fold a middle rank 'tixt heaven and earth,
the last verge of mortal being stand,
ere to the realms where angels have their birth,
ton the boundaries of the spirit-land!
chain of being is complete in me;
me is matter's last gradation lost,
d the next step is spirit—Deity;
an command the lightning, and am dust!
monarch; and a slave; a worm, a god!
ence came I here and how so marvellously
structed and conceived? unknown! this clod
es surely through some higher energy;
from itself alone it could not be!
reator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word

no, that chimes not in tune. I suppose we are all at times more sentimental than we consent to acknowledge, and at other times more hard-hearted; and it is for education so to direct our imaginative power that it shall help us in the contest between right and wrong.

Nevertheless parents, as must be owned, often regard the imagination as a faculty to be dreaded for their children. People are like Mr. Peter Magnus in Pickwick, who disliked any thing original, and did not see the necessity for it. They assume that this faculty is a misleading gift, tending to untruth—making a boy assert that a hundred cats are fighting in the garden, when there are only his own and another. Yet even this extreme statement is not to be ranked among deliberate falsehoods—it is only an intense expression, what the Greeks called a plural of reverence. For the boy two cats are as good or as bad as a hundred, if they only scratch and sputter enough, which, indeed, they are apt to do. He cannot report the battle as greater than his imagination sees it. Objectively there may be but two cats, subjectively there are a thousand. Indeed, each single animal expands before his eyes like that dog in Leech's "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which is first depicted as it seemed to those travelers—vast, warlike, terrific;—and afterward, as [illegible]imaginative [illegible]arking cur. [illegible]cident both only when [illegible]res that we [illegible]ng vividness [illegible]fessor Jared [illegible]f historians, [illegible]o man could [illegible]gh of imag- [illegible]e. [illegible]of child-like tongues to [illegible]ent of truth [illegible]collected for [illegible]e the philos- [illegible]man emotion [illegible]als, children [illegible]te words as [illegible]be-rhymed," "since Py- [illegible]h rat, which [illegible]children, as [illegible]h they were [illegible]y of trans- [illegible]ination for [illegible]ought up on Even the [illegible]tence some- meditative [illegible]d of mine, [illegible]nystical re- [illegible]e have all was only thought of [illegible]their imag- leading to [illegible]utterances, [illegible]r minds to [illegible]eep an out- easy faith [illegible]n, and re- "juvenile" [illegible]ich means

room the [illegible]ion milk- [illegible]very road- all winter [illegible] silk are constant, mounting [illegible]d silently these lit- [illegible]ide them

as they soar, they are presently found clinging in unexpected places and are set free at a touch, to float away again; they occupy the room with a delicate aerial life of their own. Like these winged things are the fancies of childhood, giving to the vital seed of thought its range; bearing it lightly over impurities and obstructions, till it falls into some fitting soil at last, there to recreate itself and bear fruit a hundred fold.—*T. W. Higginson in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE WELCOME VISITOR.—The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah! how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers!

A STRIP OF BLUE.—(By Lucy Larcom.)—

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine;
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees;
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken, precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple *floor*,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God! is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

The Yellow-Hammer's Nest.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw *how prettily* the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

—*John W. Chadwick, in Harper's Magazine.*

that he dresses himself with consummate skill! Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. Lord Jeffrey came unexpected while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's. The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones."

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have seen since! Coming in from a drive one forenoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library; "he said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table!" I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes; a tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, which he was sitting writing at, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters all lying about, and running his eyes over me, from head to foot, said, "Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?" An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got. "Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word. Another inclination of the head, even slighter than the first. "I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation, and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am waiting till he comes in; but in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter, here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle!" Finding that I would absolutely make no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions. "Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?" "No!" "Oh, he doesn't! Perhaps he studies

Away
ing over
the pove
ful she w
picture o
herself
phetic e
king."

Methinl
poor little
long abse
Come bac
name, to y
come num
vain I fore
to content
remain ev
find that y
precious h
more clea
of me. Consider that I submit my
advantage and I will do my best to be pa

And then she goes on to flatter herself having written "this lovely Italian" without a dictionary and without forethought. At another time she indites a letter for her dog Nero. It was the dog with which Carlyle had "a great deal of small traffic, poor little animal, so loyal, so loving, so naive and true with what of dim intellect he had;" it was the dog of which Mrs. Carlyle says in a short postscript to a letter to John Forster: "I forgot to tell you that I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with amiability. To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs, as I ought to do and can't; and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honor and glory."

She gives a lively picture of the results of one of her husband's whims. He had left her, as usual, to superintend the fixing up of the house in Chelsea, and, when he came back, his quiet was disturbed by a young lady practising on the piano next door. So a new arrangement had to be made and the carpenter was called in to remedy the evil

Though kindled by
To trace Thy cou
And thought is lo
Even like past

Thou from prime
First chaos, then
Eternity had its
Springing forth fr
Sole origin:- all
Thy word created
Thy splendour fills
Thou art, and wert
Light-giving, life

Thy chains the un
Upheld by Thee, by
Thou the beginnin
And beautifully

Created me! Thou source of life and g
Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plen
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spu
Over the abyss of death, and bade it w
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sph
Even to its source - to Thee - its Author t

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our br
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can so
Thus seek Thy presence - Being wise and
Midst Thy vast works admire; obey, ado
And when the tongue is eloquent no m
The soul shall speak in tears of grat

---

er of
erely
ident
G ir
dine
a
327IR.
De
a the Fig-
fa
th ures.
Nay, June
History of
e "ground-
Yukon-Pa-

the exposi-
governors
States and
fixed the
es on the
is an in-

emblem of sin, and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic, and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it; Evelina Bray knew it; and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later—in 1833—the couple met again, but no word
symbol. but one was spoken.
eral belief was in one way or
he must have something symbolic to
and address."

The adoption of Queen Victoria into a system like this is so natural that we wonder it has never occurred before. She is just the material to make a goddess of; a living being, of far-reaching power, invisible, yet present throughout India; a worker, in native eyes, of many wonders; and on the whole beneficent, though that, indeed, to the devotees of smallpox and cholera, both of which have worshippers, and the first very many, would make but little difference. God creates, and God crushes also, in the Hindoo mind. There is no reason in the world

there is a key to be [illegible]t. If he bestows one thought upon the problem of his existence, he dismisses it easily with the assumption that grown-up people understand it all. But his indifference lulls the grown-up people also, and even as we watch him his childhood passes, and his fancies "fade into the light of common day."

Thus much for the forms which a child's fancy wears. They might be further illustrated by endless examples, but let us now consider the influence exerted by this faculty upon the other powers. It is certain, to begin with, that the imagination is, next to love, the most purifying influence of a child's life. In proportion as the little creature absorbs itself in an ideal world, it has a mental pre-occupation "driving far off each thing of sin and guilt." Indolence or selfish reverie may come in, doubtless, but not coarseness. In a strongly imaginative childish nature, even if evil seems to enter, it leaves little trace behind, and the soul insensibly clears itself once more. The foundations of virtue are laid in the imagination, before conscience and reason have gained strength. This is according to Plato's theory of the true education, as given in the second book of "The Laws." "I mean by education," he says, "that training which is given by suitable habits to the first instincts of virtue in children; when pleasure and friendship, and pain and hatred (of vice) are rightly implanted in souls not yet capable of understanding the nature of them, and who find them, when they have attained reason, to be in harmony with her. This harmony of the soul, when perfected, is virtue."

I do not, by any means, assert that the ideal temperament tends to keep a child from all faults—only from the grosser faults. The imagination may sometimes make him appear cowardly, for instance, through the vividness with which he imagines dangers that do not touch the nerves of the stolid or prosaic. On the other hand, the same faculty may make him brave, when excited by a great purpose, excluding all immediate fears. So the imagination may make him appear cruel sometimes, when it takes the form of an intense desire to solve any mystery of life and death, and to assert the wondrous fact of human control over them; an impulse beginning when the boy kills his first bird, and not always satiating itself in the most experienced hunter. But the same imaginative power may also make him humane, if it be led to dwell on the sufferings of the animal, the bereaved nest, the dying young. "God gives him wings and I shoot him down," says Bettine. "Ah, no, that chimes not in tune." I suppose we are all at times more sentimental than we consent to acknowledge, and at other times more hard-hearted; and it is for education so to direct our imaginative power that it shall help us in the contest between right and wrong.

Nevertheless parents, as must be owned, often regard the imagination as a faculty to be dreaded for their children. People are like Mr. Peter Magnus in Pickwick, who disliked any thing original, and did not see the necessity for it. They assume that this faculty is a misleading gift, tending to untruth—making a boy assert that a hundred cats are fighting in the garden, when there are only his own and another. Yet even this extreme statement is not to be ranked among deliberate falsehoods—it is only an intense expression, what the Greeks called a plural of reverence. For the boy two cats are as good or as bad as a hundred, if they only scratch and sputter enough, which, indeed, they are apt to do. He cannot report the battle as greater than his imagination sees it. Objectively there may be but two cats, subjectively there are a thousand. Indeed, each single animal expands before his eyes like that dog in Leech's "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which is first depicted as it seemed to those travelers—vast, warlike, terrific;—and afterward, as it would have seemed to the unimaginative observer, only a poor little barking cur. To give the full value of the incident both pictures are needful, and it is only when the power of expression matures that we learn to put both into one, securing vividness without sacrificing truth. Professor Jared Sparks, the most pains taking of historians, used to tell us in college that no man could write history well without enough of imaginative power to make it graphic.

The fables of children and of child-like nations, even where they give tongues to animals and trees, have an element of truth which causes them now to be collected for the purposes of science. While the philosopher looks for the signs of human emotion in the facial expression of animals, children boldly go farther, and attribute words as well as signs. "I was never so be-rhymed," says Shakespeare's Rosalind, "since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember." But children, as Heine says, still remember when they were animals and trees; and the theory of transmigration always has great fascination for them, as all those who were brought up on "Evenings at Home" will recall. Even the conception of their own pre-existence sometimes gets into their heads. A meditative little fellow, the son of a friend of mine, waked one morning with the mystical remark on his lips: "Mamma, we have all been here more than once, and I was only the last that was sent." In the thought of God and of the future life, too, their imaginations have play, sometimes leading to the most familiar and amusing utterances, and then to words that help older minds to trust a higher guidance, and to keep an outlook into spheres unseen. The easy faith of children strengthens our own, and reminds us that the very word "juvenile" comes from the Latin *juvo*, which means "to help"

Every autumn I collect in my room the young seed-vessels of the common milkweed, which may be found by every roadside. They presently open, and all winter long the graceful tufts of sheeny silk are slowly detaching themselves with constant, tireless, noiseless motion; each mounting into the currents of warm air and silently floating away. You cannot keep these little voyagers down; you cannot guide them as they soar; they are presently found clinging in unexpected places and are set free at a touch, to float away again; they occupy the room with a delicate aerial life of their own. Like these winged things are the fancies of childhood, giving to the vital seed of thought its range; bearing it lightly over impurities and obstructions, till it falls into some fitting soil at last, there to recreate itself and bear fruit a hundred fold.—*T. W. Higginson in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE WELCOME VISITOR.—The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah! how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers!

A STRIP OF BLUE.—(By Lucy Larcom.)—

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine;
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees;
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken, precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God! is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am *I* to be;
Glad when is opened to *my* need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

The Yellow-Hammer's Nest.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

—*John W. Chadwick, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Litany.—

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known—
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh save.
From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, oh save.
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer:
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher:
But the arch-fiend, Pride,
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence:
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh save.
From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion;
From mirth that is but feigning;
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh save.
From doubt where all is double:
Where wise men are not strong:
Where comfort turns to trouble:
Where just men suffer wrong:
Where sorrow treads on joy:
Where sweet things soonest cloy:
Where faiths are built on dust:
Where love is half mistrust:
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free.
Oh let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
Oh, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb:
Let all words be mild:
All strifes be reconciled:
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Waiting.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good, with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

Whittier's Centennial Hymn.—

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

—*Philadelphia Times.*

Comfort.

If there should come a time, as well there may,
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,
And thou dost come to me for help and stay
And comfort,—how shall I perform my part?
How shall I make my heart a resting-place,
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?
How shall I win the strength to keep my voice
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,
Nor mar the counsel by mine own heart-throbs?
Love, my love teaches me a certain way,
So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearer to the reach
Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach
Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.
Ah me! what woe were mine if thou shouldst come,
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,
And I should meet thee powerless and dumb,
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,
God helping me, to higher life, and gain
Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,
And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.
Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be
The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

—*All the Year Round.*

Saints.

I see them with their heavenward eyes,
Men who in Christ abide;
The long train ceases not to rise
Through time's unceasing tide;
And a grave across each pathway lies,
But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll upreaching to a star,
Caught by an angel's hands,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass; each man beholds
The Master's risen face;
Each arm some near beloved enfolds,
Yet keeps its forward place;
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
But all are in the race.

Up, through the darkness and the pain!
Up, through the joy and light!
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
To baffle or invite;
Life shows them nothing to detain,
Death nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
By all things bitter healed;
Gathering like servants sent in haste
Who, being challenged, yield,
And, through the garden or the waste,
Guide to God's happy field.

To them each human loss is gain,
Withdrawn or sacrificed;
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
And that, which long enticed,
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone,
Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of pity for his own,
Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift,
And it devours the way,
Longing to see the curtain lift
From the everlasting day;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
How weary the delay!

Lord, gather us beneath their feet
As thy good will shall be!
The service of thy saints is sweet
When they are serving thee;
Souls for inheritance unmeet
May serve eternally.

—*Good Words.*

Vittoria Colonna.—(By Henry W. Longfellow.)—[Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.]—

Once more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills! once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore!

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood,

For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding ring upon her hand,
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odor of the orange blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé!
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

—*Harper's, for April.*

Why Walk in Darkness?—

Why walk in darkness? Our true light yet shineth;
It is not night but day!
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth—
Why shun His loving ray?

Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,
Than day and joy and love?
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer
To the great God of love?

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
Oh, shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting;
Be our unchanging day!

The Friends of a Beautiful Woman.

BY MRS. CHARLES LOWE.

Who can this woman be? We all know of course. Who else but Madame Récamier? We do not, however, feel so much in the mood to speak of her as of her friends. She has had her full share of admiration, love, homage and friendship, not only from her immediate circle, but from the world. But there is a little air of unreality about her as an ideal for this age. Yet we believe she was what she is said to be,—beautiful, disinterested, heroic, loving, in spite of her passion for conquest. We think she was original and keen in her observations on literature, art and society. But she was not, according to her own statements in the second volume of her life, really happy; her life was not natural, and, however charming to the reader, it is far from being a model for the present age.

When, however, we take her friends into the range of our vision, as her niece in the second volume has happily done, through the title of her book and the carrying out of her plan, we have a picture which cannot easily fade away from the imagination. These friends are not agonized lovers, nor suspicious wives. They are refined, highly cultivated, religious people, who have work to do in this world, and go about it; but they take time to visit each others' houses, to write letters in the most graceful and natural French, to love, to aspire, to grow, in the light of each others' encouragement. The translator has, with the exception of a few infelicities, done her task well. The English is good, but we feel that they are *French* people talking and writing all the time, which is what we want to feel. How beautiful and delicate are the sentiments expressed through these letters, in the tender and melodious grouping of images, the lingering cadences, that touch the heart with a genuine sensibility to grief, joy or noble deeds. None of these women-friends are celebrated; yet how few of us can use our language as well as they. The criticisms of Madame Lenormant, the compiler, on books, people, character, life, are admirable. She often only touches subjects merely to clear the way to illuminate those she loves. But in those touches, she shows not only the careful training of her beautiful aunt, in her education, but also that fine instinct to perceive what is good and great, and to choose those words which best express her thought, and send it home to the heart. Drops of sweetness melting upon the tongue, are these French words when they come from the pens of sensitive and cultivated writers.

This power of giving pleasure is something more than tact with the best French minds. It is love, the quality of love, instantaneous love. We Anglo-Saxons are capable of faithfulness to our friends, of self-sacrifice. But the thing that all people value most, delight in most, is that unselfish uncalculating affection, that wells up in us towards each other, without our stopping to think of required sacrifices, or possible disappointments. We Anglo-Saxons are like the Englishman in Hawthorne's Note-Book, who when a friend spoke to him in the dark, could not say, "Very well, I thank you," until he had "found out his man," when he was willing to answer. We hold our words as if they cost us a great deal. But in reality they are very cheap, and if sincere are priceless in their effect upon others, and in the reflection back on ourselves. We are not speaking necessarily of outward demonstrations of affection, through caresses or words of endearment. Those depend largely upon the temperament, and are of secondary value. But we speak of that genuine delight in our friends' natures, which leads us when with them to find our highest joy in feeling with them, in throwing ourselves for the time being into their interests; to forget the troubles of every-day life in the stimulus and sweetness of their companionship. This state of mind or feeling can enlarge its action and take in the whole world, although still retaining its inner sanctuaries of friendship. We can find something touching and inspiring in contact with every human being, if we are only ready to forget ourselves. This is the history of the world's great lovers,—Jesus at the head, whose love so simple and natural has rayed out on many of his rare and chosen souls. A gift of nature undoubtedly somewhat at first; but who can tell how much free, loyal self-surrender has had to do with it, else were these beings no more than the good-natured persons of the society far different from this great ideal.

Camille Jordan at first wins our attention by his faithful friendship, his sensible character, his charming domesticity, and affectionate disposition. He does not allow his admiration for Madame Récamier to prevent his marrying his lovely Julie; and every letter to his beautiful friend shows us in some little way that his wife has the first place in his heart. He was a native of Lyons, that practical, hard-working city, where people had too much to do to be sentimental, and yet had time to develop themselves and to love. Sainte-Beuve says of them: "They had a certain stock of beliefs, of sentiments, of moral habits, of local patriotism, of religiosity and *affectuosity*, which holds its own amid the general dwindling away and shriveling up of men's souls." We fancy this city then might have been something like Boston thirty or forty years ago. The writer speaks of the habit among friends of calling each other by their Christian names. This custom prevails in Spain at the present time, where literary men, diplomats, and courtiers, address their lady friends often in this familiar manner. Perhaps our own new civilization partakes somewhat of the stiffness so proverbial in all newly-arrived comers into property and position.

Madame de Staël appears occasionally on the scene for the moment; but those glimpses show rather the melodramatic side of her character, and we confess we like the obscurer people best. Adrien de Montmorency finds time in the midst of business harassments and a cold winter to stop and see Madame Récamier at her lonely country retreat and place of banishment, while he delights to talk about his own brother Matthieu, and how worthy he is of her love. This Matthieu in his letters speaks simply and naturally of [illegible] of a spiritual life, as if he would gently turn away his lovely friend from that love of admiration which was endangering the repose of her character; and Camille Jordan, in still plainer words speaks of this weakness of her nature, and cautions her like a brother. The Countess de Boigne writes the brightest, cleverest and best of letters. They are something more than mere sprightly talk. They show a large heart, a thinking mind, clear, moral perceptions, and an undefinable grace, which we can only describe by calling it *French*. She tells Madame Récamier that it is her goodness of heart that has such power over people, and assures her that this is the reason why she and everybody else loves her,—because she is *good*. This is a reflection for the beauties of society in this age to ponder. The letters of these friends seem to be grouped without much order in regard to time, and so the writers linger in our imagination, a charmed circle, not free from the sorrows of life, but never growing old. We find Madame Récamier urging Camille Jordan to publish his writings, and he answers that it is enough for him "if they serve to interest his private friends and prepare him to educate his children, which is the great and agreeable task of his domestic life." In a letter of his, later, he seems to fear that she has not yet lost her yearning after exciting emotions, and wishes that "tender friendship did not seem to her so pale a thing." In spite of his love of retirement, he was in 1815 chosen deputy by the department *de l'Ain*, and occupied his seat in the Chamber until the time of his death. He was a great lover of freedom, and went through a good many phases of feeling, of hope and despondency, in the return of the Bourbons to France. His eloquence was touching in his last hours, and prophetic in its sadness, when he rose from his bed to speak words of warning to his country. Madame Lenormant's account of her manner of pursuing her studies at her little desk in her aunt's *salon*, and under her eye constantly, are very winning. What observations and reflections she must have made, in regard to people and things, in that distinguished company, although her aunt was careful not to have her brought forward too early, or exposed to any familiarity from any persons present at her reunions. The whole history of her engagement and marriage to M. Lenormant is charming. We know that no motive but the desire to reveal the virtues of her loved aunt led her to make these disclosures which she withheld from her first book. Here come the letters from Madame Récamier, which in every line show her tender forethought for her beloved niece. Madame Lenormant seems to us the model of a French woman. Domestic in her habits, religious in her nature, highly cultivated, and the devoted wife of a scientific man, whose pursuits she shared, and familiar with all that transpired in the world of literature and art. We have glimpses of her husband's antiquarian researches in Egypt, of her great sacrifice in the separation, letters from Ballanche, the old *savant*, who had nursed himself so long by the chimney-corner of Madame Récamier, and here and there a word about

Chateaubriand. He seems to be the only one in that charmed circle who does not forget himself in the joy of friendship. This capacity to love, and delight in serving, run like a fine undertone through all the various events in their lives, and make these pictures of their career ideal to us, without the aid of any factitious illusions, and ennoble for us the possibilities of human life.

We come now to a friend of later years, the young, ardent and high-souled Ampère. His relation to his father in itself is a tender picture of filial devotion worthy to be inscribed on the hearts of the young today. Young Ampère did not inherit his father's scientific tastes. He loved poetry, art and philosophy. His love for Madame Récamier, although it evidently impaired somewhat the healthy tone of his youth, stimulated all these esthetic and contemplative tastes in middle life. As Madame Récamier grew older, and met with misfortune, her love of admiration softened into a purer conception of friendship, and Ampère's love mellowed to a tender reverence which no longer weakened, but inspired him in foreign lands to prosecute his antiquarian researches, and to develop the highest in his own nature. We see in his case how desirable it is that the mind of man should take its own course in order to reach towards greatness or perfection. He tried his hand at poetry, as most cultivated, ardent Frenchmen would do; but we do not hear much of his poems. He turned his face towards the South and East, and then in the charm of foreign travel, in the study of forgotten languages, in deciphering old records, in comparing ancient literature and history, he found the work which his soul loved,—a work which could go on under the sweet influences of gentle skies, and receive fresh impulses day by day from a heightened imagination. Thus he made his name known, like several Frenchmen of this age, whose travels have been the delight of modern society, apart from their value to the scientific world. Yet Ampère did not hesitate to lay down at a moment his absorbing occupations, and go back to the bedside of his old father.

We come now to Charles Lenormant, the beloved husband of our biographer, whose marriage made her lovely aunt's heart sing for joy, and whose whole connection with her husband seems to have been of the purest and most ideal sort. He, too, like Ampère, was deeply engrossed in studying the relics of the past, and in company with him and Prosper Mérimée, he went to the East. Nothing could be more delightful than the relations of these friends, all alike full of sensibility to what is beautiful in nature and art. At intervals they return to Europe. We hear of their lectures at the College de France; of books which they publish, showing the slow results of these unwearing researches; of letters to the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* and Madame Récamier's active mind sees, hears, criticises and warms them with her encouragement, while the fond wife, her niece, only touches modestly upon her own pride in her husband, and her great self-sacrifices in the long separations. De Tocqueville appears next upon the scene. His character shows itself in rather a more practical, every-day light, perhaps, than the other friends; but we find through his letters to Ampère the same capacity for friendship, and delight in the genius of those he loved, combined with hospitality, a wide knowledge of the world and governments, and an intellectual and moral activity, which made life for him one day of exhilaration and joy.

But all these sweet companionships must have an end on this earthly stage, though, thank God, they are only reproduced in the spiritual sphere to exist forever. Ballanche's death first broke the charmed circle. Chateaubriand next passed away, and his remains were buried by the sea at St. Mále. Madame Récamier, the presiding spirit of them all, was snatched away at a sudden stroke, with cholera. De Tocqueville went to Cannes, to find a warm climate, and sank with over-exhausted lungs. Charles Lenormant died at Athens in the midst of the labors he loved so well. This little record of his death is all the modest biographer gives us of her beloved husband's departure. She and Ampère alone were left, and although their sympathetic natures were always finding new friends, they could not take the place of the absent ones. The image of Ampère, next to that of Madame Récamier, seems to stand out conspicuously in these *souvenirs* to the last. We shall doubtless hear more of him through a new volume of memoirs which have appeared this winter in Paris. There must have been a great charm about him, as we judge from the impression he made upon his friends and his cotemporaries in the literary world. His nature gained a new touch of softness and solemnity as he approached unconsciously towards his end. He appears to have experienced at the last a new and more real emotion of love than he had ever known. The facts are vaguely hinted to us, but we have, through the biographer and himself, a beautiful pencil-sketch of a sweet young girl, who was called away early to heaven, and whose death awakened in him that longing after religion and immortality which gave the last finishing graces to his fine nature. In his youth he had studied the German metaphysicians, and was troubled by his own doubts. How wisely Madame Récamier quieted him, when she said, "Since you can no longer believe with the simple, believe with the learned; thus by *different* ways we shall reach the same result." Ballanche used to say to him, "As for me, I am more sure of the other life than of this." In later years he found the wisdom and simplicity of faith. He prayed in the old churches, to the sound of the solemn chanting, and prayed also in the presence of nature, by the mountains and the sea. He found great peace at last. His nature grew richer, his faults of temper disappeared, and his whole soul went out in purer ardor for his work, and in love for his friends. He died of a sudden malady, and among his papers was found his will, in which he recommended himself devoutly to the mercy of God, and confidently asserted his belief that he should meet his beloved ones again. His friends, to whom he left his little property, have evinced the same delicacy and generosity which they all manifested in life. They have created with this money a small fund, to be at the disposal of any artist, or writer, or student of science, a native of Lyons, to whom it shall be awarded by the academy of that city. And here we leave this circle of beautiful, rare souls, whose very life on earth is an unanswerable argument for their immortality.

Out of My Hand.

One by one, one by one,
In the kindred light of the April sun,
While primrose and snowdrop gem the ground,
And the birds are mating and building around,
While violets blossom their steps to greet,
With laughing voices and dancing feet,
With wakening fancy and budding hope,
Beyond my reach, and beyond my scope,
They pass, while in fear and doubt I stand,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Baby pleasure and baby care,
Not one of them but was mine to share;
Not a tear, but I dried it with a kiss,
Not a smile, but I joined in its eager bliss;
Now the young knight arms for the coming strife,
The sweet girl-fancies start to life,
They nestle, the maiden shyness beneath,
As the bright buds hide in their silken sheath,
By spring dews nourished, spring breezes fanned,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

I dare not trench on thy realm, my boy,
Nor rob thy sway of one virgin joy;
I dare not touch with my faltering fingers
The blooms where the light of sunrise lingers,
Nor drag to the garish light of day,
What youth's proud reticence would delay;
I can but wait outside it all,
Where the cold winds sigh and the brown leaves fall;
Oh, the castles I built! oh, the joys I planned!
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Yet did I not bear them in peril and pain,
Did I not lavish, and watch, and refrain;
Quitting the pleasures of parting youth,
The glories of science, and art, and truth,
That the paths for those little feet might be
Fresh, and sunny, and safe, and free?
Scheme, and vision, and hope of mine,
They were but those golden heads to shrine;
Now, alone and tired, slow drops the sand,
Grain by grain, from my failing hand.

Father of all, Saviour of all,
Behold at Thy altar-steps I fall;
Thou wilt not disdain that I come at last,
With my treasure spent, and my noon-day past;
Take Thou the guidance that I resign,
Take this hard, embittered heart of mine,
Take the baffled ambition, ungranted prayer,
Baseless terror, repining care;
Guide each fairy bark to the heavenly strand,
Take my darlings, my darlings, to Thy hand.
—*All the Year Round.*

FORGIVENESS.—

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave!
—*Whittier.*

SLEEP ON, MY HEART, SERENELY!

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
To the tired petals of the flowers
The night has brought a quiet rest
In the dew's refreshing showers.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
In peace the whole earth sleeps,
While, like the watchful eye of God,
The moon its vigil keeps.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
Bid care and sorrow flee;
For He who watches o'er the world
Has constant thought for thee.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
Drive fearful dreams away.
And strengthened by the might of Faith,
Welcome with hope the day.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely!
And if to thee is given
Death's summons for thy soul to-night,
So shalt thou wake in heaven.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

Successful Entertainment at the Museum—Prose and Poetry—Readings and Addresses by Famous Authors.

The entertainment in the Boston Museum yesterday afternoon in aid of the fund for the memorial to Henry W. Longfellow was a most successful and enjoyable occasion. Every seat was occupied, and hundreds remained standing during the entire entertainment.

When the applause which followed the rising of the curtain had subsided, Professor Charles Eliot Norton stepped to the reading desk near the footlights and spoke as follows:

We are met here today to do honor to the memory of the most widely loved poet that ever lived. His poetry made all who read it his friends. It called out their responsive sympathies for the poet in such wise as to make his life happy, and it still calls out those sympathies so as to keep his memory fresh and dear in a thousand thousand hearts all the world over. Go where you will and mention the name of Longfellow and it is that of a friend common to you and to him to whom you speak. There have been other poets whose vision of imagination was of a wider sweep, others who have dropped the plummet of thought deeper into the sea of life, others have felt the stress of more passionate inspiration, but there has been scarcely another who has better fulfilled the high function of the poet as the interpreter of the common heart, as giving voice to the simple, natural sentiment of good men and women. The spirit of humanity, of humanity in that finer sense of what man may become, which it has been the privilege of America, at least, to suggest—the spirit of America speaks in his verse. His poetry gives distinctness to the conceptions of mutual kindliness, of cheerfulness, of refinement, that help to form the image of our ideal democracy, and of which his own life and character were the bright and beautiful example. To this great benefactor we can offer nothing in discharge of our debt, but we can give token of our gratitude. The monument we are building, and to which these friends from far and near have come today to contribute, is not for his fame, but for our satisfaction. His true memorial is built.

"His monument shall be his gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be his being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

The part I have to play in these proceedings is a simple one. There is no need for me, with any strained touches of rhetoric, to introduce to you famous writers, long known and admired, to have the privilege of listening to whom today there are doubtless several million people who would be glad could they but have our opportunity. I am, then, but as the herald who proclaims the names of the heroes as they enter the lists. And first comes one who has added to the innocent gayety of nations, who has made even Connecticut relax her rigid gravity, who has Laughter and Merriment for his attendant squires, and whose shield, like Mrs. Fizziwig's visage, is "one vast, substantial smile." Pardon me a moment, while I delay his entrance to relate a personal anecdote. Some years ago I had the good fortune to live in England very near the home of Darwin. One day he asked me if I was acquainted with the American treastise on the "Jumping Frog." Thinking it to be some scientific work, I replied that I was ignorant of it. He expressed amazement that such a product of genius should be unknown to me, an American. He lent the "treatise" to me—and it is not the least of my indebtedness to him—and then went on to say that during those sleepless nights of weariness which followed his days of hard research he had been accustomed to amuse himself with the books of Mr. Clemens, and always kept them on a table by his bedside. Ah! what a gift is this! To lighten the weary hours, and to make gay ones gayer. Mark Twain's syrup to exhilarate the dull and to quiet the restless. "Children cry for it." We are all children. Come, Mr. Clemens, and gives us a taste of your precious, patent champagne-mandragora.

MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens walked slowly to the reading desk, and when the applause subsided he stated that some might shrink from accepting the anecdote as a compliment, but it had always struck him as a great one. If he had helped to put that great brain when weary to sleep, he was glad of it. He announced that he would read selections from an article written for the Century, and which appears in the number issued today. It is entitled "English as she is Taught" and is a review of a book, supposed to be written by a teacher, and showing some of the curious errors, with occasional underlying truths in them, made by school children. Here are some of the supposed answers:

"Ammonia, the food of the gods."
"Aborigines, a system of mountains."
"Alias, a good man in the Bible."
"Assiduity, state of being an acid."
"Auriferous, pertaining to an orifice."
"Capillary, a little caterpillar."
"Emolument, a headstone to a grave."
"Equestrian, one who asks questions."
"Eucharist, one who plays euchre."
"Parasite, a kind of umbrella."
"Ipecac, a man who likes a good dinner."
"Irrigate, to make fun of."
"Mendacious, what can be mended."
"Mercenary, one who feels for another."

Here is one where the phrase, "publicans and sinners," has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way:

"Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible."

"Here are two," said Mr. Clemens, "where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact: 'Plagiarist, a writer of plays.' 'Demagogue, a vessel containing beer and other liquids.'"

"Here is one,' continued Mark Twain, "well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth *without ever suspecting it!*"—

"The men employed by the gas company go round and speculate the meter."

And here—with "zoological" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready on his tongue—the small scholar has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged under any circumstances:

"There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens."

"Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets."

Here is a bit of natural history:

"Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days."

Here is some political information:

"The first conscientious congress met in Philadelphia"—and, perhaps, the last, added Mr. Clemens.

"Congress is divided into civilized, half-civilized and savage."

Here are some miscellaneous blunders:

"Gender distinguishes nouns, without regard to sense."

"The leopard is watching his sheep."

"The marriage was illegible."

"She was quick at répertoire."

"He enjoys riding on a philosopher."

"He prayed for the waters to subsidize."

"They had a strawberry vestibule."

Under the head of "Grammar" the little scholars furnish the *following information*:

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex.

Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.

Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

"Caterpillar" is well enough, said Mr. Clemens, but capital letter would have been stricter. The following is a brave attempt at a solution, but it failed to liquefy:

"When they are going to say some prose or poetry, before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry."

The chapter on "mathematics" is full of fruit. From it I take a few samples—mainly in an unripe state:

A straight line is any distance between two places.

Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result.

The Capital of the United States is Long Island.

The five seaports of the U. S. are Newfunlan and Sanfrancisco.

The principal products of the U. S. is earthquakes and volcanoes.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

There should be a limit to public school instruction; it cannot be wise or well to let the young find out everything.

It would appear that whenever you ask a public school pupil when a thing—anything, no matter what—happened, and he is in doubt, he always rips out his 1492. He applies it to everything, from the landing of the ark to the introduction of the horse car.

George Washington was born in 1492.

Washington wrote the Declaration of Independence in 1492.

St. Bartholomew was massacred in 1492.

The Brittains were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Cæsar.

The earth is 1492 miles in circumference.

Homer's writings are "Homer's Essays" "Virgill," the "Aneid" and "Paradise Lost" some people say that these poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name.

George Eliot left a wife and children who mourned greatly for his genius.

Thomas Babington MaKorlay graduated at Harvard and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and he died in 1576.

"Snow Bound" was written by Peter Cooper.

"The House of the Seven Gables" was written by Lord Bryant.

Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotton gin and wrote histories.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes"—I know, said Mr. Clemens, that this boy meant to pay Dr. Holmes a compliment—"is a very profligate and amusing writer."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Professor Norton presented Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the following language:

"Fifty years ago last summer there was an astonishing scene in the meeting-house at Cambridge. A stripling, who but a few months before had watched Clemence as she tripped away from him down the rue de Seine, stepped forward to the platform before a crowded audience to deliver a Phi Beta poem which he had the audacity to cram full of genuine poetry—not the sham article usually provided for such occasions. He had actually inserted in it that ringing lyric, which everybody knows by heart—

'Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,' etc.

The muse had said to this boy, 'Thou shalt redress the lack of two lean centuries, and all the pent-up wit and humor and fancy of two hundred years shall find vent through thee.' As the youth went off with his poem, the stiffest lip relaxed, the dullest hands found themselves clapping.

"Ut ingenti sonuecount omnia plausu.

"And mighty praise all round about was heard. The applause bursting through the windows and doors of the meeting-house was taken up outside, and for fifty years, whenever the same voice has been heard, has run, gathering on, crossing the continent and crossing the sea, echoing and re-echoing, till today we catch it up with plaudits fresh as ever, for triumphs fresh as ever, as I speak the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

The Autocrat read the "Chambered Nautilus," and then announced as his second selection, "Dorothy Q." This name in full, he said, was Quincy. An English paper had spelled it "Cue," which, said the doctor, might have been more appropriate if she had been a billiard player, or even an actress.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

President Norton said—Some twenty years ago or more a fair dame was musing, so she has told us, as she walked in her "golden, sheltered valley." The dreams and ambitions of her youth were passing before her *in vision, still with traces* of their first beauty, but with pathetic, half-averted countenances. They were departing, and life was losing its glow. She turned from them to forecast the dubious future. Its western promise was less bright than the hopes of dawn. She saw that many years lay before her, that their gifts would not be those she had once desired from the days, and yet there was one boon they might bring that would make amends for whatever they might fail to give—

"If on the matron's time-worn mantle
The poet's wreath be laid."

She left the valley; she entered the dusty world; she seemed to turn away from the beckoning of the Muse; and giving up to woman what was meant for mankind, she ran

"To help the woman's standard new unfurled."

And yet so gracious was the feminine Muse that she refuses not the gift her reverent child desired, and grants the wreath of the poet to her who wrote

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,"

and

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

and her I now have the honor to call upon—Mrs. Howe.

Mrs. Howe's voice, as is well known, is high in key, far from powerful, yet, in its limited range, is well controlled. She read with great feeling the poem, "Her Orders," followed it with her still more famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and then gave the following little poem, written especially for the occasion:

MRS. HOWE'S POEM.

Master that dwell'st in heaven serene,
Thrice happy soul, that ours hast been,
We turn to thee in this fair scene

As birds that pipe without a cage,
Make its dear inmate to engage
In the worst warfare singers make.

But thou from out the golden wires,
Hast passed beyond the summit fires,
To enter, where our hope expires.

Well we recall the falling snows,
The sad day darkening to its close,
That saw thee folded in repose.

And as they led thy funeral train,
Fair rhymes, the children of thy brain,
Did follow thee, with soft refrain.

In marble shall men set thy name,
Give lavish measure to thy claim
Of dear remembrance and high fame.

But while they praise thy varied skill,
I tell my thoughts hold higher still
The glory of thy great good will,

And deem thee, though a king of art,
By crown and chrism set apart,
Best gifted in a human heart.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

When Mrs. Howe had been escorted to her seat, Professor Norton again stepped to the front of the platform and said—Not many of you, I fear, can remember those good old days when every self respecting family in Boston began its day with the reading of the Daily Advertiser. "The respectable daily." What an honorable title! No careful father ever had to hide that sheet. No boy or girl was ever the worse for reading it. Boston owed much to Hon. Nathan Hale. He was not precisely an enterprising editor. The news was not always up to the latest "sensation" of the last half-hour before the paper went to press. The wits jested that the Advertiser, like the poor man's plaster, was good for a week back. They might have added, what cannot always be said of the newspaper of these days, that it was good for a weak back-bone. After a while a new spirit began to betray itself in the columns of the paper, which its friends used simply to call "The Daily." There was younger blood infused into it. Those young Hales put their wit and the vigor of their intelligence into it. Two of them were lost too early to the world, but the third survives—himself, at least, three in one; and if you want to know what sort of an educating influence a good paper may have, what sort of training was acquired in the editor's room of the old Advertiser, I bid you behold it in the preacher, the historian, the philanthropist, the story-teller—the half-dozen good men in one—Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

Dr. Hale read with much force his poem, "The Great Harvest Year."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich was introduced as follows:

"There are two points," says Mr. Browning.
"Two points in the adventure of the diver:
One when—a beggar he prepares to plunge,
One when—a prince he rises with a pearl."

I imagine myself that diver, but I am certain of my pearl, not one still resting in the shell, but one dropped from a full chaplet of lucent beads, fit for a queen's adornment. I know the hand that let it slip; it is one of yours, Mr. Aldrich.

The Pulpit in relation to Race Elevation.

BY REV. F. J. GRIMKE.

Of all the influences at work in the uplifting of our people there is none that is comparable to the pulpit—to the power of an intelligent and virtuous and pious ministry. Whatever may be said of the pulpit as it exists at present,—however its past history may seem to belie this statement, it is nevertheless true. It has a natural advantage in reaching the masses for good over all other instrumentalities. Associated, as it is, in the minds of the people with religion, with the service of God, with all that is highest and purest and best in character and life, it inspires in the very beginning confidence to a degree that is true of no other calling. The presumption is that the minister is a good man. The people naturally look up to him, and are disposed, in virtue of his position, to give him a hearing such as is given to no other man. That this reverence for the office has been, in a measure, destroyed by the large influx of unprincipled men into the ministry is a fact to be regretted, but enough of it yet remains, however, to give the minister still a decided advantage. It affords also exceptional opportunities for knowing the people and, therefore, of forming a correct estimate of their real character and wants. No one is so frequently called upon as the minister; no one is so often in the homes of the people; no one is so largely confided in, or is kept so fully informed of all that is going on in the private and public life of the community, especially the darker side of it. If there is any rottenness anywhere, he will be sure to be informed of it. It also affords opportunities of reaching the ears of the people, such as is afforded by no other calling. Once at least during the week, and three times on the Sabbath, morning, afternoon and evening, they meet together publicly to hear what the minister has to say. Whatever may be said of our people in the South in other respects, they are certainly a Church-going people. The churches as a general thing, are always crowded, and thus through them an opportunity is afforded of sowing the precious seeds of truth, by means of which they are to be largely elevated, such as is to be found nowhere else. Thus independently of personal qualities, ministers have advantages that are possessed by no other class of men. This fact is well understood, and is one of the reasons why such large numbers are flocking into the ministry, attracted, as we are forced to believe, in many cases by the advantages of the position, with little or no thought of the high and solemn responsibilities which it involves. To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required, is a principle, therefore, that needs to be strongly emphasized in connection with the exercise of the high functions of the ministry, and especially at this time, in connection with the great and important work of race elevation. The power which it confers is to be exercised, in every instance and under all circumscances, in the fear of God, and with an earnest desire to uplift the people. It should never be prostituted to base purposes, or be employed for personal or selfish ends of greed or ambition. It is a talent entrusted to us, for the use of which we shall all give an account in the last great day. It is a question, therefore, that we should all frequently ask ourselves, especially those of us who are living in the South. How are we using this power? We are called upon to minister to a people who have just emerged as it were from slavery—crude, ignorant, with very imperfect ideas of duty, with a low moral standard, and with the moral sense but imperfectly developed. In the simplest duties of life, in the principles of a pure morality, in all the elements that gives strength and delicacy and beauty to character—truth, and honesty, and purity, and sobriety—they need to be instructed, line upon line and precept upon precept. They need to be instructed in the most elementary principles of religion, in the proper way of worshiping God, in the manner of conducting themselves in the house of God, in all that goes to make up church etiquette, and especially in the difference between piety which consists in the love and fear of God, in holiness of character and life, and mere noise and emotion, which enter so largely into popular conception of religion. The work to be done is great, inexpressibly great. Only those of us who are in the field, and who have had opportunity of mingling with the people, can form any conception of its magnitude. That some of our ministers appreciate their position in relation to this work, and are addressing themselves earnestly to it, is a matter for congratulation. But this is true, unfortunately only of a few. The great majority of our pulpits are not only doing nothing to elevate the masses, but are positive obstacles in the way of all true progress, a curse instead of a blessing. I have often felt that it would be a great deal better for the race if many of these pulpits were vacant, and the churches themselves blotted out of existence. I have seen such shameful perversions of power, such truckling, such low pandering to the worst tastes of the people on the part of the pulpit, that I cannot even think of it without growing hot with indignation; especially, as in many cases, it is by men who know better, men of intelligence, but who for the sake of a little cheap popularity or for the loaves and fishes, are base enough to degrade themselves, and to encourage the peeple to continue in their ignorance and degradation. Surely if there is one place in hell hotter than another, it will be reserved for such pious frauds, such religious demagogues, such traitors to Heaven and to the highest interests of the people. Such men are a disgrace to the ministry, a curse to the Church and a dishonor to the race, and the sooner they are driven out of our pulpits the better it will be. I said to a brother minister not long ago: "Do you know that you occupy by far the most important position in this city? You are the pastor of the largest church here; you speak to the largest number of souls; you have opportunities, therefore, of influencing the people for good, such as are enjoyed by no other man in this ctty. I hope you realize this?" I addressed him in this way, not so much because I felt that he specially needed the admonition, for he is a most excellent man, and seems alive to a sense of his responsibilities, but rather with a view of intensifying and giving permanence to that feeling. And so, in like manner, in bringing this article to a close, I would say to all of our brethren in the ministry, especially to those of us who are living in the South. Let us pause and consider how much there is to be done, and try to realize the importance of the position we occupy in relation to this work. We have opportunities for usefulness such as no other class of men possess. Let us be faithful to these opportunities, conscientiously using them not for the furtherance of private or personal ends, but for the general good, for encouraging and setting into operation influences that will redound to the glory of God and the best interests of the people, showing them by our upright and consistent lives, by the character of our pulpit ministrations, by our fearlessness in presenting the truth, and in dealing with all practical questions affecting character and life, that we are seeking not theirs, but them; not their applause or their possessions, but their highest moral and spiritual welfare.

It was evident that Mr. Aldrich was not at ease while he read a selection from his "Story of a Bad Boy," and his voice could not be heard by those at the rear of the auditorium.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

In introducing Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor Norton said—Cotton Mather, to whom, whatever his faults and his foibles, New England owes lasting gratitude for his precious book, "The Magnalia," in which he wrote for us the lives of our first worthies, though he gives vast praise to the reverend and excellent Mr. Francis Higginson, failed, by lack of power to forecast the future, to celebrate him for his most notable deed, namely, the leaving of a posterity that should be such a permanent strain of virtue that in the fifth or sixth generation they should still be adding honor to the name. It was, indeed, with a prophetic instinct that Cotton Mather chose as the motto for his account of this parent of the race the words—

Semper honor, nomenque tuum, laudesque, manebunt;

for surely his praises may be heard in the music of that noble orchestra which we owe to the splendid munificence of one of his descendants, while his honors are revived in the multifarious good works of that other descendant, who, whether as preacher or soldier or author, still maintains the same good old cause for which his ancestor served, and who will now show you that he has inherited what his ancestor was renowned for—"a very pleasant voice."

Colonel Higginson gave a reading, well shaded and delightful, of a paper printed in one of the magazines some months ago, and entitled "Vacations for Saints."

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

In introducing Mr. William D. Howells, Professor Norton said—As I entered this building an hour ago I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Lemuel Barker and Rev. Mr. Sewell, and I came up the stairs with our respected friends, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Lapham. Hardly had I taken my place on this stage before I recognized first one and then another of those familiar acquaintances the pleasure of knowing whom we owe to our common friend, Mr. Howells. I am afraid that some of you are not as grateful as you ought to be for his having thus enlarged your circle of acquaintance. At least we owe him much for having given us subjects of conversation far more interesting than the weather, and more innocent than much of our small talk. For myself, I can honestly say that Mr. Howells has very seldom introduced me to a person whom I was not glad to know. It is the privilege of an imaginative writer to open our eyes to see the persons whom we had mis-seen, etc., etc. No man, to be a true realist in fiction, is to be of necessity one who sees clearly with the vision of imagination. He must be primarily an idealist. Look at Shakspeare. Is he realist or idealist? More than this, the realist is the deepest of moralists, for he teaches his lessons after the manner of life itself. I present to you the moral writer, the idealist, Howells. Mr. Howells read an extract from the "Wedding Journey."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

In presenting Hon. George William Curtis, Professor Norton said in substance—No wonder that Longfellow should greet with cordial sympathy the youthful author of "Nile Notes," in whom were traits of genius similar to his own delicate literary sensibilities, facility of exquisite expression, fancy quickened by Old World associations, a sweet and tender sentiment. Soon came a call stronger than the charm of pure literature to the heart of the youth. It was the voice of his country's trumpet calling her sons to the defence of all that made America dear to them. Leaving the closet, he stepped forth on the platform, to rouse, with words no less strenuous than musical, the dull conscience, the sluggish energies, the lagging resolve of his fellows. In himself he amply repelled the charge, too often, too loosely, too meanly repeated, that ideal pursuits unfit their high followers for practical counsel and action. He gave up the writing of delightful books, with their thousand readers, for the writing of articles for the newspaper, with its hundred thousand. Turning his pen handle into a flagstaff, and his sheet into a banner, and with this standard he led the host of the loyal press. Nor, when the war was over, did he retire wearied from the service of the country. The chief political gain in the last twenty years, the chief and most needed political reform, with its far-reaching consequences, are due to his foresight and his exertions more than to the labors of all other men beside. Mr. Curtis read selections from "Potiphar Papers."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In presenting the last of the group of famous authors assembled, Professor Norton said—You have to listen *to one reader* more, whose voice will fitly close these ceremonies. Before him

"My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still."

I must use Shakspeare's words:

"Hearing you praised I say, 't is so, 't is true,
And to the most of praise add something more,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before;
Then others for the breath of words respect
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect."

Mr. Lowell said that he asked and received permission from the committee to read one of Mr. Longfellow's own poems. He had, therefore, selected the "Building of the Ship." Mr. Lowell then read his own tribute to Longfellow on the poet's birthday, Feb. 27, 1867.

This was the end of one of the most notable entertainments ever given in Boston.

THE LISTENER.

The Listener went to bed last night suffering from a sort of intellectual indigestion. He had attended the Authors' Reading at the Boston Museum, and had undergone an experience something the like of that of the governor of the feast in Judea, who, though he had excellent reason to expect at the hands of his friend the bridegroom a memorable and most excellent repast, was nevertheless agreeably disappointed; he found it even better than he had expected. At this feast at the Museum, yesterday, what might have been the water of the banquet, the perfunctory part of the master of ceremonies, was turned into the best wine that the occasion provided by the transmuting touch of Professor Norton. Everybody had anticipated pleasure in seeing and hearing the famous men who were to read; but who had thought that the most delightful part of the programme would be that which belonged to the man who served merely as the string upon which the beads were strung? The Listener has gone far astray from the metaphor with which he began; but the sense of having heartily overfed upon what Mark Twain's small boy had in his mind when he spoke of "ammonia, the food of the gods," was distinctly present, just the same.

When the curtain rose at two o'clock there was for an instant, it must be told, a sort of menagerie feeling, a sense as of famous curiosities on show. The great audience, brilliant and keenly alert, in which there were, by actual count, just four women to one man, craned their heads this way and that to see the great men and the great woman on the stage. "Oh, that 's Dr. Holmes, of course; but who is that gray, shaggy man, that looks as if he might be an Anarchist?" "Why, the small man is Mr. Aldrich, after all!" "I declare, Mark Twain looks as if he had just come out of a Mississippi steamer's pilot house; he 's the only man in the lot that is n't absolutely disappointing." These were comments of people from the remote suburbs, of course; but the Listener could not help hearing them. Meantime the authors, with an air as if they were having their pictures taken, and sitting in attitudes of studied, and for the most part unsuccessful, ease, waited for the ceremonies to begin. Mark Twain, who suggested, from his position at the extremity of the circle and the flavor of the grotesque in his appearance, the "bones" of the show, fidgeted a good deal and looked at his watch. He looks more hawkish than ever, now that he has begun to show his years. His clothes were a ghastly advertisement for the Hartford tailors, and looked especially ill-fitting in contrast with the exquisite broadcloth garb of George William Curtis, who sat next him, and whose appearance is always the same happy union of elegance and strength. Then came Aldrich, alert, uneasy, shifting his attention as the movement upon the stage shifted, his face, a little florid and a shade less poetic than his portraits, reflecting the sentiment of everything that passed. There was nothing impassive about him, and in this respect he was the very opposite of Mr. Howells, who sat next him, and of Mrs. Howe, just beyond, for Howells was gloomily impassive, and Mrs. Howe was amiably impassive. Mrs. Howe was the centre of all the group, and, sitting in an uncomfortable little cane-seated chair, rested her elbow majestically upon a table, and seemed the queen of the tournament.

Just the sort of figure that the rest of the famous group made as they waited for the moment of their agony the Listener cannot say, because a protruding proscenium box hid them, as they sat, from his view; and perhaps the reader is thankful for that circumstance. It is time, moreover, to start them at their work. Mark Twain, who began his reading by looking at his watch again, made everybody laugh, as he always does, when he drawled out his "Ladies and Gentlemen," with the accent of Missouri, and put people in a mood to laugh at everything else he said. His jokes had already been in print, and most of them were tolerably familiar, but the laughter was great. When he ran awkwardly off the stage to catch his train, the show sensation seemed to have somewhat abated, and the audience was thoroughly aroused. Professor Norton's graceful remarks, too, put the stage people at their ease, and, by making them in a sense sharers in the entertainment, took off much of the exhibition feeling. When Dr. Holmes came forward, looking as merry as ever, and prepared to read the "Chambered Nautilus," remarking that he would read "something else," afterward, everybody knew that something was "Dorothy Q.," and everybody applauded. As a piece of "elocution," the doctor's reading was not great, perhaps. He attempted to read the lines from memory, forgot them, and had to hunt them up occasionally; but it was delightful, nevertheless. If one could hear Shakspeare read Hamlet's soliloquy, one would pardon him a slip occasionally!

Five years ago the Listener saw Mrs. Julia Ward Howe act, at the Newport Casino, in her own play, "False Colors"—or rather her own clever adaptation from the French—and was consequently prepared to see in her a woman who was a mistress of the art of expression. "Weave No More Silks, ye Lyons Looms," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" lacked nothing of force in her rendering of them; and the audience had once more the sense of getting much more than their money's worth when she gave them her verses, new to the world, in tribute to Longfellow's memory. When Professor Norton introduced Dr. Hale there was just a shadow of an uneasy sense on the part of the audience that the sketch of the old Advertiser was going a little astray from strict relevancy; but it was a gem in itself, at any rate. Dr. Hale's reading of his "Harvest Year" was characteristic of the man. Just a touch of abruptness and concussion about the delivery; but the poem itself—a splendid dramatic ode—is abrupt in its measures, with a picture or an action in every line.

The easy confidence, in Dr. Hale's case, of the man who is accustomed to public appearances, was a striking contrast to the fidgetty stage fright of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who came faltering forward for all the world like a schoolboy advancing to speak a piece which he knew he was going to forget. He stood first one foot upon its toe and then the other, and would have put them both in that position if he could have remained standing in it. And he embraced the reading desk as if he hoped to get some comfort out of it, and leaned upon it until people in a line with it feared that it would plunge forward into the orchestra. "To think," said a bright young girl near the Listener, who had been waiting eagerly for Aldrich's turn to come, "to think that *he* should be afraid of *us*!" There is a sort of triumph, on the part of an insignificant reader of a famous man's work, in having him thus at one's mercy after all, and perhaps there was more than one listener in the house yesterday who unworthily gloated over the distress of his favorite author as he faced a little fragment of his public. But Mr. Aldrich got through admirably, after all, and gave way with grace for the introduction of Colonel Higginson, which included, by the way, a pretty tribute to Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the patron of the Symphony Concert, which brought out warm applause. Artistic Boston's feeling for music is no less keen than its feeling for literature. Colonel Higginson's reading appealed more particularly to the ladies, and they showed their appreciation and *delight* with every word. His voice vindicated Professor Norton's praise of it, and went straight, as it always does, to everybody's sympathies.

Mr. Howells was not quite so much distressed as Mr. Aldrich, but was not, for that matter, at his best. But what an object lesson of grace and expression was George William Curtis's reading of "Mrs. Potiphar's Letter"! Even Joseph Cook, sitting in the front row of the parquet, who looked grand, gloomy and peculiarly condemnatory all through the exercises, seemed a trifle less sour under the influence of the surpassing skill of the reader, though the allusions to the footman's calves manifestly went a little hard with him. There is no denying that when Mr. Lowell appeared, leonine in aspect, perhaps the most impressive man in all the group, the audience had become pretty thoroughly tired, and the long "Building of the Ship," which Mr. Lowell read without the smallest attempt at expression, was a little wearisome—quite wearisome, perhaps. But his own birthday poem to Longfellow was read with a simplicity and strength that made it admirable, and left with every hearer a sense of sympathetic and æsthetic uplifting.

On the whole, a great occasion, disappointing perhaps in the sense that great men and women may sometimes appear at a disadvantage, since authors are not necessarily actors, and may shamble and look awkward and helpless with the rest of humanity; but serving to bind us ordinary people, after all, a little closer to our ideals, in that it shows us a more intimate side of the author's nature than before. Certain it is that the occasion was unique, and impossible *anywhere else*; that fact flatters our civic vanity as much as our individual vanity was delicately flattered a bit by seeing great people actually afraid of us. In spite of its moments that were "slow," the day was a whole calendar of red letter days rolled into one.

Mrs. Mary McKinney Archer.

"Ah, Quintius! There is a tear that philosophy cannot dry."

The tribute of the Rev. Francis J. Grimke to the memory of the late Mrs. Mary McKinney Archer, on the occasion of her funeral, is such a true estimate and accurate delineation of her lovely character that I feel sure that one who was her intimate friend in life—one for whom the memories of her are still full of interest and charm, will be pardoned for seeking to give to this eulogy a wide publicity. No false colors of rhetoric, no affected learning, no ambitious citations, no excessive praise, entered Mr. Grimke's discourse to mar its simple and beautiful language, imbued with a sincerity that rises to the highest eloquence without conscious effort.

The sadness that the death of Mrs. Archer caused is not in the nature of that which vanishes with the first tears and the first sighs The sweet simplicity and charming grace of her manners, the moral dignity and elevation of her character, made an impression too durable on the hearts of all who knew her for the memory of such a life to ever be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." A young wife, a loving daughter, a true friend, has descended to her grave, carrying with her all the joys that a long future seemed to promise her. Unconquerable fate and necessity have taken away the great ornament that crowned the festival of a life that was well nigh complete with its share of blessings and contentment. I know that in the midst of sorrows and regrets that surround the tomb of the dead, the ode, the sonnet, the epigram and the epitaph cannot dry those tears given to us by nature as a remedy

to affliction, but they may help us to yield to that affliction in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

DR. GRIMKE'S BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

After some remarks on the following passage, Mark 13: 33-37, Mr. Grimke said:

The special object which brings us together this afternoon is to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of one whom we all loved, and whose sudden and unexpected departure fills us with pain and sadness.

Only a little more than nine months ago we were all here, in this very room, a bright and happy throng. In every face there was joy and gladness; and while the organ gave forth soft strains of music, two hearts, united in the bond of true affection, pledged to each other their troth with our best wishes, with our hearty God-speed resting upon them, amid the congratulations of troops of friends, they went forth to build for themselves a little ark of rest—to lay the foundation of that sweetest name in our language—a home The day was a beautiful one, clear and warm, just like a spring day,—such was the record I made in my diary. It was bright, without a cloud, or speck, or stain to mar its beauty. No more perfect bridal day could have been desired; no happier couple ever went forth, I believe, into the world. And now, before us, after so short a time, lies all that is mortal of one of the chief actors in that scene. How sad! How inexpressibly sad! It seems impossible, even now, to realize that the end has really come.

I believe I express the sentiments of all who are here when I say we are sorry, profoundly sorry, to part with her; when I say we shall greatly miss her. It was always a pleasure to meet her. She was so genial, so amiable. The sweet smile and the warm grasp of the hand with which she greeted every one, were unmistakable evidences of the kind and loving heart within.

She was singularly pure at heart. The atmosphere which she breathed, and in which she endeavored constantly to live, was an atmosphere of purity. Instinctively she turned away from all polluting thoughts and desires, and lived on the heights where the air was pure.

She also possessed, in a very large degree, that charity of which the apostle speaks,—the charity that "thinketh no evil." She never imputed anything evil of another. She would always say, when she heard anything derogatory to any one—"I don't believe it." And so she never circulated evil reports or joined in vilifying another. Such things were distasteful to her, and she turned away from them in disgust, as we should all do. This was one of her most striking characteristics. And this indisposition to injure any one, arose in part, I believe, from the love element, which so largely predominated in her natue. She had a great loving heart, and that gave her great sweetness of temper. There was nothing whatever malicious about her. She possessed a singularly sweet disposition.

She was also a model daughter. She was a great comfort to her parents. One of the finest tributes that could be paid to any child was that which was paid to her by her own dear mother. In speaking of her, she said; "I don't remember Mary's ever having said a harsh or unkind word to me." When we remember that she lived nearly twenty-nine years, that is a very remarkable statement. I thought of this, and then I ran over in mind the large number of families in this city, and said to myself, "I wonder how many parents there are who could say the same of their children." And yet this is what every parent ought to be able to say. This is the kind of children that we should be bringing up in our homes;—boys and girls who know how to respect their parents; these are the ones who will make the best husbands and wives. Those words of her mother would be a fitting tribute to place upon her tomb.

She was also a devoted wife. In the beautiful little home which had been prepared for her with so much care and devotion, she dwelt, a happy, loving wife conscientiously faithful to every duty, and by her constant sweetness spreading sunshine all around her. She was indeed the light of her home, and in every way possible, sought to make that home the "dearest, sweetest spot on earth" to her loving companion.

She was also one of the most faithful and efficient teachers in our public schools. She was among the first graduates that went forth from our normal school, then under the care of Miss Briggs, and for nine years labored in our schools. Her Supervising principal speaks of her in the highest terms, and testifies not only to her efficieney as a teacher, but to her superior worth as a woman.

On Saturday night, about one o'clock, the news reached me that she was sinking rapidly. My wife and I rose, and hastened to the house. I asked the doctor, who was present, whether it was really a hopeless case. He said that he feared it was. I then knelt beside her and prayed with her. After I was through, her father said to her—"If it is the Lord's will, Mary, to raise you, He will do so; and if not, He

will take you"—his design being to bring to her the fact of her condition—to let her know it was possible that she would not recover. He then said: "Are you afraid to die, Mary?" And her reply was, "I am not."

She never made a public profession of religion. She never connected herself with any church; but those who knew her most intimately, and who have had the opportunity of understanding her inner life most fully, feel assured that she had accepted the Savior, and that the germs of the divine life had taken deep root in her heart. Her life is the best evidence of this, and it is still further confirmed by the fact, of which I am assured, that she had recently made up her mind to connect herself with this church, and would have done so had she not been prevented by her condition, which made it impossible for her to go out. This shows that she felt, herself, that she was a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and was willing to identify herself with his people. In saying farewell to her, therefore, it is not an eternal farewell. We part, but we shall hope to meet again. We know that we shall meet again. In the meantime let us be patient. Only a little while, and the links that are now broken will be welded together again, and the faces that have become invisible, will shine out more bright and fair. Let us think of the "Sweet Bye and Bye"—the "land that is fairer than day," into which she has gone, where there is no sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor death; where all tears are wiped away, and where there are no farewells."

"At the crystal river's brink,
Some sweet day, bye and bye,
We shall find each broken link,
Some sweet day, bye and bye;
Then the Star that fading here,
Left our hearts and homes so drear,
We shall see more bright and clear,
Some sweet day, bye and bye.
Some sweet day, we shall meet our loved ones gone,
Some sweet day, bye and bye."

R. H. T.

Timothy Thomas Fortune.

Within the last decade, no Afro-American has written more in the interest of, and shown more devotion to his race than Mr. Fortune. While many have differed with him, and opposed his political course, yet no one can reasonably deny the great and constant devotion he has manifested for his race. The cause of the race needs agitation and the constant hurling of fiery invective into the enemy's camp; and Mr. Fortune, as an effective and advanced agitator, has been and is still doing this work. He is not as brilliant as some of our writers, but he writes with a vigor and terseness that is always effective. There is good mettle in the man, who, from an obscure Florida boy, has, in a few years, earned and won a national reputation with his pen. All fair-minded men must concede that Mr. Fortune's struggles are worthy of commendation and emulation, and that his case is exceptional.

wide, the subjects illustrating the four allegorical figures above.

About this time Raphael painted the fine portrait of Julius II, which is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence; also the portrait of himself, which is in the Gallery of Painters, at Florence. It represents him as a very handsome young man, with luxuriant hair and dark eyes, full lips, and a pensive countenance, with an expression of sweet womanliness. He also painted the four Sybils in the Chapel of the Chigi family, in the church of Santa Maria della Pace,—"sublime figures, full of grandeur and inspiration, and on the wall of a chamber of the Chigi Palace, the Triumph of Galatea. About the year 1510 he began the decoration of the second chamber of the Vatican. In this series of compositions he represented the power and glory of the Church, and her miraculous deliverance from her secular enemies. On the ceiling of this room are four beautiful picture. The Promises of God to the four Patriarchs—Noah, Abraham, Jacob and Moses. On the four side walls the Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple at Jerusalem; the Miracle of Bolsena; Attila, King of the Huns, Terrified by the Apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. Peter Delivered from Prison. Before these pictures were finished, Julius II died, and was succeeded by Leo X, who was no less a patron of Raphael than his predecessor had been, and the number of learned and accomplished men whom he attached to his Court, and the enthusiasm for classical learning which prevailed among them, strongly influenced those productions of Raphael which date from his accession. They became more and more allied to the antique, and less and less embued with that pure religious spirit, which we find in his earlier works. His friends were cardinals and poets, and others of the most distinguished men of Rome. His riches increased, and he built himself a fine house; he had numerous scholars from all parts of Italy, who regarded him with the greatest reverence and love; and such was the influence of his genial temper that all these young men lived in the most entire union with him and with each other, and his school was never disturbed by those animosities and jealousies which were so prevalent in other schools of art in Italy. All the other painters of that time were the friends rather than the rivals of Raphael, with the single exception of Michael Angelo.

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

[To be continued.]

THE UMBRIAN AND ROMAN SCHOOL OF ART.

Raphael.

(Concluded.)

Under Leo X, Raphael began the third hall or *camera*, of the Vatican, in 1515. The ceiling of this chamber had been painted by Perugino, for Sixtus IV, and Raphael, from a feeling of respect for his old master, would not remove or paint over his work. On the sides of the room he represented the principal events of the lives of Pope Leo III and Pope Leo IV. Of these pictures the most remarkable is L'Incendio del Borgo (The Fire in the Borgo), representing a fire in Rome in the reign of Leo IV, said to have been extinguished by a miracle. This fresco, though remarkably fine in point of drawing, is said to be the worst of the whole scenes in color.

The last of the two chambers in the Vatican is the Hall of Constantine, painted with scenes from the life of that emperor. All the frescoes in this room were executed by the scholars of Raphael from his designs and cartoons.

While Raphael was engaged in painting the frescoes in the Vatican, he was also engaged in many other works. Among his most popular compositions are the scenes of subjects from the Old Testament, called Raphael's Bible. These were comparatively small pictures adorning the thirteen cupolas of the Loggie or open galleries, running around three sides of an open court of the Vatican. The gallery on the second story is the one painted under Raphael's direction. Among the greatest and most celebrated of his works are his cartoons, which originated in this manner: The interior of the Sistine Chapel had been ornamented around the lower walls with paintings in imitation of tapestries. Leo X resolved to substitute real draperies of the most costly material, and Raphael was employed to furnish the subjects and drawings, which were to be copied in the looms of Flanders, and worked in a mixture of silk, wool and gold. The cartoons were originally eleven in number, to fit the ten compartments into which the wall was divided by pilasters, and the space over the altar. Four of the eleven are lost and seven remain, which are now in the gallery of Hampton Court Palace.

The intention in the whole series was to express "the mission, the sufferings, and the triumph of the Christian Church." The subjects were The Coronation of the Virgin; The Miraculous Draught of Fishes; The Charge to Peter; The Stoning of Stephen; The Healing of the Lame Man; The Death of Ananias; The Conversion of St. Paul; Elymas Struck Blind; Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; Paul Preaching at Athens; Paul in Prison. Those which are lost are the Coronation of the Virgin; The Stoning of Stephen; The Conversion of St. Paul, and St. Paul in Prison. These are the subjects of the famous cartoons of Raphael, of which Mrs. Jameson gives a deeply interesting and minutely detailed account in her "Early Italian Painters," which is far too long for insertion here, but which will richly repay a careful reading.

It is a matter of regret that these cartoons have never yet been adequately engraved. Raphael finished them in 1516. They are all from fourteen to eighteen feet in length, and about twelve feet high, the figures above life size, drawn with chalk, and colored in distemper. He received for his designs four hundred and thirty-four gold ducats—about three thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars. The rich tapestries worked from these cartoons in silk, wool and gold, were completed at Arras, and sent to Rome in 1519. For these the pope paid the manufacturers fifty thousand gold ducats. Raphael had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing them hung in their places, and of witnessing the wonder and applause they excited through the whole city. But while all Rome was indulging in ecstasies over them, the precious cartoons were lying in the warehouse of the weaver, at Arras, neglected and forgotten. Some of them were torn into fragments and parts of these exist in various collections. Several still remained in some garret or cellar when Rubens, just a century afterwards, discovered them, and mentioned their existence to Charles I, and advised him to purchase them for the use of a manufactory at Mortlake. The purchase was made. They had been cut into long strips, about two feet wide for the convenience of the workmen and in this state they arrived in England.

On the death of Charles I, Cromwell purchased them for three hundred dollars. They were nearly lost by being carried off to France in the reign of Charles II, but were finally rescued, and remained neglected in a lumber-room at Whitehall until the reign of William IV, during which time they narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire when Whitehall was burned in 1698. King William ordered them to be repaired, the fragments pasted together and stretched upon linen, and being then occupied with the ~~attractions~~ and improvements of Hampton Court Palace, he ordered Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, to plan and erect a room expressly to receive them.

In the Vatican there is a second set of ten tapestries, for which Raphael gave the original designs, but he did not execute the cartoons, and the style of drawing in those fragments which remain is not his.

The fame of Raphael had by this time spread to other countries, and it is said that Henry VIII of England

invited him to his court, and also F...
cis I of France, but neither of these monarchs could induce him to leave Italy. He painted for Francis a noble picture of St. Michael Overpowering the Evil One; also a very beautiful Holy Family, and a picture of St. Margaret Overcoming the Dragon, in compliment to the king's sister, Margaret; and the king afterwards purchased his beautiful portrait of Joanna of Arragon, vice-queen of Naples. All these are in the Louvre.

We now come to the period of one of the greatest and most celebrated of Raphael's pictures—the Madonna di San Sisto, or Sistine Madonna. On saying that it is the loveliest picture in the world, I have the authority of some of the most eminent art critics. This wonderful picture was painted between the years 1517 and 1520, for the Convent of St. Sixtus in Piacenza. So familiar is it to everyone, that a description of it seems hardly necessary. It represents the Virgin, a noble figure, holding the Infant Christ in her arms, her head surrounded by throngs of heavenly cherubs. Kneeling before her on one side is St. Sixtus, on the other St. Barbara, and at her feet are two lovely cherubs who gaze up at her adoringly. One of the most distinguished and appreciative of art critics, Mrs. Jameson, has given, in her Diary of an Ennuyée, a most exquisite description of this picture, and of her sensations on first beholding it, in the Dresden Gallery. She says: "On entering the gallery for the first time, I walked straight forward without pausing or turing to the right or left, into the Raphael room, and looked around for the Madonna del Sisto—literally with a kind of misgiving. Familiar as the form might be to the eye and the fancy, from numerous copies and prints, still the unknown original held a sanctuary in my imagination, like the mystic ~~isis~~ behind her veil; and it seemed that whatever I beheld of lovely, or perfect, or soul-speaking in art, had an unrevealed rival in my imagination; something was beyond—there was a criterion of possible excellence as yet only conjectured—for I had not seen the Madonna del Sisto. Now, when I was about to lift my eyes to it, I literally hesitated—I drew a long sigh as if resigning myself to disappointment, and looked. Yes! there she was, indeed! that divinest image that ever shaped itself in palpable hues and forms to the living eye! What a revelation of ineffable grace, and purity, and truth, and goodness! There is no use attempting to say anything about it; too much has already been said and written—and what are words?"

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. GRIMKE.

THE UMBRIAN AND ROMAN SCHOOL OF ART.

Raphael.

CONCLUDED.

"After gazing upon it again and again, day after day, I feel that to attempt to describe the impression is like measuring the infinite and sounding the unfathomable. When I looked up at it to-day it gave me the idea, or rather the feeling, of a vision descending and floating down upon me. The head of the Virgin is quite superhuman; to say that it is beautiful, gives no idea of it. Other virgins have more beauty, in the common meaning of the word; but every other female face, however lovely, however majestic, would, I am convinced, appear either trite or exaggerated if brought into immediate comparison with this divine countenance. There is such a blessed calm in every feature! And the eyes, beaming with a kind of internal light, look straight out of the picture—not at you or me, not at anything belonging to this world—but through and through the universe. The unearthly child is a sublime vision of power and grandeur, and seems not so much supported as *enthroned* in her arms; and what fitter shrine for the Divinity than a woman's bosom full of innocence and love? The expression in the face of St. Barbara, who looks down, has been differently interpreted; to me she seems to be giving a last look at the earth, above which the group is raised as on a hovering cloud. St. Sixtus is evidently pleading in all the combined fervor of faith, hope, and charity, for the congregation of sinners, who are supposed to be kneeling before the picture—that is, for *us*—to whom he points. Finally, the cherubs below, with their upward look of rapture and wonder, blending the most childish innocence with a sublime inspiration, complete the harmonious whole, uniting heaven with earth.

While I stood in contemplation of this all-perfect work, I felt the impression of its loneliness in my deepest heart, not only without the power, but without the thought or wish to give it voice in words till some lines of Shelley's—lines which were not, but, methinks, ought to have been, inspired by the Madonna, came, uncalled, floating through my memory—

"Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman,
All that is insupportable in thee,
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art!
I measure.
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find—alas! mine own infirmity!"

Surely it seems that one who could so exquisitely paint in words might herself have deen inspired to place upon canvas some imperishable work of art. It has been ascertained that Raphael occupied only three months in painting this Madonna. "It was thrown upon his canvas in a glow of inspiration, a *creation* rather than a picture." In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased it for sixty thousand florins—about thirty thousand dollars—and it is now the chief attraction of the famous Dresden Gallery.

The last great picture of Raphael, which was not quite completed at his death, was the Transfiguration. This picture is divided into two parts. The lower part contains a crowd of figures, and is full of passion, energy and action. In the centre is the demoniac boy, struggling in the arms of his father. Two women, kneeling, implore assistance, others are seen crying aloud, and stretching out their arms for aid. The upper part of the picture represents Mt. Tabor. The three apostles lie prostrate, dazzled, on the earth; above them, transfigured in glory, floats the divine form of the Saviour, with Moses and Elias on either side. The lower part represents the calamities and miseries of human life, the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful, when unassisted, and directs them to look on high for aid and strength in adversity. "Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the sufferings of the lower world, we behold the source of our consolation, and of our redemption from evil."

At this time the lovers of painting in Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and formed two parties, that of Raphael being by far the most numerous. Michael Angelo was too haughty to enter into rivalry himself, but put forward Sebastian del Piombo as a worthy competitor of Raphael. In order to decide the controversy, the Cardinal de Medici commissioned Raphael to paint the Transfiguration, and at the same time commanded Sebastian to paint the Raising of Lazarus—now in the British National Gallery. Michael Angelo, well aware that Sebastian was a far better colorist than designer, furnished him with the cartoon for his picture, and it is said drew some of the figures, and Raphael, hearing of it, joyfully exclaimed, "Michael Angelo has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastian." But he did not live to enjoy the triumph of his acknowledged superiority. He died before his great picture was finished, and it was completed by Giulio Romano. While painting it, Raphael was employed on many other works, among them the preparation of the architectural plans for the great Cathedral of St. Peter's. Besides his grand compositions from the Old and New Testament, and his frescoes and arabesques in the Vatican, he left about one hundred and twenty pictures of the Virgin and Child, all various, only resembling each other in the peculiar types of chaste and maternal loveliness which he has given to the Virgin, and the infantile beauty of the Child. He also painted about eighty portraits. One of the most famous of these—The Fornarina—has long been supposed to represent a young girl whom he loved, but this appears very doubtful. Besides these he made seventeen architectural designs for sculptures, ornaments, etc. But it is not any single production of his hand, however beautiful, nor his superiority in any particular department of art; it is the number and variety of his creations, the union of inexhaustible fertility of imagination with excellence of every kind—faculties never combined in the same degree in any artist before or since—which have placed Raphael at the head of his profession, and have rendered him the wonder and delight of all ages.

Raphael was at one time accused of having been a man of dissipated habits. But this has been most conclusively disproved, and we have the satifaction of knowing that he was as unsullied in character as he was gifted in mind. He was of a most lovable and liberal disposition, always ready to assist generously all who needed his aid. He lived in great splendor, and was intimate with most of the celebrated men of his time. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece, Maria, in marriage, with a dowry of three thousand gold crowns; but she died before the marriage—for which Raphael seems to have had no great inclination. In the prime of his manhood, in the midst of his vast undertakings, the painter was seized with a violent fever, caught, it is said, in superintending some subterranean excavations, and died after an illness of fourteen days on Good Friday (his birthday) April 6, 1520, having completed his thirty-seventh year. The grief of all classes, and especially that of his friends and pupils, was very great. The pope, when told of his death, broke out into lamentations on his own and the world's loss. The body was laid upon a bed of state, and above it was suspended his glorious Transfiguration. A multitude of all ranks followed his remains to the church of the Pantheon, where they were laid near those of his betrothed bride, in a spot chosen by himself.

"In all the portraits which exist of Raphael," writes a loving admirer, "from infancy to manhood, there is a divine sweetness and repose. The little cherub face of three years old is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child, whom father and mother, guardian and step-mother, caressed and idolized in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in the prime of manhood, subduing and reigning over all hearts; so that, to borrow the words of a contemporary, 'not only all men, but the very brutes loved him;' the only very distinguished man of whom we read who lived and died without an enemy or a detractor!"

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

From South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 31, 1874.

It is so pleasant in exile to see your friendly face, week after week, recalling so many memories of my beloved New England, that I feel impelled to send you some words of greeting on this bright day, —the last of the May days. It is truly a tropical day; scarcely a breath of air stirring; the heat of the sun intense. I have wandered into the Park, and am writing this in a pleasant summer-house, completely canopied by vines, through whose branches I catch glimpses of a graceful fountain. Its musical flow is most refreshing and restful. This is, to me, the most attractive place in the old Southern town. Here, if not elsewhere, one can always find a light breeze, and a shelter under the great oaks and cedars and magnolias. And here there is plenty of grass, which is really a luxury in this region. "Old citizens" tell us that the Park is "nothing to what it was before the war." But it is delightful still, with its green nooks and dells, and luxuriant vines and fountain. There is a great charm in its wildness. But one misses the flowers. It is late now for the Southern wild flowers. The golden jasmine, the snowy Cherokee rose, the great purple violets, and rosy, fragrant azaleas, have left us; and no flowers are cultivated in this pleasant wilderness which their sweet presence would convert into a paradise.

Columbia is a charming old town. The houses are mostly built of wood, in the usual Southern style—a hall running through the centre,—with spacious piazzas and verandas, and surrounded by large gardens, in which a multitude of flowers is now in blossom. Conspicuous among these are the roses and magnolias and cape jessamine. Such roses! White and blush and cream-colored, and splendid "cloth of gold," and "rich, ripe red." One revels in their wonderful beauty and delicious fragrance,—a fragrance far richer than our Northern roses can boast. The magnolias are magnificent, with their great white blossoms gleaming through the dark shining leaves, and filling the air with perfume. This may not be the veritable "Land of Flowers," but it has treasures enough to make it very fascinating to one who loves them truly.

The streets are nearly all wide, and shaded by the beautiful water-oaks. These trees bear a small, bright green leaf, and many of them are in form similar to elms. I see among them the graceful vase form which I had supposed peculiar to the elm. Sometimes there are three rows of them, one on each sidewalk and one down the middle of the street, dividing it into two fine streets. There is a regiment of infantry, the 18th U. S., stationed here, and every evening the Post Band, a very superior one, plays on the Parade Ground. Thither resorts the Columbia world, fashionable and unfashionable. The ground is delightfully situated on an eminence just back of the university. Imagine the soldiers drawn up in dress parade array; the band with their glittering instruments; a line of carriages by the roadside, some of them containing bright young faces and pretty toilettes; a group of idlers, nursery-maids and babies and loungers of every hue, under the trees; on one side the beautifully shaded "Campus" of the university, on the other low, misty wooded hills, stretching far into the distance; the last golden rays of the sun streaming through the overarching branches; and, over all, a deep blue sky,—I think Italian skies cannot be bluer; imagine this, and you have the whole picture. I fancy it is like some foreign scene.

To a Northern visitor who takes any interest in the elevation of the colored people, the State University is the most interesting place in Columbia. It was established in 1805, and the first person admitted was Chancellor Harper, of whom we read, in the somewhat pompous history of the college, by Professor Laborde, "that his genius and learning have adorned the bench of Carolina, and he is justly regarded as the Eldon of our State." In looking over the list of graduates since that day we find the names of the Barnwells, and Petigrus, and Allstons, and Prestons, and many other scions of the "first families" of the Palmetto State. The college was a "hot-bed of aristocracy and conservatism." What marvel then that the far different state of affairs under the new *régime* should awaken "righteous wrath" within the bosoms of the high-born sons of South Carolina? Last summer, for the first time, a colored young man of fine character and talent, and so white as to bear no trace of African blood—Mr. Hayne, now Secretary of State,—was admitted to the Medical School of the university. The event excited great indignation among the professors, four or five of whom immediately resigned! Their places have been supplied by Northern teachers, one of whom is colored,—another of "Time's revenges" in this long-sinning South-land.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

The colored professor is Mr. Richard T. Greener, a Bostonian, a graduate of Harvard, and a gentleman of high culture and fine literary talent. The students in the university are now about equally divided, colored and white. I wish those who so bitterly oppose the "co-education of the races" could witness the working of the system here, in one of the strongholds of rebeldom. Perfect harmony prevails, notwithstanding the statement of a recent writer in *Scribner's Monthly* that there are such "well-founded moral objections, to say nothing of physical peculiarities, that the attempt to mix the races, which might otherwise be considered vain and foolish, should be regarded as base and malicious." I went one day into the Latin class taught by Prof. Greener. It was composed of white and colored boys. Their seats were arranged alternately, and there seemed to be the best feeling among them. I saw one white boy sitting close to a very black one, his arm thrown over the other's shoulder, looking over the same book. They were neatly dressed, very gentlemenly in their manners, and were equally good scholars. I saw not the slightest evidence that the contact was "degrading" to either. The white boys in this class were at first not allowed by their parents to enter the university because there were colored students and a colored professor. They afterwards *asked* to be admitted to Prof. Greener's class, and from none of the students does he receive more thorough deference and respect than from these. It is fashionable to theorize on the impossibility of co-education at the South, but these are facts from which there is no escape. That which is a success in the university of South Carolina can be made a success elsewhere. Prof. Greener is doing a work of the greatest importance here. I am glad to see that the authorities of the college appreciate him, and show their appreciation socially, as well as otherwise. He is greatly beloved by his pupils, and his example is as stimulating and valuable to them as his earnest and interesting methods of instruction.

An act has recently been passed by the Legislature, establishing permanent quadrennial State scholarships in the university. These are to be apportioned among the counties of the State according to population, and each scholar is to receive two hundred dollars per annum. Each county is to send but one scholar on the first of June next succeeding its passage, and such a number of scholars each year thereafter as shall insure the completion of its full quota at the expiration of four years after the passage of the act. In order that suitable persons shall be sent from each county, a county board of examiners will hold free competitive examinations, and those applicants exhibiting the greatest proficiency in each branch of study will be entitled to scholarships.

A leading Northern journal says: "This admirable provision will place collegiate instruction within the reach of a large number of the people of South Carolina who could not have obtained it in any other way. Its passage shows that the Legislature is determined that the charge of ignorance, so often and with such good reason brought against it and the ruling class in the State, shall not remain to be a reproach in the future." The first of these competitive examinations was held in April, and ten applicants, five white and five colored, were admitted. It is an interesting fact that the white ones are all from Democratic districts.

There is a very fine library attached to the university. It contains thirty thousand volumes, among which are many rare illustrated books on Egyptian antiquities, Pompeii, &c., &c. In the library are busts of ex-Gov. Manning, Langdon, Cheever, Preston, McDuffie, Calhoun, Webster, Columbus, and other notables. There is an elegant flag which was carried by the detachment of students who went from the college to help garrison Fort Sumter after its surrender. It is of rich silk. On one side is a palmetto tree supported by swords, one of which rests upon a book, the other on a trumpet, and, beneath, the motto, *Juncta Juvant* (!!) On the reverse side is a silver star upon a blue field; within the star the words "S. C. College Cadets," and beneath, *Ducit amor Patriæ*.

lish poem into which she has introduced some temperance ers verses,-

7

WeWeing no songs of politics,
W We write ioidleno idle story,
We lead no conquering army on ,
Yet we shall have out glory.
High, brothers, high,
The The banners fly and fly:
WeWerothers strong,-
We two bare hands.

In forests a waiting us
In forests deep awaiting us
The keels to be are growing
The sea hath never sails enough
The winds are ever blowing
Swing, brohers, swing,
The axes ring and ring,
The axes ring and ring,
We brothers strong,
We two bare hands.

The fields are wide and warm and brown,
As were the earth all pleasure:
The sunn shines bright on earth, the clouds
Drop low their dewy treasure.
Sow , brothers, sow,
The grain will grow and grow:
We brothers sron strong-
WWe We two bare hands.

we raise our race we lead our land
Foremost among the nations, Fo
We sign the pledge, we break thecu cup,
We dash aside temptations.
Sign, brothers, sign,
Down rum and wine
We brothers strong-
We two bare hands.

We sow we pull, we swing, we sign,
We whirl the wheel of labor,
We sing the day when man to man
Shall be but friend and neighbor

Co-Education at the South.

I find the University Library, at Columbia, S. C., a delightful lounging place these warm mornings. It is very pleasant, after poring over one of those old folios, to turn to the windows, and rest one's eyes upon the mass of "living green" in the college yard. The buildings are of red brick, large and airy, though somewhat dilapidated now. The grounds are lovely, filled with fine oaks, many of which have the graceful vase form. They recall Old Harvard. Several of the professors' houses are nearly covered with magnificent English ivy, which grows everywhere in great profusion. With some much-needed repairs the University would be a very fine place. It is delightful as it is. One of the old buildings is now being converted into a normal school, where girls, as well as boys, may be fitted for teachers—another innovation which will shock the conservatives. It is to be in charge of Mr. Warren, a cultivated and successful Northern teacher, formerly principal of the Avery Institute, Charleston, and a faithful friend of the freedmen. It is an interesting fact that one of the students now occupies the same rooms in the University which his former master once occupied.

A few mornings since, as I lingered by a window in the Library, looking over the beautiful engravings in Mrs. Jameson's books, two of the younger students, a white boy and a black boy, came in and established themselves in the window-seat opposite me. They were preparing a Latin lesson; I listened to them with much interest as they recited to each other. Both were bright and intelligent, but I thought the white boy showed more familiarity with the grammar of the lesson, and the black one with the history and mythology. A passage about Prometheus occurred. The white boy did not know the story, and the black boy told it to him in a very clear, graphic way. The perfect cordiality between them, their evident interest in the lesson, and the pleasant, healthful way in which the two different minds acted upon each other, turned my thoughts again to the much-discussed subject of co-education, and to that article in *Scribner's Monthly*, for May, to which I have before referred; and I felt indignant, beyond the power of expression, at the utter unfairness, the really malignant spirit of prejudice which, unconsciously perhaps, pervades it. At the risk of wearying you, and of prolonging this letter far beyond the limit which I originally intended, I cannot refrain from saying something more upon this subject. The writer of the article, I am told, is the superintendent of schools in Virginia. Is he the same who, within a few years, as I know on the best authority, *would not allow the colored teachers in one of the colored schools in Richmond to enter the building by the same door as the white ones?* I do not *know* that it is he, but, judging from the spirit of his paper, I should think it must be the same.

He begins with the absurd assumption that prejudice against color is *natural;* that the white has a natural and inherent shrinking from contact with the black. How can any one have lived a single week at the South and not know this to be untrue? The hundreds of quadroons and octoroons which one meets in this and every other Southern town are an answer to that argument, as well as the fact that, in the old slave-days, there was literally no exhibition of prejudice against *color* between the races. Everybody knows how the white children slept with their black nurses, and played continually with their black foster-brothers and sisters; how mistress and maid came into close personal contact, sometimes occupying the same bed; how there was no shrinking whatever, or thought of it, on account of color. Is it not astonishing that suddenly, since the subject race has been made free, this "inherent" repugnance should have developed itself? That the black children who were daily companions of the white children on the plantation should now, although cleaner, better-dressed and better-behaved than they were before, "contaminate" them by attending the same schools? The writer says "there is a *moral reason* which of itself prevents co-education everywhere that negroes are numerous. They move on a far lower moral plane than the whites, as a class." This, too, is false, as any one can testify who has come into contact with the lowest class of whites in the South, such as the "crachers" and "clay-eaters." A more miserable, degraded class does not exist. And, in one respect, they are lower than the lowest blacks. They have not so eager a desire for improvement. All aspiration seems to have been crushed out of them. The effect of slavery upon these has been even more direful than upon its more direct victims. In the early days of the war it was my good fortune to teach at Port Royal. On those islands lived the very lowest class of negroes. Shut entirely out from all means of improvement, even from all contact with the more intelligent among the white masters, many of them at first—just emerged from slavery—seemed utterly ignorant and degraded. Yet, in the very lowest of them, we found this promise: a desire to improve, an actual craving for knowledge. And this inspired us with hope and courage unspeakable. There were no whites at all upon the islands then. A few years afterward, one of the teachers on the main-land of South Carolina told us that she had a white scholar in her freedmen's school. The child's mother was one of the bitterest rebels, but she sometimes heard the black children talking about their studies on their way from school, and she determined that her child should "have a chance too." She went to the teacher and told her she wished her to take her little girl. The teacher told her that she would do so gladly; that there was no distinction made in her school; she would as freely admit white as black. So the girl went. The mother was ridiculed and persecuted at first by her neighbors, but she stoutly maintained her resolution, silencing them by the remark that she "wasn't going to have her child growing up more ignorant than niggers." In several other places, also, a few white children entered the freedmen's schools, and there was never the slightest difficulty between them and the colored children.

The feeling at the South is not prejudice against color any more now than it was in the days of slavery, but it is prejudice against condition. I know well that it is not strange. It is not to be marveled at. It is not to be overcome by force. But it *ought to be* overcome by moral means, because it is wrong and unchristian and unjust. Education is not compulsory here. If the schools are thrown open to colored and white alike, no whites will be forced to send their children to them. Many of them will doubtless keep them away at first, but gradually they will become reconciled to it, and they will send them. Many will be actuated by the same feeling as that which influenced the woman whom I have mentioned, if by no more Christian one. I don't think either will be "contaminated" by pursuing studies together in the same school-room. Certainly not more than they would be by playing together in the streets, as I see them doing every day. No one who has taught in freedmen's schools and visited them constantly, and brings to the subject a fair and impartial mind, will say that the colored children are not as well-behaved, as well-dressed, and as attentive to their studies as the same classes in the white schools. The writer in *Scribner* says he has no "disposition *to* deny to the negro equality before the law, or equal means of improvement with the whites," or "to disparage the intellect of the negro, or to discourage him in his aspirations." Then let him not oppose co-education, the training of white and colored children in the same schools, which is the surest means by which prejudice can be rooted out, by which a generous public opinion can be created, without which "equality before the law" is of comparatively little value without which the negroes' "highest aspirations," which he claims to respect, can never be realized. How kind he is to assure us that "there is nothing in either the history or the present condition of the African race to preclude the idea that in the great future it may possibly (though not probably) attain an equal rank in all respects with the foremost of the other races." Are not the words in parentheses slightly inconsistent with his previous statement that "those who have chosen to trace back the Ethiopian race *into the remote* past know that it too has had its heroic age, in which it led the civilization of the world"? Had *he* studied the history of the race a little more carefully he would hardly have dared to make the unfounded assertion that "its history, for two thousand years, is unrelieved by a single heroic passage, or even by an average degree of virtue, ability or attainment of any sort";—a declaration as ungenerous as it is utterly untrue. But the spirit which actuates the whole article most clearly indicates itself in these concluding words: "Is it too much to hope that profound thinkers may yet rebuke the vulgar spirit of miscegenation in all its forms (Query: How can there be any fear of miscegenation if there is a "natural antipathy" between the races?), and evolve a scheme for preserving and improving the separate races of man in their purity?" Yes, my misgui

CHARLES SUMNER.

****

On seeing some pictures of the interior of his
his house, Washington, D.C.

****

Only the casket left, the jewel gone
Whose noble presence filled these
stately rooms,
And made this spot a shrine where
pilgrims came--
Stranger and friend--to bend in reverence
Before the great, pure soul that knew
no guile;
To listen to the wise and gracious words
That fell from lips whose rare, exquisite
smile
Gave tender beauty to the grand, grave face.

Upon these pictured walls we see thy peers,-
Poet, and saint, and sage, painter, and king,-
A glorious band;-they shine upon us still;
Still gleam in marble the enchanting forms
Whereon thy artist eye delighted dwelt;
Thy favorite Psyche droops her matchless
face,
Listening, methinks, for the beloved
voice
Which nevermore on earth shall sound
her praise.

All these remain,-the beautiful, the brave,
The gifted, silent ones; but thou art gone!
Fair is the world that smiles upon us
now;
Blue are the skies of june, balmy the
air
That soothes with touches soft the weary
brow;
And perfect days glide into perfect
nights,—

A Plea for Eve,

AND AN ARRAIGNMENT OF THE SONS OF ADAM.

We hardly need anything to demonstrate our descent from the man who hid himself behind a scantier fig-leaf than the fig-tree bears when he declared, in the face of his accuser, "The woman gave me, and I did eat," for it is the first excuse that rises to the lips of the most of Adam's sons, to-day. The Spanish king, who always, when any trouble arose, asked, "Who is she?" originated nothing; he only followed in his forefather's steps. He held that it was impossible a man should make a fool of himself unless there were a woman in the case, and he advised all men in all difficulties to get behind that screen. And others do as he did.

Does a young man lead a dissolute life? Vindication is ready for him when it is said that he would not lead it if there were not a woman to hold out temptation; he could not lead it if there were not the woman to allure. Nobody has a word for that woman, who could hardly create the youth's demand. Does an older man live days of self-indulgence, neglecting home and his duties there, for gay life and wine and cards? The head is shaken in pity for the poor fellow whose home is made so unattractive by the women presiding there, or so unhappy that he is driven from it to those baser haunts. Nobody says that, if his home is unattractive, it is his duty to make it attractive; that neither law nor nature gives him the right to hold himself like an Eastern pasha for the women to fawn upon, to soothe and flatter and delight; that there is a mutuality in all things, and, if he would do a little of the soothing and delighting himself, he would find his home growing more attractive every day, instead of less so. Does a man commit one dishonor and another, barter power for gold, sell his fair fame for money? Not a voice is heard declaring that the man was tired of honest poverty, with its labors, needs, struggles, tumults; that he wanted the comfort which assurance of wealth gives, preferred it, and took the risks; that he loved his costly wines, his luxurious dinners, his fast horses, his fine mansion, his full bank account. Everybody without dissent avows that his wife wanted her diamonds and her Worth dresses, and to sweep like a queen through society. Even when the charge is not openly made in outrageous words, the dark innuendo supplies its place, and we are given to understand that it is the pettiness, the gross appetite, the vanity of the woman that is at fault; it is never the sin of the man.

In all this there is a horrible injustice. It is the lion that writes the book, and reads it, too. For even were it true, which we are disposed utterly to deny, it is also true that woman is at present only the mirror of man's wish, and what she is he has made her. If she has pettiness, it is because the heavy hand has kept her down so closely that largeness is unattainable by her. What grossness she has was not hers in the beginning; it has grown by ministering to the grossness of those who could enforce it. If she has vanity, and love of dress [illegible] play, not women, but men, are responsible for it,—the men who give their admiration, their attentions, their time, their good report, to the pretty and well-dressed woman, and let the plain and quiet woman, who is not so agreeable an object to the eyesight, and so pleasant a stimulant to the senses generally, go to the wall.

It is, after all, giving too much potency to so feeble an instrument to claim that if this man makes a fool of himself, and that one makes a wreck of himself, and the other dishonors his name and his life, a woman is at the root of it all. "My son," said an old Grecian, "is the ablest man in the State, for he has his mother in subjection, his mother has me in subjection, and I have overcome Miltiades." The same principle applied here would make woman wield a power which none in reality accord her. She is not the lord of creation; and, if she had but her equal place beside that lord allowed, we should hear no more of this cowardly cry: "The woman gave me, and I did eat."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Liszt, the Composer.

The estimates of Liszt, so far as I have observed, are mostly of two types,—the blindly enthusiastic, or the superciliously scoffing. To those he is all gold; to these he is all glitter. To the student of comparative humanity, I think he would be neither, but rather that most tragic of spectacles,—a great nature which has not found, or been able to make for itself, an adequate career. It might be said of him, as of a transcendent genius in another art, who, likewise, only half fulfilled his possibilities,—"Leonardo (da Vinci) loved admiration, and kept a retinue of flatterers about him. He was not less self-willed than Michel Angelo, but seemed to play with his talents and *to seek for something which could entice him to exert his powers.*"

The examples of these two celebrated men might well convey an impressive lesson to the young aspirant in every walk of art, for perhaps the very wealth of their gifts prevented that concentration of the energies which is the price of all sublime achievement. To each nature offered the choice of being the artist, the interprete the cynosure of society, or of blessing mankind as a thinker, composer, creator. Both thought, against the known impossibility of serving more masters than one, that they could combine the two, and both succeeded perfectly but in the lesser aim, which yet could not satisfy their own ideal. Moreover, they both distrusted family ties, as tending to trammel their genius, only to prove, like many another, how inevitably, unless some high, unworldly or religious motive takes their place, man wastes himself outside of them. A thoughtful Frenchman has pointed out, that no libertine was ever a sound patriot. I go further and say bluntly, that license in love is only the outward expression and effect of secret scepticism toward God and profound cynicism toward humanity. To be fond of many, and therefore faithless to all, clouds the perceptions, confuses the judgment, and more or less unhinges the whole man, breaking up the clear sheen of the soul, which might otherwise reflect the universe, into a splintered mirror, whose parts, indeed, sparkle back to the sun, but which, as a whole, not only reveal nothing, but are incapable of doing so. If, in the end, Liszt's music does not obtain universal recognition it will be because, in spite of its masterly and splendid style, it has no connected message. It says nothing definite, and is but a succession of the phases, moods and senses of that distracted and restless "Ego," which has never been at one with itself, simply because, in spite of his profound religious sense, he could not, as did his Master, crucify his magnificent nature, with its affections and desires, and point, even away from his own glorious gifts, to the infinite glories of the Creator. Liszt is a phenomenal being, whose like will probably never appear again. He is not only *all* music; he has a keen and wide intellect, a poet's imagination, a large and royal heart, a powerful will, the swiftest perceptions, the most tremulous sympathies. If only his earnestness had been equal to all these, or if some single-hearted wife and her children could have imparted it to him as they have to so many of his sex, music might have known no greater name than his.—*Cor. Daily Advertiser.*

"All Things are Yours."

BY CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.

I own no lands, I hoard no golden treasure;
No roof is mine beneath the sky's broad dome;
Yet rich I am, and hold in ample measure
Estates in fee, and everywhere a home.

Each flower is mine that by its beauty lures me,
Each bird that lifts me on its tide of song,
Each star that by its steadfastness assures me
Its Maker, God, in patience watcheth long.

The fields are mine when first they take their greenness,
And softly yield beneath my pressing feet;
The hills are mine when they rebuke my meanness,
And lead me up, their larger faith to meet.

All things are mine that fill my soul's deep longing,
Or cheer my heart along the ways I plod;
I find a home and sweet thoughts round me thronging
Where'er I stand amid the works of God.

Works and Days.

BY EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

There is a tale by poets told,
In ancient myths and legends old,
That Thetis placed before her boy—
Of Homer's song the pride and joy,—
The brave Achilles, choice of age
Devoid of glory, war and wage,
Or life with honor crowded high,—
A meteor light, to flash and die;
To fill a circle with great deeds,
And die of life that strength exceeds.

And then Achilles took the gift
Of life all glorious but swift;
And chose to meet his youthful fate
A hero at the Scean gate.

And well he chose; and well should we,
In imitation, seek to be,
Like him, the heroes in a fight
That crowns our brows with laurels bright;
To die, like him, with scanty years,
Among a loving nation's tears.
'Twere well *to be*, and make the days
Our servants, years our means and ways;
To live, when life is full and free,
And quivering with the chords of love;
To die when life has ceased to be
A glory that each day can prove.
The life is deeper far than death;
'Tis less than love, 'tis more than breath.

THE end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.—*Emerson.*

Italian Lakes and Swiss Mountains.

BY P. THORNE.

OVER THE SIMPLON PASS.

We were at the Hôtel des Iles Borromées, at Stresa, on Lake Maggiore. The diligence from Arona would stop for us about one o'clock at night. Query, was it worth while to go to bed? Our English friend, Miss De Murray (who had struck up a promising acquaintance with an unwary and eligible young gentleman), decided that it was not. Her papa and mamma should take naps in the *salon* chairs, and finish their night's sleep in the diligence, while she cultivated her possible conquest. Unfortunately her incessant chattering prevented the naps, and poor papa and mamma finally started on their hard journey sleepless, cross and miserable.

We, however, retired at eight, and, much to our surprise, slept soundly until midnight. How doleful it was turning out of the warm bed into the dark, chilly night, dressing hurriedly and uncomfortably by the flickering light of two ineffectual candles, which only served to make the large, lofty room seem more cavernous. How forlorn and desolate seemed the echoing halls, the outlook into the rainy night. The unnatural stillness, the gloom, made us feel like thieves slipping off under cover of the darkness.

As we stood in the door waiting for the diligence, a young fellow, strolling about in the darkness outside, began whistling the "Star Spangled Banner." He proved to be a Harvard student, spending his summer vacation in foot-tramps among the Alps; a modest, sensible, young man, in every way a credit to his country (which can't be said of all the Americans one encounters abroad), and whom we were sorry to lose, when, well up among the mountains, he took his alpenstock, and a short cut across lots, and we of the diligence saw him no more.

But, meantime, the far-off rumble of the diligence was heard, then its lamps gleamed through the night, and up rolled the huge, lumbering vehicle. As supplementary carriages were to be added at Stresa, a private interview with the hotel porter, who recommended us to the tender mercies of the guard, secured us sole possession of a cosy little carriage for two, with a driver and a span of horses all to ourselves.

The burly guard bustled about, stowing away luggage in the deep, yawning boot, doing his best to satisfy all the grumblers, and finally the procession was off. First went the big diligence, then a large supplementary carriage, finally our own snug little turn-out. Far from feeling sleepy and miserable, as I had expected, I was never more wide-awake in my life. The rain pattered lightly on the carriage-top, the diligence lamps gleamed picturesquely out on the wet leaves of the trees, thus throwing them for an instant into bold relief, to vanish as suddenly again in darkness, as we trotted briskly by. The horses' feet clattered merrily on the hard road, the little bells on their necks rang out a cheerful tinkle, tinkle, and the air was full of all fresh out-door scents drawn out by the rain. Occasionally we rattled through a little village, dark and silent save where a light, hurriedly flitting from window to window of the post-house, showed that some one had been hastily roused by our coming.

The novelty of our surroundings, the sense of romance imparted by thus setting forth on unknown adventures, in a strange land in the night, when all the rest of the world was prosaically abed and asleep, the anticipations of the delightful day before us in the wonderful scenery of the Simplon Pass, all disposed us to anything but sleep. What, waste in sleep such hours as come but rarely in a lifetime?

Towards daylight we reached the post where the horses were changed. Our span was exchanged for a large, fat, strong-looking horse. Our driver, a slow-molded German, was long in making this change, so that the other diligences were off and well out of sight before we started. Our horse seemed not over lively, but was finally worked up into a slow, mechanical trot, which, by much urging, it kept up for a few miles when suddenly it collapsed into a dead halt.

"Soh!" exclaimed the driver, in amazement. He tried coaxing, then whipping, but not one peg stirred the horse. Then he dismounted and pulled the horse along in a slow walk. Breaking a stick from a bush, by pulling and whipping as he ran alongside, he contrived to start the horse in a trot at the top of a slight descent. The driver clambered aboard while we were in motion, much elated at his success. But at the foot of the descent, the horse stopped short again, and surveying us calmly over his shoulder, seemed to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Sure enough, what were we to do? Here we were on a long, straight stretch of road, in a narrow valley, overhung each side by high mountains, looking grey, solemn, unsympathetic in the early morning twilight. It was about four o'clock, a sombre hour in a wet, dark morning. Not a house or person was in sight far or near. The sense of profound loneliness was made only more intense by the rushing noise of a river near by, which had not yet lost its mountain impetus. We did not speak German, nor could the driver understand the pure American-French in which we expressed our sympathy, tried to offer advice, ask if the horse were sick, etc.

After exhausting all experiments on the horse, the long and short of the situation proved to be, he would go when led, but not otherwise. Whether he was sick or only balky, whether we should pity or be enraged with him we never knew. But whatever sentiments the horse deserved, we knew it was perfectly safe to pity the driver who would very likely lose his situation, though blameless. The drivers of supplements are under orders to keep up with the main diligence at all hazards. Failure to do so is severely punished.

The poor fellow, the very image of despair, started on, leading (as Mr. Pickwick in similar trouble said) "that dreadful horse." In this forlorn yet ludicrous way we went on for an hour or so, lost in vain speculations about the cause and probable results, both to ourselves and driver, of this delay, in well founded anxiety about our breakfasts, varied by bursts of laughter at the ridiculousness of the situation. No change of horses was possible, the peasants whose houses we passed owning no horses, but carrying everything on their own and their wives' backs, especially the wives'. By-and-by we began to meet groups of these peasants going to their day's work. They regarded us without apparent surprise or interest,—quite as if this were the usual mode of traveling. To our wonder they said nothing to our driver, nor he to them. Fancy all the curious inquiries, the talk and advice such a situation would have called out in Yankee-land!

Finally, having changed horses at a sort of inn, we reached the next post, where we were at once surrounded by a curious crowd of hostlers, drivers, and other hangers-on of the post, who greeted our crest-fallen driver with jibes and jeers anything but sympathetic. Poor fellow! to this day I wonder in vain what was his fate, and *what* ailed that horse!

The driver having sent word of our situation to the post by a passing wagon, the diligence had gone on, the guard leaving orders that we were to be put over the road to overtake him at all costs. This was the more important to him as, there now being two vacant places in the diligence, he, of course, did not wish to run an extra carriage over the Pass to Brieg. The only aim of our drivers now was to "overtake the procession, if they killed the horse," which last end they seemed likely to achieve, if not the first. For ourselves, except for some thoughts of the S. P. C. A., we felt a cheerful indifference. There we were, and the company was bound to get us through. Meantime, we, personally, were in no haste to leave the comfortable open carriage, which admitted such free view of the scenery.

At Domo D'Ossola, obsequious waiters from the Hôtel de la Poste invited us to breakfast. As it was now seven o'clock and we had traveled since midnight without eating or stopping, the invitation was welcome enough. But hardly were the hot coffee and omelette smoking appetizingly before us than, like a second Banquo appeared the chief of the post, announcing that the horse was ready, that we must on at once, being now only half an hour behind the diligence. Hastily devouring what we could, we took wedges of the sour, black bread in our hands (which we ate along the road to the admiration of all the populace), and were once more off.

To our delight, the clouds and mists which had threatened to spoil our whole day now broke and rolled away, revealing the deep blue "Italian" sky, and the labyrinth of mountains all about us. Some in the distance dazzling the eye with the fresh snow which had whitened their summits during the night, a strange contrast to the summer heat the sun was now pouring down upon us. The road ascended all the way from Domo D'Ossola till, by-and-by, when high up above the valley below, it made a sharp turn into the mountains, and we turned to take our last look at Italy.

Far down below lay the fair valley, one broad, long plain luxuriant with vineyards, corn-fields, orchards of olives, figs, chestnuts, the whole landscape vivified by the

recent rain, and shimmering in the summer sunlight. One last, long look, and we plunged into the wilderness of mountains that lay before us.

The magnificent road, wide, smooth, as solid, apparently, as the eternal hills themselves, made a gradual but continuous ascent beside the greenish-grey, furiously tumbling waters of the Diveria. The mountains every moment grew grander, nearer, more towering, until there was only room in the narrow defile for the road and the roaring river. Huge, mossy crags, dripping at every pore from secret springs, overhung the road, often propped up underneath with walls of stone to prevent them from toppling down on the head of the unwary traveler. White streamlets without number plunged over airy heights in long-flowing, misty waterfalls, blown about in the morning breeze. Lovely, and to us new, wild flowers bloomed in profusion wherever they could find a foothold, turning their sweet and cheerful faces up to the sunlight, undismayed by the roughness, vastness, grandeur of their surroundings. The August heat of the sun was tempered by a cool wind blowing down the pass from snowy heights beyond, an air full of freshness, ozone, pine and wild-wood fragrance.

Edelweiss.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What is the sweetest little flower
In all the leaf-green wild?
O that must be the violet
The spring's own foster child.
O no, not hers the sweetest dower,
I know a fairer little flower!

What is the sweetest little flower
In all the leaf-green wild?
Then it must be the red, red rose
On which the sunbeam smiled.
O no, not hers the fairest dower,
I know a fairer little flower.

The rose and violet fade and die
Amid the leaf-green wood;
I know a flower that never fades
In silent solitude.
Then name to me this forest child,
The sweetest flower of all the wild.

When gentle spring the violet wakes
And wood-birds sing and brood,
Then waits my wondrous little flower
In patient solitude.
No breath of perfume hour by hour,—
Yet still the sweetest little flower.

When all the flowers go to sleep
When leaf and blossom fall,
When shrub and tree all mourning stand,
And birds no longer call,
From ice and snow then blooms to light
My little flower so silver white.

Of love within the heart that glows
Undying, ever new,
This flower that from the silence grows
Is semblance fair and true.
Free from its thrall of snow and ice
Dear little blossom,—Edelweiss.

—*Good Samaritan.*

RUTH.—

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

WILLIAM BLAKE, THE POET-ARTIST.— Men have called him insane; even his latest editor thinks "there was something in his mind not exactly sane." But this notion arises from the fact that he possessed the highest and most exalted powers of the mind, but not the lower. He could fly, but he could not walk; he had genius and inspiration without the prosaic balance-wheel of common-sense. Hence his defects of utterance to our ears; he is incoherent in his effort to make known to us what he sees, for very slight and imperfect is his acquaintance with our daily speech, and with the everyday, commonplace thought it represents; and for this reason much of his best power has been wasted, so far as any access to the general mind is a test of success. The artist, the poet, the thinker, the man of high culture, delight in his work, both literary and artistic; but only the unprejudiced, the open-minded and the patient among readers in general will value him at his true worth. Blake died in 1827, in his seventieth year. He had studied engraving under Basire, and followed it as a profession throughout life; but he also painted in water-colors. At the age of sixteen he began his public career as a producer of engravings, and already betrayed the bent of his mind by praise of Gothic art and of the middle ages, a thing unheard of at a time when men of such refined sensibility as Goldsmith possessed saw nothing in York Minster but a pile of barbarous rudeness. He lived scantily and hardly. Among artists he contracted a capricious friendship for Stothard, Flaxman, Fuseli; but he detested Reynolds and the other magnates of the R A. only less fiercely than Raphael, Rubens and Titian. In his twenty-sixth year he married a wife of so little education that she had to make her mark in the parish register; but she believed in him, grew in mind under his influence, and became the best possible help to him. Both believed that his pictures were what, to the eye that sees them for the first time, they confessedly seem to be, viz., visions transferred to the canvas the plate. He was a thorough idealist. "I sert for myself that I do not behold the outw creation, and that to me it is hindrance and action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' 'Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it." A young artist, on finding the springs of inspiration dried up within himself for a fortnight together, went to Blake for comfort, and found him sitting at tea with his wife. After hearing his complaint, Blake turned suddenly to his helpmate and said, "It is just so with us—is it not?—for weeks together, when the visions forsake us; what do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake."— *Penn Monthly.*

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long;
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

—*Saxe Holm.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed:
"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go,
The tempest hath begun."
"I cannot stay, I must away
To seek my little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beam'd with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were on his hands,
And scars upon his feet.
Again I said: "O Shepherd, rest,
The tempest hath begun."
He murmur'd: "Nay, I must away
To seek my little one."

"I saw thy flock at peace within
Thine own well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek my little one!"

"But since thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If thou hast ninety-nine at home,
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to me than all the rest
Is that poor, struggling son!
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek my little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me if his need
Should bring the wanderer home,
Wilt thou not punish him with stripes,
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to my heart,
As mother clasps her son.
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek my little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in his heart Divine
A wealth of love for all his saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most he loves, and most he seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still he sighs, "I must away
To seek my little one!"

Lilies.

IN MEMORIAM.

The west has lost its golden glow,
The tall, white lilacs stand a-row
Behind the beds of musk;
The woodbine climbs the garden-rail,
And in the copse the nightingale
Is singing through the dusk.

We stand beside the cedar-tree,
We mark, as far as eyes can see,
Our garden's utmost bound,
The level lawn, the beds of bloom,
The elms beyond the hedge of broom,
And all is hallowed ground.

We pace the bordered garden-walk,
Where best she loved to play, and talk
About the bees and flowers;
Among the lilies she would flit,
Or, lily-like, beside them sit
The long, sunshiny hours.

Full oft we wove them for a crown
To deck the ringlets, chestnut-brown,
That on her shoulders strayed.
Ah, heaven! how fond, how blind we were;
We thought her more than earthly fair,
And yet were not afraid.

We might have known a soul so white
Was God's, was heaven's, by holy right,
And never could be ours;
We might have known we could not keep
The child whose thoughts were grave and deep,
And pure as lily flowers.

Too good, too fair, too pure for us;
But when keen anguish pierces thus,
The bleeding heart will faint;
And we must madly wish awhile
That she could barter for our smile
The palm-branch of the saint.

We cannot say we feel it best
That she was taken from our breast,
While such hot pulses stir;
And thinking of the new-turned sod,
We cannot, all at once, thank God
That he has gathered her.

We can but look, with bitter tears,
Backward and forward o'er the years.
God's will our life has crossed!
We can but let that will be done,
We can but pray that she has won
Far more than we have lost.

God may be good to us, and give
Such comfort as will let us live
In peace from day to day;
But joy will only dawn that hour
Wherein we see our lily flower
In regions far away.

—*All the Year Round.*

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.—(By William Cullen Bryant.)—

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is life; the present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mountain billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revellers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke;
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial liadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek,
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo! next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and *life glows*;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and 'midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand-in-hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo! wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve into the swift waters; populous realms,
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent ocean of the past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Uprooted, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods.
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavements. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamonds, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago are dust, and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal-wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hopes and broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows; fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as fear
Moulds from the idle air, where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the life that is
Touches the life to come. The flood of years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said: Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenious youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present there shall be
A present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting concord, hand-in-hand.

—*Scribner, for August.*

The Poet in the City.

The poet stood in the sombre town,
And spake to his heart, and said:
"O weary prison, devised by man!
O seasonless place and dead!"
His heart was sad, for afar he heard
The sound of the Spring's light tread.

He thought he saw in the pearly east
The pale March sun arise,
The happy housewife beneath the thatch,
With hand above her eyes,
Look out to the cawing rooks, that built
So near to the quiet skies.

Out of the smoke and noise and sin
The heart of the poet cried:
"O God! but to be thy laborer there,
On the gentle hill's green side!
To leave the struggle of want and wealth
And the battle of lust and pride!"

He bent his ear, and he heard afar
The growing of tender things;
And his heart broke forth with the travailing earth,
And shook with the tremulous wings
Of sweet brown birds, that had never known
The dirge of the city's sins.

And later, when all the earth was green
As the garden of the Lord,
Primroses opening their innocent face,
Cowslips scattered abroad,
Bluebells mimicking summer skies,
And the song of the thrush outpoured,—

The changeless days were so sad to him
That the poet's heart beat strong,
And he struggled as some poor caged lark,
And he cried, "How long, how long?
I have missed a spring I can never see,
And the singing of birds is gone!"

But when the time of the roses came,
And the nightingale hushed her lay,
The poet, still in the dusty town,
Went quietly on his way,—
A poorer poet by just one spring,
And a richer man by one suffering.

—*C. C. Fraser Tytler, in Spectator.*

We were Children Once.

We were children when we thought
That the heavens were very near,
And that all our mothers taught
Would to-morrow be made clear;
When we questioned everywhere,
Dreading not a full reply,
When the world was just as fair,
And as distant as the sky.

When the marvels that we dreamed
Waited for our waking looks,
When our fairy-fables seemed
Truer than our lesson-books;
When for all who well had striven,
Sweet the ready garlands grew,
And when sleeping, unforgiven,
Was what nobody could do.

We were children when we feared
Only darkness, never light,
For our troubles disappeared
Always, if they came in sight;
When our love was like our breath,
Ceaseless, natural, unperceived;
When we wondered about death
As a thing to be believed;

When we drew a severing line,
Good from evil, night from day,
On the one side, all divine;
On the other,—look away!
When our wrath was swift and sure,
Just because we seemed to know
Nothing wrong could touch the pure,
And our loved ones all were so.

When all weariness of life
Was but waiting for a bliss,
When all bitterness and strife
Could be finished with a kiss;
When all spoken words were meant,
When no promises could break,
When all storms were only sent
For the pretty rainbow's sake.

Over all the lovely scene
Necessary darkness flowed,
Now the years that intervene
Hide that once familiar road.
We remember all the way,—
Oh, it was so fair, so dear!
Where it led we cannot say;
But we know it led not here.

For the labor wins no crown,
And the strong hope *dies in pain*,
And the twilight settles down,
And love comforts us in vain.
We have watered lifeless plants,
Falsehood fills the common air,
Every footstep disenchants,
There is parting everywhere.

Forest-doors are full of night;
Enter, and the path shall wind
As a string of tender light,
As a living wreath untwined;
Nature wastes no drop of dew,
Past the dying root it flows;
What you did you never knew,
Till there sprang a sudden rose.

Every branch breaks out in song
(All that birds say must be true),
Right grows in the heart of wrong,—
Yours the task to *let it through!*
Every gathered leaf decays;
Wait for one immortal wreath!
What is love with life that plays
To the love that lives in death?

Twilight grows so sweet and clear,
We can tell that morn is nigh,
And our dead have come as near
As our childhood's happy sky.
Did the darkness only seem?
Was it all our own false will?
Was our life a little dream?
Father, are we children still?

—*Good Words.*

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now;
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed;
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow."

THE PRINCESS OF THULE. In the New York *Tribune* of Saturday the following paragraph appeared in regard to one of the most pleasing characters in modern fiction:

Mr. William Black's Princess of Thule is said to be a real person. A tourist in the Hebrides was lately directed to a hotel belonging to the King of Borva, which was kept by his royal daughter. It appears that His Majesty, known in common life as Mr. Hunter, keeps an inn and farm at a place called Gawna-hins, on the west side of the Lewis, where tourists and people in search of a holiday go to spend some weeks at a time to fish. He has also taken a hotel in Stornoway, where he may be seen, the tourist says, "In gray clothes, with an imposing full-moon face, well-combed, grizzled beard, pompous, dignified and commonplace, his principal characteristics, or rather qualities, for characteristic is too angular a word to be applied to him, being, as far as I could judge, utter insignificance and boundless sense of his own importance. Mairie is just Mairie (her real name is Annie) and makes an awful chatter as she sits at the table. Her English carries her as far as 'yes' and 'no.' She looks mortally insulted if any one addresses a long sentence to her in English.

As for the Princess Sheila herself, she flitted around on the evening of our arrival, evidently the presiding genius of everything, taking care that we had no opportunity of staring at her. She is very ladylike, more like an ordinary English girl than anything more poetical; not pretty, but sweet, refined and thoughtful. It was disappointing to see her wearing a miserable holland dress with shabby frills. Everything was well arranged; carpets, crockery, wall-paper, &c., were chosen with taste totally different from what one sees in country or even town hotels. I have since heard that we were fortunate to have had a glimpse of her at all, as but few have an opportunity of seeing the heroine of Mr. Black's story. Thousands of visitors have been attracted to the island of Lewis from reading the novel, and it is said the King is taking advantage of his fame and fast making a fortune by keeping an inn." Since this was written the Princess Sheila has married, and the many admirers of the heroine among the wealthy and fashionable people of London presented her with elegant wedding gifts.

This story is very interesting in itself, but taken in connection with the following letter from Mr. Black to the same paper, Monday's date, there is an added interest. Mr. Black says:

"It gives me great pleasure to find in a paragraph in your paper of this morning some finally definite particulars about the original of the character of 'Sheila' in 'A Princess of Thule.' It is true that I have on several occasions been introduced, when in the Highlands, to young ladies who, as I afterward learned, were regarded by their friends as having suggested the character in question; but there always seemed to me to be some little difficulty about that, as I had not previously had the honor of the young ladies' acquaintance. There is less difficulty about this Princess of Thule, who, as I see, has now been discovered and described by an amiable and ingenuous tourist; for I remember having at least seen and spoken to, before writing the book, the innkeeper and the innkeeper's two daughters who have been thus satisfactorily identified. To the best of my recollection, the innkeeper was a most worthy person—I regret that the tourist found him rather commonplace—who kept excellent wine; and his daughters displayed a skill and diligence in serving us with boiled salmon and potatoes which demanded and received our sincerest gratitude. That one of these homely but agreeable young people—the tourist does not explicitly say which—was afterward to be represented in a book as a woman capable of producing some brief impression on London society by reason of her unusual beauty and dignity of manner, was an idea that certainly did not occur at the moment either to myself or to my companions; but as we live we learn, and I now accept the information with much meekness. In fact, I suppose everybody who scribbles a bit of fiction has discovered how singularly keen and prompt is the discernment of his friends in ferreting out the unmistakable originals of all his characters. In the present case I am heartily delighted to see that the discovery has been made to some profit. If it is a pity to find that the so-called 'King of Borva' is after all only an innkeeper, and indeed rather a commonplace innkeeper, still it is comforting to know that he is making money; and as for the marriage presents sent by enthusiastic persons in London to his daughter, I hope the young lady wore them on her wedding day with becoming grace and modesty. One parting word, if you will allow me, to my friend the tourist. He ought not to use harsh language about any innkeeper, however taciturn or commonplace he may find him. A landlord may be pardoned for being occasionally reticent—as, for example, when he happens to encounter a guest who is somewhat over-inquisitive and perhaps also a trifle foolish."

HOW GARRICK ACTED.

Superb Dramatic Criticism.

The *Fortnightly Review* recently gave some translations by the Hon. Robert Lytton, from the letters of one Lichtenberg, now forgotten, in which that gentleman gives an account of Garrick's acting in a way that may well serve as a model for the dramatic circle. Not only for this are the extracts interesting, but also as giving us a definite idea of this great actor. He says:

"What gives to this man his astonishing ascendancy over our imagination, and his unrivalled command of our sympathies? Many things, no doubt. How much of it is probably due to his felicitous physical formation. There is in his physiognomy, his figure, and his gait, a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never noticed in another Englishman. * * * For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not be surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the Court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow. * * * Nothing in him is slipshod, slovenly, or slouching. No actor ever needed less elbow-room for effective gesture. * * * Amongst other actors he moves like a man among marionettes. His way of walking across the stage, of shrugging his shoulders, of crossing his arms, of cocking his hat, of putting it on and taking it off—in short, whatever he does is so easily and securely done that the man appears to be all right hand."

In his account of Garrick's "Hamlet," Lichtenburg says:

"'Hamlet' appears in a suit of mourning, the only one which is to be seen at court within a few months after the death of the late king. With him are 'Horatio' and 'Marcellus;' the two latter in uniform. 'Hamlet' is walking up and down the stage, with his arms folded high over his chest, and his hat pulled down low over his eyes, like a man who is struggling with strong inward emotion. * * * * * 'Hamlet' is now in the far background of the stage, a little to the left. He has his back to the audience. At this moment 'Horatio' starts, and points to the right, when the ghost suddenly becomes visible to us all. 'Look, my lord, it comes!' 'Horatio' cries. Garrick, at these words, rapidly turns round, and, instantly confronted by the ghost, he staggers back three or four paces. His knees knock together, his legs seem giving way beneath him. His hat falls to the ground. His two arms are stretched out before him horizontally—the right arm quite straight, and the right hand on a level with his head; the left arm slightly curved, and the hand lower. The fingers of both hands are spread wide. The mouth gapes open. In this entreating, deprecating attitude he remains for a while perfectly motionless; like a man suddenly petrified by the terror from which he is endeavoring to escape. His two friends, who are already familiarized with the apparition, support his sinking frame. His countenance expresses such intense horror that, *long* before he uttered a word, I was seized with a cold shuddering. * * * Then, at length, he speaks; not with the *beginning*, but at the *end* of a long respiration; and, in half-suffocated, tremulous accents, he exclaims faintly, 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'"

So admirable and useful, and so difficult of access, is this description of really good acting that we make no apology to our readers for quoting more of it. Those of them who are to see "Hamlet" next winter will thank us:

"The ghost beckons 'Hamlet' to follow him. Could you but have seen Garrick in the movement, when he endeavors to rid himself of the two friends who are holding him back! It is only mechanically and unconsciously that he goes on speaking and struggling with 'Horatio' and 'Marcellus.' All this while his eyes are intensely fixed upon the ghost, and his whole being is in the look of those eyes. At last, however, he loses patience with this friendly hindrance, which, till then, he has scarcely realized. He turns upon his two friends, shakes them off with impetuosity, and draws his sword upon them with a movement as flashingly rapid as his sudden perception of the impediment which they are placing in the way of his uncontrollable impulse. * * * They loose their hold upon the prince, who, with drawn sword pointed in the direction of the ghost, then mutters, 'Go on, I'll follow thee.' The ghost now recedes and slowly disappears. 'Hamlet,' however, remains, as it were, transfixed upon the spot where he has last addressed the receding phantom; his sword still stretched before him, as though to put a certain distance between himself and the spectre in whose track he feels irresistibly urged forward. Then, just as the spectator loses sight of the ghost altogether, the immovable figure of the prince begins to follow it; slowly, hesitatingly, like a man who is jerked onward from within, and is feeling his way onward over dangerous ground. From time to time he halts; then again advances, creeping, with laborious breath, his gaze still fixed upon the spot where the ghost was last seen; his body distorted, bent, at last, him also we slowly lose sight of behind the scenes."

With one more extract we close:

"In that admirable monologue, 'O that this too solid flesh would melt,' etc., he work—if I may use a mathematical term, a whole of small equations, which serve to bring the action of *average* human nature up to the highest degree of individualized intensity. Tears of righteous affliction for the loss of so beloved a father (whose unweeping widow is a wife again before her weeds are a year old); tears the most difficult of all to suppress, because, in such a struggle between conflicting duties, they are the only solace of an honest heart; tears restrained, yet ever starting from the bitter sources of a boundless resentment, overwhelm the utterance of Garrick when he exclaims, 'So excellent a king!' The last word of the sentence is submerged in a choking sob, inaudible, and yet visible in the inarticulate quiver of the lips, which immediately afterwards close convulsively, as though to break off too literal a translation of the secret grief, which thus vented might degenerate into unmanliness. 'So excellent a k * * *!' This revelation of unwept tears discovers to us simultaneously the heavy weight of a deep inward woe and the strength of the soul which is enduring it. At the close of the monologue, a just impatience mingles its tones with those of 'Hamlet's' lamentation; but just as his uplifted arm falls like the stroke of a hatchet, to accentuate the climax of his scorn and indignation, the expected word which should accompany the action is, to the astonishment of the audience, not forthcoming. It falls altogether for an instant, re-emerging the instant after from the deepest depths of a profound emotion, all heavy and weak with the inward tears in which it has been plunged."

GUSTAVE DORE.—In engraving, the highest place can not at present be assigned to the French, except in etching, in which they excel. In wood-engraving they are certainly equaled, if not surpassed, by some of our own engravers. In designing illustrations the French yield to the English, and to some of our own designers. Gavarni, who was great in this line, is dead. Doré, who perhaps holds the foremost rank for a certain class of illustrations, stands so entirely by himself that he forms a distinct school so different in scope and treatment from anything of the sort ever before seen in France that he can hardly be classed under the head of French art. He is by extraction from Alsace, a province which has furnished many of the most prominent artists of France, and is now about forty-three years of age. He differs in three important respects from his leading French contemporaries in art: he lays great stress on light and shade; has very little notion of color, although improving in that respect by practice; and he is a great moralist. Those who judge him only by his wonderful and versatile illustrations in the "Wandering Jew," "Don Quixote," and other works, can form but a partial conception of the power of such magnificent canvases as his "Martyrs in the Coliseum," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ leaving the Prætorium," "Christ entering the Temple," and numerous other paintings, in which are grouped scores of figures the size of life. The imagination displayed, the massing of *chiaro-oscuro*, the rush and movement and grouping of vast multitudes, and the moral impressiveness of the ideas conveyed, have not been surpassed since the days of Tintoretto or Michael Angelo; while the majesty, the divine character, of the figure of the Saviour as He descends from the Prætorium stand nearly alone in modern art. But the drawing is often defective; very naturally there is, with enormous variety, much mannerism; and it must be admitted that these paintings would, with two or three exceptions, appear quite as effective in black and white. His "Neophyte," for example, executed in monochrome, does not seem to require the aid of color to make it what it is—one of the most tremendous invectives against the conventual system which has been seen since the days of Savonarola.—*S. G. W. Benjamin, in Harper's.*

SUNSHINE.—(By Ellis Gray.)—

I sat in a darkened chamber;
Near by sang a tiny bird;
Through all my deep pain and sadness
A wonderful song I heard.

The birdling bright sang in the sunlight
From out of a golden throat;
The song of love he was singing
Grew sweeter with ev'ry note.

I opened my casement wider
To welcome the song I heard;
Straight into my waiting bosom
Flew sunshine, and song, and bird.

No longer I now am sighing;
The reason canst thou divine?—
The birdling with me abideth,
And sunshine and song are mine.

—*Harper's.*

MORBEGNO.—

There is a long, straight road in Lombardy,
Bordered with stunted trees and maize and vines,
And at its side the stealthy Adda slides,
Spreading the poison of its humid breath;
While dismal mists like wandering spectres steal
From rush-grown marshes and from osier beds,
And lay their cruel hands on human life,
Strangling its joy with clutch of fell disease.
We traveled on this road one summer day,
And at Morbegno rested for an hour;
The deadly mists hung close around the town,—
The faded town, with houses gaunt and old,
And frescoes peeling from the mildewed walls,
And trouble-smitten people in the streets.
I see them still,—those piteous, haunting eyes
That gaze out wistfully from lifelong woe,
The vacant smile, the sad, distorted face,
The wrinkled skin, the aimless, feeble hands.
And through the mists there came a sound of bells,
In chimes that still had sweetness of their own,
But yet had lost the clue which guided them,
And had forgotten what they used to say.
O sweet, sad bells! O never-ended chime!
My voice went forth to God with those wild notes:
"Hast thou, indeed, made all men here for naught?
Do they not cry aloud, these souls of thine,
Whom thou hast formed to suffer till they die?
What have they done, these weary, stricken ones,
That age to age should hand their misery down,
One generation sending on thy curse
To that which follows in its hopeless track?
I call thee Father, and in thy great name
Thy spirit binds to mine in bonds of love
All human beings on this world of thine:
Brothers and sisters thou hast made us, Lord.
I cannot bear the woe of these I love,
Let me but suffer for them. O my God,
Gather thy wrath, thy vengeance in one cup,
And pour it out on me, but give them joy.

"Of old it 'was expedient one should die,
And that all should not perish.' Let it be
Thy will once more, and bid the plague be stayed.
See, in their misery they kneel to thee,
These men and women who must bear thy curse;
See how they gather round the wayside shrine,
And lift their weary hands to him who hangs
Upon the cross, and comforts human hearts
By having known the worst of human pain.
The 'Man of Sorrows' is their only God;
What should they know of One who reigns alone
Above all suffering and human want,
In endless plenitude of joy unknown
To them by anything which life can show?"
Such my wild prayer, and in my soul I heard
An answer wrought of pain and faith and hope.
"O foolish human heart that wrongest me,
How long shall I bear with you? yea, how long
Suffer you still to take my name in vain?
How can those half-blind eyes that scan the gloom
See anything aright of all my work,
And seeing not, why judge me in the dark?
Perchance some day the clearer light will show
That pain, disease and grief are gifts as great
As strength and health and joy, which seem so dear.
Perchance some day, in gazing back on life,
From some high standing-place much further on,
Your soul will give its verdict, 'Even this,
This place of doom in all its dreariness,
Was nearer to the blessed light of God
Than I who pitied and who prayed for it';
And you shall envy those who suffered here,
Who worked God's will through loathsomest disease,
And helped the world's redemption by their pain."
I bowed my head; my heart was humbled now.
"Father, forgive me. Like Morbegno's bells
The ending of my cry is lost in doubt.
Accept once more that plea made long ago
By one who trusted thee. Oh, not alone
For those he saw Christ prayed his latest prayer;
We know not what we do, or say, or think.
Father, forgive us. Let thy will be done."
And if it be that human misery
Is working out God's will, ye suff'ring ones,
Bear on through all things, for your rich reward
Is greater than our human hearts can grasp;
Is deeper than our finite souls can reach.
O weary men, your pain is dear to God;
O women, who must bring your children forth,
Knowing them born to lives of misery,
Take comfort; the eternal will is sweet,
And ye are working out its large behest
Though life is bitter. Children, with those eyes
So full of sorrow and of coming doom,
Our Father loves you, and the end is great,
Though hidden far away from human sight.
Brothers and sisters, I could almost think
I hear the secret told which no man knows,
When I recall those patient, weary eyes,
That gaze out wistfully on lifelong woe.
And God stays in Morbegno till the end,
While we pass on to Como and forget.

—*F. M. Owen, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

Jean Francois Millet.

BY REV. L. G. WARE.

It was a lucky chance that led me to the Boston Athenæum, the other morning, to see Mr. Shaw's pictures. I would rather own them than the royal duke's there. I was minded of the smaller cabinets in galleries abroad, where they put what is choicest, and Marlowe's line kept saying itself—

"Infinite riches in a little room!"

It is a very pretty quarrel that has been going in the newspapers—Veronese *vs.* Millet—between lovers of the old Italian and the modern French painting exhibited there. But on the spot controversy seemed out of order. Perhaps I was in the mood to enjoy. At any rate, enjoyment was my cue; whether of Veronese's jewels and brocades, or of Millet's tatters and sabots. It was clear enjoyment, all through. Only it is "the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me," that, in the absence there of greater examples of the old Italian, it was the modern French art which pleased me most.

We do not think too lightly of our landscape up here on the lake—Green Hills to east, Adirondacks to west, with a fore of smiling valley, one side, and, on the other, of shining and ever-various water. Nobody knows what verdure is who does not live in Vermont. Green, the cockneys call us. Well, we are. Witness every roadside now, and all our elms and maples. They "shake like Lebanon"! This lush verdure of summer, this splendor of light, this sparkle on the near, and softness on the far, of azure, dim purple, gray and gold, open to us here a gallery, every day, whose pictures cheapen those of all the landscapists, and, with their "Pinxit Natura," sign their supremacy over all the art to which they are pattern and rule. But somehow, in the midst of this surpassing show, I do catch myself shutting my eyes at times to it all, and with inward sight enjoying once more those French landscapes: Troyon's "Pool," which would make a man quiet and cool on the hottest and noisiest Fourth of July; Rousseau's small "Barbison," which, in a foot square, paints you infinite "sweetness and light;" Dupré's picture challenging the best of the Hobbemas and Wynantses; and Millet's "Normandy Coast," from which, at this remove inland, I snuff the salt air, dream in the gray-yellow and bright-dim of the misty sea, and give myself to the strange and lonesome, yet not sorry, spirit of the place.

Millet! it is about a visit to this painter, lately dead and too soon taken from his art and us, that I wish to tell. It was some five years ago, when I was staying with a friend in Barbison, glad to be out of noisy Paris for a while. The first morning I was, of course, up betimes for a tramp with Bacon in Fontainebleau forest. I had done it with him a year before, and the remembrance of that keen pleasure had drawn me again to his quaint village and kind welcome. It was the same complete charm over again on this delicious morning; the same grace of lesser things of flower and leaf; the same grandeur of greater things of tree and cliff; the same pleasure of the depth of woods and of airy off-looks from the hills. We stopped on a high ridge to hear the far note of the cuckoo—a "wandering voice," echo-like; and, at the edge of the wood, on the sandy plain, heard, more than saw, the skylark mount, raining down from the sky her song bright as its light and clear as its upper air. (We have no note of bird like it; but I have thought that if our bobolink would only experience religion he might give us here at home something like that most spiritually gladsome of songs.) Just as, a year ago, the squirrels were busy at their enormous *gourmandise;* and the green and gold lizards sparkled on the gray rocks and through the moss. In all the thickets Wordsworth's "host of golden daffodils" was out in force, and we tracked the purple violets by their fragrance. In the clearings stood the secular oaks and immemorial elms which make the pride of the forest, and drew us once and again to return to the spot and see how easy it was once for men to worship a tree. It was a delightful walk. But the memorable delight was the visit to Millet which it prefaced.

His welcome was as free and simple as that the forest had given me. I found the man as wholesome to meet as the climate and scenery of the woods. He came to us clamping in his wooden shoes. I suppose he wore them for old times' sake, and because they felt easy. Yet I could not help thinking it a touch of honest pride in his peasant origin. A heavy-built man, taller than common; slow in his motions and grave in his speech; a large head, thick beard, and shock of grizzled hair; his features strong, but nothing coarse; a staid and sober look, and eyes notably thoughtful and tender—so I remember him. With all his gravity and silent way there was something winning about him. A little incident brought this out beautifully, letting me into the artist-make of him, I thought, and into his guileless character and unfeignedness. As we sat waiting his pleasure to lead us to his studio, a little girl came running in, crying: "Oh, Mr. Millet! see! look!" It was a poor thing, one might say, to make a noise over—only a bud of corn-poppy which grows there by the million, like white-weed here. It was early for the flower, and this was probably the first the child had found. The rough gray-green husk had split half-way up, showing a streak of keen scarlet from the crumpled petals. The painter drew the child to his knee, and holding the bud delicately as though it had feeling, looked at it as though he loved it; the thoughtfulness in his eyes growing deeper as he looked, and their tenderness more gentle. I wish he might have painted the picture which at that moment he made. The serious-faced man, with his great frame, strong head and grizzled hair and beard, and his gentle eyes; his big arm thrown round the slender figure of the blonde child, both intent on the lovely gray-green and vivid red of the flower—would that not have made a picture of his own sort? For a minute or two there was no picture to show except this living one, and nothing to be said. Then he got up and showed us the flower as a rarity of beauty. And so it was, though the commonest of weeds.

I have heard he used to say the sublime was to be found in the trivial. And when I see his "Sower," among these pictures of Mr. Shaw, and call to mind a "Woman Shearing" and a "Woman Churning," which I saw in Paris, or a landscape of his there which showed a mere rough hillside, with plow left in the furrow, and a stretch of somber sky over the brow of the hill, they are, surely, the trivialest, simplest of subjects, but such for force of feeling and of treatment that I well understand from them what his saying means. And in this trivial incident of the child with the flower he was carrying out this maxim of rarity in the wonted and of beauty in the common.

Then he led the way to his work-room, and began to show us what he had. I was glad to note, in an ante-room, some fourteenth or early fifteenth century paintings. Bacon told me Millet thought a good deal of this old art. I should suppose so. Like seeks like. The truthfulness of those earlier painters would commend them to him. On the easel we found a large landscape awaiting the last touches. "Spring" might be its name, or "After Rain;" but a pale, reluctant spring, or such rain as the clouds return after. Half-doorway, half field stretches up to a lone house, many-windowed and mansion-like, looking as though it had seen better days; a few unpruned and twisted fruit-trees have put out sparse blossoms; the grass is soaked, and the branches drip from a shower passing leaden-hued away, which leaves pools and runnels in the rutted, clayey path leading to the house door—a door which looks as though no one would ever come out of it any more, nor ever anybody go up to it again. It was a sober picture, melancholy; such as you would get one of the Brontës, in her uncanniest mood, to write you a story to.

Turning from the easel, he brought out, of all things I was not expecting, "pastels"! The name had meant artificiality to me. But I found there were pastels and pastels. These were not of that sort in Dresden, by Mengs and Liotard — no Dresden china "Chocolate girls," simpering beauties and rosy-blonde Cupids. "Landscapes with Figures," they might be catalogued; mainly of far, treeless French fields with figures of rude French peasant-folk. The one that took me more than all was "Le Gai

Vigneron." Millet seemed pleased with the interest I took in it, and I fancied this quite unpretty and solemn picture a favorite of his, "The Merry Vine-Dresser!" In galleries of the older art I had just been seeing many pictures of martyrs—St. Sebastian, and the rest. Most of them were mawkish compared with the pathos of this. An old, old peasant, in the blue blouse and wooden shoes of his caste, sits among the vines where he has thrown himself down in sheer exhaustion of hard work. Gray, dusty, lean, squalid, he sits there, and lets the noon sun beat upon him, which fills and searches all the space with a pitiless, hot glare. Head sunk on his breast, arms and legs sprawled *clumsily* about, he sits motionless as if dead, and seems in this abandonment to await only death; or, rather, with wits so gone, with mind so drudged out of him, he sits without thought or expectation of even such a boon as death. It is so terribly real, so solemnly in earnest, that, looking at it, one holds the rein stoutly over his sensibilities, else he would break down before this utter pathos, It is terribly real. But rendered with Millet's large imaginative treatment, and with his large sympathetic feeling of the hard realities of peasant-toil, *it becomes* ideal. As the gibing name, so every line and touch carry the painter's protest at such hardship, and convey his bitter sense of the degradation possible and likely to peasant-life. Under his hand, "The Merry Vine-Dresser" becomes representative and ideal of this stricken class.

If I remember right, all in this set of some ten pictures had to do with peasant-toil. As I recall them they all showed the same sort of landscape of quiet, flat country, clear sunlight, and soft, tender, far-retiring distances, and the same sort of figures and groups of laborers. They did not all carry the sharp gibe and unutterable pathos of "Le Gai Vigneron;" for some had a certain idyllic grace, if I may use the soft word for these austere pictures, in which there was not a touch of the "Et nos in Arcadia." The idyl lay in the calm of the landscape and in the grace of unstudied posture and gesture, and of slow, measured moving, which made some of these rude peasant figures poetic, and reminded me of nothing less than the propriety of the classic. One of them showed a number of men and women in the field gathering some sort of grain or fodder, and burning the trash. In another, like hard-worked people were gathering potatoes. We all know Hamon's and Coomans' classics, and the rest of those dainty, trim imitations or applications of the antique which French painters are so fond of doing. Those are pseudo. These of Millet seem to me nearer the real. For all that measure, that staidness, that elegance, which is the distinction of the classic, appears here. Hardly on a Greek frieze or vase, I thought, will one see more elegant action of the figure. On the face of it, it seems a whim to think of those basket-carrying Athenian maidens of the Panathenaic procession in the same moment with these bundle-bearing, potato-digging women of Millet's pictures. But I had to think of that ancient grace, as I noted the propriety of pose here, and the suavity of movement and of grouping. [I found how this came about in picture by finding it came about in real life, one evening in Frankfort, as I watched the women troop into the city square from reaping and digging in the fields outside, and noted the superb grace of healthy form and vigorous movement of some of the younger among them. One with a sickle in her hand might have stood for a Ceres, for the stateliness of her bearing and noble turn and movement of her fine shape and strong limbs. It was Greek freedom and elegance of figure and motion—nothing less. Such an image of free health and natural grace is Nausicaa in the Odyssey. So she looked and so moved when she went out with her maids to the river to do Alcinous's family wash, bating she wore a princess's, not a peasant's, dress:—

"Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
Like as the chaste-born, arrow-loving queen,
Along the mountains gliding;.....
.....and with her Jove's fair race,
The field-nymphs, sporting."]

Still, in these more pleasing pictures, there was the same conveyance of a sense of the peasant's tasking, ill-paid toil, and of his hopelsesness of any better outlook.

Peasant-born, peasant-painter, Millet occupies a place of his own, as marked as any held by the masters who have, with original power, stamped themselves on their art, and been able to seal it with their proper mark. Brocade and jewels, banquets and magnificence of princes and ladies, and his own taste that way, are Veronese *plus* his mark. Sabots and tatters, the long repression and depression of peasant-life, and his fellow-feeling with that, are Millet *plus* his mark. But he is idealist of the peasant lot and hardship, while not departing at all from the reality of it. Michael Angelo, in the Sistine ceiling, invests household groups and their trivialities with grandeur. In this French painter's weighty art, where pretty and fantastical are kept sternly off sacred ground, a country woman shearing or churning becomes ideally interesting. That "Sower," striding the furrow and throwing broadcast, attaches himself in my mind to the grave beginning of the story: "Behold a sower went forth to sow." Or is he Revolution, and the seed he sows dragons' teeth to spring up *armed men in red fields*? To the painter this would, likely enough, have seemed fanciful. Yet to serious art like his it belongs to suggest things beyond the artist's intention and out of his calculation. I recollect a sketch among Mr. Shaw's pictures in which a strong young peasant in his tatters shows just Michael Angelo's favorite pose of a vigorous, muscular body thrown along the ground, the shoulders hunched up by bringing the weight down on one elbow. But, what is more, while utterly real, it shows that same idealism of the great Florentine master which made Fuseli say that under Michael Angelo's hand a beggar rose the patriarch of poverty.

Millet's admirers were few at the time I had this good fortune to see his works with his own showing. He will never have many admirers. Admiration he never coveted, and his repute will hold by something deeper than this easily caught, readily granted tribute. Yet they are not few who will be coveting his paintings now he can paint no more. It seems a pity he had to wait for death to come and seal the wider recognition of his rare merit. Yet, after all, is it a pity? Had he painted Dubufe's "Prodigal Son" his name would have been spoken a hundred times to the once you shall hear it now. Yes, a thousand times to one. But!

But he is among the foremost painters of our time. And in first quality of truthfulness, of real feeling, of utter soberness, of a pure purpose of art, he is among the best of any time. —*Unitarian Review, for August.*

Rufus Choate.

REMINISCENCES BY REV. DR. R. S. STORRS.

I saw Mr. Choate for the first time, in Amherst, nearly forty years ago—I think in 1838—when he tried a case there before referees, his opponent being Hon. Isaac C. Bates, then of Northampton. Mr. Bates was a man of great personal dignity and grace, as well as of commanding ability, whom it was always delightful to see and to hear; but one of the faculty of the college had incidentally said to me that this Mr. Choate was a man who should have been a Greek professor, but who somehow had wandered into the law; and my curiosity was keenly excited to see one who read Plato or Demosthenes "with his feet on the fender," and who still condescended to argue questions of contracts, usury, and the title to lands. The details of his argument have long since passed from my recollection; but I remember, as if it had been but yesterday, the power which he showed in the cross-examination of some specially shrewd and stubborn witnesses, the vigor and rapidity of his argumentation, the force of his invective, and the exceeding beauty of two or three swift touches of description with which he fairly illuminated the landscape, or the neglect of his opponent who, with some of those crooked boundary lines in his argument, was concerned. Tones of his voice which I then heard are still ringing in my ear; and the unique and mysterious enchantment of his presence—his curling locks, dark as the raven's wing, his weird, sad, unworldly eyes; a certain remote and solitary air which seemed to invest him—stirred my imagination, fastened to him my wondering thought.

Mr. Choate's appearance, at that time in his life, was potent as a spell over young imaginations. It chained the eye and haunted the memory. One longed, yet almost feared, to know him. He appeared to my fancy a sort of Oriental emir, hardly at home in our strange land, who would have spoken with more abundant natural freedom in one of the great Semitic dialects, and among whose treasures there must be no end of jewels, spiceries, and inestimable mails.

In the autumn of 1840 I was received by Mr. Choate as a student in his office, though circumstances forbade at the time my residence in Boston. Early in 1841 he was elected to the national Senate as the successor of Mr. Webster; and I thenceforth only saw him occasionally, though for the following [illegible] all the time pursuing my studies under his direction, and at intervals reported my progress to him. I really knew him better, I think, after this transient connection with his office had ceased than while it continued; and the thought has been a pleasant one to me that the church of which I have long been the pastor took an impulse in its formation from that transcendent address of his in New York, in 1843, of which Mr. Van Cott has eloquently written.

I am not aware that he ever made a special study of theology. He simply took it up, I think, with a literary interest, when its great discussions came in his way; yet Prof. Park once said of him, after a half day's conversation, that "if he had not been the first lawyer of his time he might have been its most eminent theologian." It is only fair to add that Mr. Choate, knowing nothing of this remark, said to the same gentleman—Mr. Lawrence, then of Andover—that "if Prof. Park had not been the great theologian that he was he would have surpassed any man whom he knew at the American bar."

With this sensitive, vigorous and various genius, and these large acquisitions, Mr. Choate threw himself, with all the energy of his strenuous will, into his chosen profession of the law. He loved it, and he idealized it. He was proud of its history; he exulted in its great names. The law was to him the expression of the highest justice of the state, enlightened and directed by its instructed and intuitive reason. It essentially concerned, therefore, the moral life of communities and of centuries. It had immense historical relations. As obtaining among us, for example, it was the impalpable vital presence which connected our recent fragmentary history, our circumscribed American life, with the great life of England, and with its renowned and crowded annals, back to the time of Edward the Confessor and "the common folk-right of the realm;" back, indeed, to the days of King Alfred. He meant to be a master of it, by the most exact, profound, indefatigable study of statutes, cases, and the principles they involved. I perfectly remember how this sovereign and far-reaching view of the law impressed my thought, stirred my enthusiasm, when I first talked with him; how fundamental it was in the scheme of study which he outlined before me; how incessantly *it reappeared* whenever I met him.

Governor Bullock once mentioned to me an incident which came under his notice when Webster and Choate were antagonists before the court. Mr. Choate had lucidly, with great emphasis, stated the law. Mr. Webster—than whom a greater master of attitude, gesture and facial expression never lived—turned on him the gaze of his great eye, as if in mournful, despairing remonstrance against such a sad and strange perversion. "That is the law, may it please your honor," thundered Mr. Choate, catching the glance, advancing a step, and looking full in Webster's face—"that is the law, in spite of the admonishing, the somewhat paternal, look in the eye of my illustrious friend!" And it was the law as affirmed by the court.

Such dainty and humorous use of words was constant with him. "When I had been two days on the Rhine," he said to me at Hanover, "I knew the whole river perfectly; could not have known it better if I had been drowned in it." A reputation which had been damaged in the courts was, "to make the best of it, sadly tenebrious." His "over-worked participle," his description of the witness testifying, in a case where a tailor was concerned, "with an eye to pantaloons in the distance," etc., are well known.

Of the sweet courtesy of his feeling and manner in social life, of his constancy to his friends, his generosity toward his juniors, his unfeigned deference toward the bench, of his unresentful spirit toward assailants, his utter want of political ambition or pecuniary greed, his chivalrous devotion to what he esteemed the best public policy, though it severed him from friends and added new shadows to his last years, of his blamelessness of life, especially of his habitual respect for divine revelations, and for the house and the ordinances of worship—of these I retain such happy recollections as all those must who chanced then even slightly to know him.—*Albany Law Journal.*

"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a school-master to a trembling boy. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what do the Scriptures say upon the subject?" "I don't know, sir," said the boy, "except it is in that passage which says "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the Summer bloom and greenness gone,
With Winter's sunset lights and dazzling morns atone.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And in the wind, that fails to stir
The azure studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose!

With mingled sounds of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew South; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
Flecked the wild mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of Summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

Since then, the Winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of Spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The Summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes Autumn's drooping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moon-lit snows, have in its round been ours!

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendours fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest, lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver sprinkled hair,
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is there to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise;
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near.

Methinks, oh friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we shaze with flesh and blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loth,
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

Here, too, of answering love secure,
Have I not welcomed to my hearth
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mountain pines!

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages, adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ:
The statesman to his holy trust
As the Athenian archon just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own?

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seem the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the Winter's lingering chills,
The mocking Spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where Summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But home-sick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to know.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible read,
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
And Learning wears the chains of Creed;
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
Or holydays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But, with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonoured place.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life;
And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground.
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
Is the bad lesson learned, at human rights to sneer.

Then let the icy North wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gaily as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosted pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in marsh and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact.
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen hand that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;
Go, find a place at home and hearth
Wherein thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW VOLUME. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and other Poems," by the author of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," will be published next month. This volume of 215 pages consists of one long poem, occupying something over 100 pages, and twenty-three lyrics, making the second part of the book.

The following extract from the Pilgrim love story, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," describes a wedding among the Puritans of Plymouth.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells of pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morning of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz,
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seems as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden, the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, and not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted to her saddle.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremendous, soaring in the air o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers,
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

From Switzerland.

In August, life is warm at Montreux. Yet it is one of the loveliest places in Europe. Through Rousseau the world is more familiar with Clarens, perhaps; but both Vevey and Clarens are inferior to Montreux. It is not necessary to move for a change of scene. Constantly varying atmospheric effects give a new charm to all the outspread picture before you. It is no two hours of the day the same picture, or if the same yet different. This long stretch of the lake, reaching from the mouth of the Rhone to some point well on beyond Lausanne towards Geneva, is ever changing its brilliant colors. Sometimes the water sleeps, as far as eye can reach,—one smooth expanse of delicate blue. Sometimes the emerald green beneath your window shades off into a deep blue, which a little further on becomes a rich, plum-like purple. Sometimes the coming of a shower up the lake seems to be driving all deep and delicate blendings of blues and greens and purples before it. Behind is the white line of the rain, then the deep, dark, purplish blue, then sparkling fields of the loveliest emerald, and then all the shades which never were and never can be put into words come flocking in against the terraced garden-wall above which you sit. To have eyes for this is enough. But the mountains are ever-changing as well. The snow-fields of Dent du Midi now cut themselves sharply out against a golden sky, and now the whole jagged crest is crowned with a glory of cloud whiter than any snow. At times the fleecy fields of mist sweep down the green sides of the slopes upon the south shore of the lake to within a hundred yards of the sparkling waters, and at other times gather themselves into gossamer wreaths and veils, and soar away, or utterly melt into the upper blue. The whole scene is full of animation, of the Eternal's animation. One needs but the luxury of leisure and a corner room full of windows at the Hotel Pension Beau Rivage, to find the joy of sitting in the amplest arm-chair and seeing all things arranged and rearranged in the perfection of loveliness for him. Vineyards stretch up all the nearer slopes. Figs ripen under the balcony. The garden sees its willows and its dense chestnut branches sweep the near surface of the lake. Roses, fuchsias, oleanders, petunias, portulacas, dahlias and all the glaring sort of civilized flowers heighten the colors close at hand. The original Garden of Eden was a desolate wilderness compared with this Montreux upon the fair Genevan lake. Then over here, apparently not more than a stone's throw from our window, stands the famous Castle of Chillon looking, upon this delicious summer's day just as it has looked for the last thousand years; and a little further off the Ile de Paix with its three elms,

> . . . "a little isle
> Which in my very face did smile,
> The only one in view."

From the grandeurs and vastiness and coldnesses of creation what a rest and change this Montreux is! Here the mountain-weary can recover strength before they go hence to yet higher Alpine scenes; and do it amid associations and luxuries most rare, if not unequaled. It is said that many come here from other lands to die; but the world here is too beautiful to leave. One could quit smoke, and soot, and dirty, dye-stuff streams with far less regret. This is the place in which death would be most cruel, in which to live would be the blessing. Still when one must quit the light of this world's sun, and enter upon the purer "uncreated light of His nearer presence," it would be pleasant to have one's last earthly reminiscence a scene so lovely as this. Just now, however, there is more sun's light and heat here than is agreeable if one is inclined for exercise. Those who wish to do more than bathe and sit in luxurious shade should pray that their flight here may be either in or nearer the winter.

These Swiss folks generally are a simple-hearted, hard-working, thrifty, prosaic, but withal a kindly, people. The emphatic among all these applicable adjectives is the word thrifty. Where a Swiss peasant will not thrive human life may not be. These people have but little, save their annual crop of strangers, to thrive upon. Of that little, however, the utmost is made. Every inch of soil about us here at Montreux, as elsewhere, is put to a purpose; supports a few well-pruned vines, a little patch of maize, oats or wheat, a growth of hemp or flax. The flat top of any considerable boulder is pretty sure to have its few hills of early potatoes. One sees the mower's feet standing in steep and slippery places to gather a dozen or two more of the straggling blades of grass. The houses, too, clamber up, far up from the lake's chameleon water, and the surprised eye detects them above forests and precipices, perched aloft where only a Swiss or a chamois would think it possible to dwell. Sometimes, after the nightfall, there comes a glimmering down from the high hill-top, far away across the water, the feeble light of the candle to tell that some Switzer has his eyrie where it is natural to think that only the eagles should be. Of the least chance, of the least place, for existence these people make what may be made. Society is careful here, and the individual equally careful. The canton, or the town, takes charge of the forests, and declares how many and what trees may be cut during the year. So much wood is due each family every year from the common forest stock; and richer or poorer alike accept the portion that falls to them. The humble folk, leaving the village, take off their shoes and save the wear upon them until they begin to draw near to the next. Better waste the commonplace of feet than the luxury of leather. A long, round loaf of dark, sourish bread, and a pint of cheap, sourish grape-juice furnishes this day's daily protoplasm; and the Swiss looks thankful enough as he sits breaking the common loaf and taking the glass of common wine. The nation makes its trowsers ample, one might say spacious, so that there is no strain at seat or knee. In high winds it would always be possible, and an advantage, to reef them. Suits often look as if they lasted from generation to generation. Sometimes new pieces of cloth have quite obliterated the original garment. The observer's wits are taxed to imagine the suit that in the beginning "might have been." Not much money is spent upon travel. Within twenty miles of Geneva families live and die without having seen Geneva. In many of the villages it is written upon the faces, "We were born in these *chalets*, we live in them, we shall stiffen and die in them." Both the path for the feet and the range for the mind are exceedingly limited. Some of the faces seem shriveled and expressionless, having, it would appear, never been touched by the light of thought. It is an open question whether the Swiss ever travel for pleasure alone. For pleasures and an ulterior purpose, such as the acquisition of knowledge, or the hunting up of a better situation, they often travel. Only yesterday we fell in with and chatted with a youth upon the high-way. He was upon a journey; a journey upon his own feet as most of his people go. Few of the common country folk ever go either first or second-class by rail or boat, and always go on foot when they can as a matter of economy. Was our youth making his journey for the pleasure of it? Yes, for the pleasure and a hope. He had gone on foot from his home near Lucerne to Geneva, and then had come up the fifty-five or sixty miles from Geneva here to see his native land, and to see if haply he might find something to do better than he could find at home. No concealment of purpose, no shame in his humble lot; a clear statement upon his lips, and confiding frankness in his deep, hazel eyes. There is something so genuine about many of these people of limited opportunity as to remind one that unlimited opportunity does not ordinarily foster character so genuine. Bands of students we have sometimes also met; one day twenty or more of them, with their professor along in company. Out for an excursion in the summer holiday; better-class youth; but on foot, bent too upon more than pleasure, as the ordinary tourist understands pleasure. With botanical boxes, and the light, portable plant-presses slung over their shoulders, coats off, they were trudging on into a familiarity with Switzerland's flora, with a vigorous touch of healthy independence and healthy purpose in their tread. A great contrast these to five young gentlemen out of England, who, with their tutor, are stopping with us here at Beau Rivage. These English lads are well-bred, every inch of them. They are polished, deferential, models of good manners. They compare with a specimen of Young America, fifteen years old, also on exhibition here, as Lord Chesterfield's most dutiful and proper son with the rude, impertinent, unmannerly cub of a wild bear or Indian. America seems to have reversed two precepts intended to have some bearing upon the conduct of youth. One is, "Children obey your parents," and the other that older one, "Honor thy father and thy mother." The consequence is that while many of the middle-aged Americans have approached something like good and quiet manners, the traveling children and youths are often loud, over-important, domineering, and well-practiced in the art of keeping their elders in subjection.

These English lads know what is due to both themselves and others, have no airs, speak always like gentlemen. They row well. They swim like canvas-backs. But they shake their heads as at the preposterous when it is suggested that they make a foot ascent of some Alpine pass or summit. They are as much bound by English upper middle-class conventions from the rough and vigorous foot-work of the Swiss students, as from the bad-breeding and self-assertion of the American youths. The proper thing for Englishmen generally, going to Switzerland, or bound upon an excursion of pleasure, is to tie a strip of white muslin around their hat, and then to be carried in silent, demure dignity from place to place. As ducks accustom their young to water, so the English accustom theirs to strips of white muslin tied about the hat. A summer excursion without this national hat-band would be an unusual freak of individual eccentricity. Miles away you can tell whether the coming cavalcade of slow mule-riders is made up of Her Majesty's subjects by this sign.

Four days in delicious Montreux. Then departure from that earthly paradise up the dreary and desolate valley of the Rhone. It is certain that Adam bore the expulsion from Eden far better than Eve, though no doubt she made the best of it. He went forth with something of a heart for roughing it in the bush; but she half-inclined to use her embroidered pocket-handkerchief when so much genial luxury must be left behind. "Why, man, there were no such things as embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs in Eden!" "To be sure there were. Or if not why not?" "Because Eden was before art was." "Not at all. Didn't the messengers, or angels, or gate-guards of that happy place have flashing blades? And if while Eden was, swords were, why not Swiss muslin pocket-handkerchiefs for the chief women of the place, with their borders neatly done in sprigs of edelweiss?"

Adam grew more serious as he went, if his course was up the Rhone valley, and especially if his first stop-off was at Martigny, seeking letters and finding none. The valley of the Rhone abounds in what appear to be streams of soap-suds, in swamp and marsh without stint, in all that is uninteresting and unattractive, including gnats, musquitoes, fever and goitre. The railway ends abruptly in the midst of the doleful scenery, and leaves you to a swarm of hungry diligence-drivers and Italian *voituriérs* who will each take you cheaper than the others. Your best way is to scorn them all, and betake yourself to the best dinner you can find. While you are eating it, a chance of extraordinary cheapness will be sure to turn up, and when you have finished your bottle of Muscat you can start off in a private carriage from Sierre to Visp. You will take carriage this once in preference to your own feet, because you must be at Visp for an early start to-morrow, and the railway has left you in this lurch at half-past-three in the afternoon and it is seventeen miles to Visp. Desolation reigns supreme as you ride on. Sheer precipices of utterly naked rock, infinite acres of landslip and *débris* from the frowning hills. It is cold riding, and you doze as the darkness comes down. You rumble across a bridge, and you are in Visp. The inn is full, but the landlady bethinks herself, and discovers that there is yet a room. Then you sleep.

From Visp to Zermatt, is a steady up hill walk of twenty-five good English miles, which Adam and Eve could easily have done in a day, as we did. For thirteen miles only a bridle-path. This bridle-path brings you to St. Niklaus, a village curious in this: all the world below it is reached by two bridle-paths and these alone, while the world above it is reached by a good carriage road. The twelve miles from St. Niklaus to Zermatt is only moderately interesting. The valley of the Visp is not quite as desolate as that of the Rhone, and yet there is a similarity. The flora is thin and poor. The villages are few and miserable. Goitre meets you at every turn. The familiar *Hepatica Triloba*, taking one back to the woods of New York and New Hampshire, meets you by the road-side. Barberry bushes without end hang out their red signals. And as you begin to traverse the pastures up towards Zermatt you discover that the grass is full on every hand with purple, crocus-cups,—the *colchicum* of the druggist, and the hope of the gouty. Half an hour before reaching Zermatt, suddenly the enormous mass of the Matterhorn lifts itself majestically before you. Was ever anything so grand as that strong pinnacle of rock soaring up there above this whole host of mountains? Awful in its majesty, wrapped partly in clouds, this great thing takes a powerful hold upon both the emotions and the imagination. But how cold it is! The inns at Zermatt are full, and running over. There are more guests than can be satisfactorily fed. But your wanderers take an humble inn all to themselves, and as this letter closes find themselves living upon the fat of the land, which compared with the fare in paradise may be regarded as rather lean.

GIRL AND WOMAN.—(By Fannie R. Robinson.)

"He will come, will come!" she said;
  And her breath was like the south,
And the sun lay on her head,
  And the morning round her mouth;
And she smiled across the sea
In her girlhood's surety.

"He will come in ship of state,
  Like a conqueror to his own,
With a bearing kingly, great,
  That shall lean to me alone—
Laying all his glory down
For my kingdom, sword and crown.

"And the sword I shall restore
  For the high deeds yet to be,
Since no life of knightly yore,
  Vowed to rarest ministry,
With his prowess shall begin
Who has wifely arms to win.

"But the crown I'll fling afar,
  Smiling soft to hear him say,
'Love, there shineth star nor bar
  Like your smiling on my way;
Leaves of bay would fall and fade
Where your lightest touch has staid.'

"Other maidens may be fair;
  He will whisper, close and low,
That my love's beyond compare
  With the beauty they bestow;
While, because he stoops to me,
I shall grow most fair to see."

So I left her on the shore
  When the Dawn was growing Day;
And the white ships drifting o'er
  Leaned and listened to her lay;
And the waves, to others dumb,
Laughed and whispered, "He will come!"

So I found her on the shore
  When the harbor lights were dim,
And the expectant curves of yore
  Something sweeter seemed to limn;
Still she waited Love's surprise
With the youngness in her eyes.

Still she murmured, "He will come!
  Days and sails are drifting by;
Other ships go laden home,
  Bright with golden argosy;

And the ship for which I wait
Droppeth anchor soon or late.

"I shall know him, though he stands
  With the slain years fronting him;
Though he reach untender hands
  Of a warrior worn and grim;
Though the smile I go to meet
Shine through tempest and defeat.

"For the billows will have brought
  All their burden to his strength,
And the winds have fed his thought,
  Till his kingdom stretch at length
From the power and peace of seas
To all loves and mysteries.

"And because October holds
  More of spring-time than the spring,
And because all harvest folds
  Both the bud and blossoming,
He shall find my patience sweet
And my unvowed faith complete."

So I left her on the shore.
  Does he come? I only know
That the moon forevermore
  Draws the tides, and, swift or slow,
Bound, or barred, or flowing free,
Every river finds its sea.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

AT THE SEASIDE.—(By Mrs. D. M. Craik.)—

O solitary, shining sea,
  That ripples in the sun!
O gray and melancholy sea,
  O'er which the shadows run!

O many-voiced and angry sea,
  Breaking with moan and strain!
I, like a humble, chastened child,
  Come back to thee again;

And build child-castles, and dig moats
  Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvulus
  Once more round idle hands;

And look across that ocean line,
  As o'er life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
  Full set, with canvas free.

Strange, strange to think how some of them
  Their silver sails have furled;
And some have whitely glided down
  Into the under-world;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
  Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
  At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
  As now, with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than sea-birds
  Between the waves and sky;

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
  And view the ocean grand
Sunk to one wave that may submerge
  A baby-house of sand—

And not once look, or look, by chance,
  With old dreams quite suppressed,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
  Of infinite unrest.

O ever-solitary sea!
  Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say, the type
  Of things without a bound—

Love long as life and strong as death;
  Faith, humble as sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
  The wrecks of this small time—

Unchanging, everlasting sea!
  To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
  Becomes an endless psalm.

We shall, indeed, find a wider range and grasp in one man than in another; but yet it will be our own fault if we do not discover something in the most limited range of mind which is different from, and in its way better than, anything presented to us by the more grasping intellect. We all know that the nightingale sings more nobly than the lark; but who, therefore, would wish the lark not to sing, or would deny that it had a character of its own, which bore a part among the melodies of creation no less essential than that of the more richly-gifted bird?—*Ruskin.*

When the warm sun, that doth bring
  Seedtime and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still woods, where spring
  The first flowers of the plain.
Sweet April, many a thought
  Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,
  Life's golden fruit is shed.
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The soul must have faith in something and somebody, or be wasted and lost. We find this need creating that marvellous ideal of moral beauty, the love between child and mother. It begins at the cradle; it extends to the grave. It begins with the babe; it extends to the philosopher. A pure skeptic never did exist, and, logically, never can. The measure of faith is the measure of strength. It has fought the best battles, done the manliest deeds, and made death radiant with glory.—*E. P. Powell.*

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.—*Boston*, 1677.
—(By J. G. Whittier.)—

She came and stood in the Old South church,
  A wonder and a sign,
With the look the old-time sibyls wore,
  Half crazed and half divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
  Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that burned
  With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
  With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle strange and weird
  As a soul at the judgment day!

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
  And the people held their breath;
For these were the words the maiden spoke
  Through lips as pale as death:

"Repent, repent! ere the Lord shall speak
  In thunder and breaking seals!
Let all men worship him in the way
  That his light within reveals.

Thus saith the Lord! With equal feet
  All men my courts shall tread;
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
  My people up like bread!"

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
  And her sackcloth closer drew;
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
  She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart,
  (Small blame to the angry town!)
But the words she uttered that day nor fire
  Could burn nor water drown.

To-day the aisles of the ancient church
  By equal feet are trod;
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
  Freedom to worship God.

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
  It thrills the conscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud,
  And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
  And pulpits that bless and ban;
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
  That is set apart for man;

For in two commandments are all the law
  And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last, and the last is first,
  And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
  And her bay tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South church
  And plead for the rights of all.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A MARVEL seems the universe,
  A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
  Around, above, beneath.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
  I know that God is good!
—*John G. Whittier.*

LET Nature be your teacher!
  Sweet is the love that Nature brings;
    Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things
  We murder to dissect.
Enough of science and of art:
  Let go those barren leaves!
Come forth; and bring with you a heart
  That watches and receives.
—*Wordsworth.*

—SO SHALT thou see and hear
  The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
  Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself
  Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
—*Coleridge.*

THE glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms.
And at prime hour, behold! he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms.
—*Charles Turner.*

WHAT channel needs our faith, except the eyes?
  God leaves no spot of earth unglorified;
Profuse and wasteful, lovelinesses rise;
  New beauties dawn before the old have died.

Trust thou thy joys in keeping of the Power
  Who holds the changing shadows in his hand;
Believe and live, and know that hour by hour
  Shall ripple newer beauty to thy strand.
—*T. W. Higginson.*

OH, the peace at the heart of Nature!
  Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
  When it cannot be lifted away?
—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

SO THROUGH the symbol-alphabet that glows
  Through all creation, higher still and higher
The spirit builds its faith, and ever grows
  Beyond the rude forms of its first desire.
—*C. P. Cranch.*

AND still, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope,
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.
—*A. H. Clough.*

NO CONFLICT is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself; but in this we must be continually engaged, if we would be strengthened in the inner man, and make real progress towards perfection. Indeed, the highest perfection we can attain in the present state is alloyed with much imperfection, and our best knowledge is obscured by the shades of ignorance; we "see through a glass darkly"; an humble knowledge of thyself therefore, is a more certain way of leading thee to God than the most profound investigations of science. Science, however, or a proper knowledge of the things that belong to the present life, is so far from being blamable, considered in itself, that it is good and ordained of God; but purity of conscience and holiness of life must ever be preferred before it; and because men are more solicitous to learn much than to live well, they fall into error and receive little or no benefit from their studies. . . . Assuredly in the approaching day of universal judgment it will not be inquired what we have read, but what we have done; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how holily we have lived.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

IMPATIENCE.—The next remedy for impatience is a reasonable submission to the will of Providence. This, every right-minded man must desire to render, if he believes in a Providence, and believes that the small occasions which try his patience are a part of it. But they *are* a part of it. We *see* that they are a part of it. We know that they must be. The divine ordering of all things implies the ordering of every thing. There *is* a Providence that reigns over all the scene and lot of our life. In the buzzing insect its wisdom speaks as truly as in the winged tempest; in the fall of a sparrow as truly as in the fall of an empire. The hairs of our head are numbered; and every thread in the tangled skein of events is numbered, and hath its ministry. *Out* from that tangled skein, out from each trivial event and circumstance, out from the thorn-bush by the wayside, God's wisdom is speaking as truly as from ever must we be learning; in lowliness, in submission, in patience must we be learning. Believe me, the thought I utter is not too high for the humblest occasion. In the thought of God alone is sovereign strength and sacred calmness. The lowliest virtue is thus linked to the throne of heaven. Impatience is unbelief,—is denial of God; and unbelief is perdition—the very soul's misery. Thus is the great truth of Scripture brought down to be truth of every moment.

A LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

HE REVIEWS THE PROGRESS OF THE COLORED RACE.

When the colored citizens of Washington celebrated the eightieth birthday of Whittier a few days ago they passed resolutions which were duly forwarded. They have been acknowledged by the poet in the following letter:

OAK KNOLL,
DANVERS, Mass., first mo., 9, 1888.

To R. H. Terrell, esq., and George W. Williams, esq., Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN: Among the great number of tokens of interest and good will which reached me on my birthday none have touched me more deeply than the proceedings of the great meeting of the colored citizens of the nation's Capital, of which you are the representatives. The resolutions of that meeting came to me as the voice of millions of my fellow-countrymen. That voice was dumb in slavery when, more than half a century ago, I put forth my plea for the freedom of the slave.

It could not answer me from the rice swamp and cotton field, but now, God be praised, it speaks from your great meeting in Washington and from all the colleges and schools where the youth of your race are taught. I scarcely expected then that the people for whom I pleaded would ever know of my efforts in their behalf. I cannot be too thankful to the Divine Providence that I have lived to hear their grateful response.

I stand amazed at the rapid strides which your people have made since emancipation, at your industry, your acquisition of property and land, your zeal for education, your self-respecting but unresentful attitude toward those who formerly claimed to be your masters, your pathetic but manly appeal for just treatment and recognition. I see in all this the promise that the time is not far distant when, in common with the white race, you will have the free, undisputed rights of American citizenship in all parts of the Union, and your rightful share in the honors as well as the protection of the Government.

Your letter would have been answered sooner if it had been possible. I have been literally overwhelmed with letters and telegrams, which, owing to illness, I have been in a great measure unable to answer or even read.

I tender to you, gentlemen, and to the people you represent my heartfelt thanks, and the assurance that while life lasts you will find me, as I have been heretofore, under more difficult circumstances, your faithful friend.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, among other philanthropic efforts, has been awakening an interest in the purchase of Whittier's home, to preserve it as an historical landmark in commemoration of the poet who has "most believed and befriended woman." The Chicago Times has taken up the suggestion and has opened its columns for subscriptions. One of the most prominent men on the Board of Trade has sent a hearty letter of appreciation and one hundred dollars. Massachusetts citizens, of either sex, should be especially interested in this project, while their past record warrants us in believing that they will respond generously.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

His Seventy-fifth Birthday—A Sketch of the Life and Literary Career of the Quaker Poet.

His Life at Home.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

On to-morrow, the 17th day of the present month, John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, and the oldest of American poets, will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth.

ANCESTRY, BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

Mr. Whittier was born in the east parish of Haverhill, in northeastern Massachusetts, three miles from the present city of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, on the 17th day of December, 1807, being the second son of John and Abigail Whittier, members of the Society of Friends. His paternal ancestor, Thomas Whittier, settled in East Haverhill, in the early part of the 18th century, and built the house in which the poet was born, and which is still standing, and well preserved. He was a man of great size, and remarkable for his physical and moral courage, being an uncompromising non-resistant, and relying solely upon the weapons of his religious faith as a means of defense against the hostile Indians, who infested his neighborhood, and who often came to his home for food, but who never molested him.

The father of Mr. Whittier was a hard-working farmer, a self-educated man, of good practical common sense, and for many years one of the magnates of the town. On all matters of interest to the community his opinions are said to have possessed the sanctity of law. The mother of the poet was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and remarkable for her equable temperament, quiet and dignified manner and affectionate disposition. In writing of her, after her death, Mr. Whittier says: "All that the sacred word mother means in its broadest, fullest significance, our dear mother was to us, a friend, helper, counsellor and companion, ever loving, gentle and unselfish." John acquired the rudiments of his early education at the public school, which was kept for a few weeks each year in a rudely constructed dwelling house, and in a room only ten feet square. A sketch of this school room and of the school teacher, Joshua Coffin, of Newbury, is contained in Mr. Whittier's charming poem, entitled, "My Old Schoolmaster," and the worthy pedagogue is affectionately alluded to and quaintly described in the poem of "Snow Bound." At this period of his life John had but few opportunities of becoming acquainted with books, his father's library being limited to the Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Barclay's Apology, The Life of George Fox, an English dictionary, nearly three hundred years old, and a small dingy square volume, entitled, "Davidies—"

> "Where Elwood's meek, drab skirted muse,
> A stranger to the heathen nine,
> Sang with a somewhat nasal whine
> The wars of David and the Jews."

These books were well read by the incipient poet, especially the immortal allegory of Bunyan, to which in after years he alludes in eloquent terms in his prose writings.

A delightful picture of Mr. Whittier's early life under the paternal roof is given in "Snow Bound," one of the most popular of all his poems, and the first that became to him a source of much pecuniary profit. The old farm house in which Mr. Whittier was born was situated in a lonely valley half surrounded by woods, with no neighbors in sight, and was so noted for the hospitality of its occupants that it became a sort of way side inn where all sorts of pedestrians were in the habit of halting for rest and refreshment. Some of the eccentric characters, who made occasional visits to the family, are described in "Snow Bound," and others are graphically and humorously portrayed in Mr. Whittier's delightful essay entitled "Yankee Gypsies," in the second volume of his prose works.

EARLY POEMS; FIRST APPEARANCE IN PRINT.

John displayed a rare promise for poetry at a very early age, and composed verses with wonderful facility, to the annoyance of his father, who was a decided utilitarian, and looked upon his son's literary proclivities as an obstacle to his future success in life; but his early effusions were a source of delight to his mother, whose affectionate approval of his simple rhymes encouraged him to persevere. His first appearance in print was in the columns of the *Essex Gazette*, a weekly paper published in the adjoining village of Haverhill. At this time William Lloyd Garrison was publishing a weekly paper in Newburyport, about nine miles distant, entitled *The Free Press*, and one morning [illegible] letter, written on coarse paper, which had been placed under the door, and which contained an anonymous poem entitled "The Deity." It was so far superior to much of the occasional poetry of that day that it was at once printed in the *Free Press*. It was followed by several other poems secretly conveyed to the editor, all of which were published, each one being an improvement on its predecessor. Finally Mr. Garrison became anxious to learn the name of his gifted and anonymous contributor, and after some inquiries of the post rider, who delivered the paper each week in the neighboring villages, discovered that it was the son of "Quaker Whittier," of East Haverhill, to which place he repaired at the earliest possible moment, and there found the object of his search, a bashful youth, at work on the farm with his father. Mr. Garrison bestowed much praise upon the few poems he had contributed to the columns of his paper, and solicited further contributions from his pen, at the same time entreating his father to place no restraints upon the literary tendencies of his gifted son, little dreaming that the shy and unpretending boy who stood before him was destined to be an efficient ally in the anti-slavery conflict in which he was about to engage.

ENTERS AN ACADEMY—SCHOOL TEACHING.

John entered the Haverhill academy at the age of eighteen, and there remained for two years, during which time he wrote numerous articles in prose and verse for the columns of the *Essex Gazette*. On leaving the academy he undertook the charge of a school in the adjoining village of Birchy Meadow, a vocation for which he soon discovered he had neither taste, talent, nor inclination. He soon afterwards began his editorial career by assuming the charge of the *American Manufacturer*, a weekly paper published in Boston, the position having been obtained for him through the influence of Mr. Garrison. In the year 1829 he succeeded the late George D. Prentice, of Kentucky, as editor of the *New England Review*, published in Hartford, Conn., a position which he retained for about two years, during which time he achieved an enviable literary reputation, stories and poems from his fertile pen appearing in rapid succession. While editing the *New England Review* his first book, entitled "Legends of New England," was published in Hartford, and was succeeded by a tale in verse, entitled "Moll Pitcher, the Witch of Lynn." All that is known of this poem to readers of the present day are the spirited and patriotic lines beginning with—

> "Land of the forest and the rock,
> Of dark blue lake and mighty river."

FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY WRITING.

His first contribution to the anti-slavery literature of the country was a little pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency," a copy of which he unfortunately presented to his friend, Dr. Crandall, a boreale physician of this city. On its being found in his office, the latter was arrested and thrown into prison on the charge of being an abolitionist, and remained there nearly a year, during which time he contracted consumption, of which he afterwards died.

FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Whittier first visited Washington in 1835, at which time this city possessed but few attractions for a man of his strong anti-slavery sympathies. Some incidents of that memorable visit are recorded in his spirited poem of "Astrea at the Capitol," in which he [illegible] to his friend, Dr. Crandall, and the jail in which he was so unjustly imprisoned:

> "Beside me glowered the prison cell,
> Where wasted one in slow decline,
> For uttering simple words of mine
> And loving freedom all too well."

During his brief stay in Washington Mr. Whittier visited the slave pens of the city, and on various occasions manifested so much opposition to the institution of slavery, and sympathy for the slave that he was haughtily suspected of being an abolitionist, and threatened with personal violence. By the advice of friends he went to Baltimore, where he remained for a few days at a hotel, during which time he gave to several friends who called upon him some little pamphlets containing extracts from the writings of John Woolman, on the subject of slavery. This fact coming to the knowledge of several slaveholders, he was threatened with legal prosecution if he remained in the city. He, therefore, after some persuasion, quietly departed and returned to his home in Haverhill.

FIRST PUBLICATION OF HIS COLLECTED POEMS.

Mr. Whittier's miscellaneous poems were published in a small and unpretending volume in the year 1845. Four years afterwards they were published by B. B. Mussey, of Boston, in a magnificent octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, illustrated by steel engravings, and sumptuously bound in morocco and gilt. So unconscious was Mr. Whittier of the increasing popularity of his poems that when Mr. Mussey offered him five hundred dollars for the copyright of the proposed volume, with a liberal per centage on the sales, he actually thought, to use his own language, that the enterprising publisher "had taken leave of his senses." The book was a complete success, several editions of it having been rapidly disposed of.

After the death of Mr. Mussey, Ticknor & Fields, wishing to publish a blue and gold edition of Mr. Whittier's poems, it was necessary to purchase of Mr. Mussey's successors the copyright of the large volume, the estimated value of which was twelve hundred dollars, which was promptly paid. The new edition had a large sale, but the price paid for the copyright absorbed the entire profits.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

In 1847 Mr. Whittier became corresponding editor of the *National Era*, a weekly anti-slavery and literary newspaper, established in this city by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, formerly of Cincinnati. To this paper, in which originally appeared Harriet Beecher Stowe's thrilling story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he was a constant and liberal contributor, and, as he was then in feeble health, the amount of original matter in prose and verse which he furnished for its columns was truly marvelous. Some of his most popular poems, including "Maud Muller" and "Randolph of Roanoke," were written for that paper, besides several serials in prose, among which was "Margaret Smith's Journal," one of the most delightful book of its kind in the literature of America.

REMOVAL TO AMESBURY.

Mr. Whittier sold the old homestead in East Haverhill, on which had resided seven generations of the family, and removed to Amesbury in 1840. Amesbury is a small manufacturing village in the northeastern portion of Massachusetts, four miles from Newburyport, and not far from the line of New Hampshire. His house is a plain, old-fashioned building, situated on Friend street, and within a few rods of a Quaker meeting house. There is nothing about the exterior to attract the attention of passers-by, and the interior is plainly finished, and furnished with a regard for comfort rather than for elegance or display. A few portraits of the poet's friends are displayed upon the walls, and several groups by Rogers occupy pedestals in the parlor. The poet's study is a cosy square room, three sides of which are occupied by books, which reach from the floor to the ceiling. The number of autograph books sent to him by their authors is very large, and would make an extensive library. Mr. Whittier is much beloved by his townsmen, who look upon him as a true friend, a kind neighbor, and a Christian gentleman; but of *his* literary acquirements, and his reputation as a poet, they know *but* little.

For many years Mr. Whittier's youngest and only surviving sister, Elizabeth, was his housekeeper and companion, and the two were devoted to each other. So strong were the bonds of affection and sympathy by which they were united that they were often compared to Charles and Mary Lamb. Elizabeth was a gifted but unpretending poetess and a selection from her poems is included in the recent editions of her brother's works. Her death, which occurred in 1864, was a terrible blow to Mr. Whittier, who cherishes her memory with more than a lover's tenderness and devotion.

OAK KNOLL.

For some years after the death of Mr. Whittier's sister, the daughter of his only brother was his housekeeper. Since her marriage he passed much of his time with some cousins, who reside in Danvers, Mass., on a charming estate very appropriately called "Oak Knoll." Here he is surrounded with everything that can promote his comfort and happiness or cater to his refined an elegant tastes. The house is large and cheerful and furnished in excellent taste. Each room on the lower floor has an open fire place, which adds much to the pleasure of Mr. Whittier, who is in his element when managing a wood fire. Over the parlor fire place hangs a life-size portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted many years ago by Hoyt, from which an engraving was made for the Mussey edition of his poems. In nearly every room in the house are works of art in the shape of paintings, engravings, statuettes and busts, while the walls of the family sitting-room are literally lined with books. Mr. Whittier's study is a pleasant little room in the northeast corner of the house, and is not only conveniently but elegantly furnished, a conspicuous article of furniture being a new and beautiful rosewood writing table, which has recently come into his possession.

When I visited him at this delightful abode in September last I found him in rather feeble health, but in excellent spirits. In the course of our conversation he spoke of his first visit to Washington, and related his experiences in this city, to which I have alluded elsewhere. He listened with apparent interest to my account of an accidental interview I had in Farragut Square last summer with an unknown gentleman, who [illegible]

remark concerning the statue which had but recently been placed therein. This remark led to a conversation on the statues of naval and military heroes which occupy many of the public squares of this city, and the expression on my part of a hope that the prominent poets, historians, statesmen and jurists of this country would one day be similarly honored. This was followed by an observation from my unknown listener that he considered Whittier the leading poet of this country, and that he had read many of his poems with deep interest and pleasure, and had been particularly impressed with some lines in "Snow Bound," which he quoted with much feeling, little thinking how grateful to the ear and heart of his unknown auditor was this spontaneous tribute to the Quaker Poet. As I rose to depart, after an hour passed in delightful converse, I requested of the gentleman who had contributed so much to my entertainment an interchange of cards, when I discovered that for the pleasure I had enjoyed I was indebted to the honorable Secretary of State.

Mr. Whittier, as I have said, listened with evident pleasure to the recital of the story of my pleasant adventure in Farragut Square, and when I requested of him, as a special favor, a copy in his own handwriting of the lines which had so deeply impressed Secretary Frelinghuysen, that I might present them, in his name, to that gentleman, he at once took a seat at his writing table, and without any hesitation transcribed them from memory and in an elegant hand, in which not the slightest evidence of advanced age was discernable.

Notwithstanding the beauty and comfort of his surroundings, in this charming rural retreat, where every want is anticipated, and where he seems as happy as it is possible for man to be, Mr. Whittier, still considers himself a citizen of Amesbury and passes portions of each year at his cottage in that village, which is occupied by one of his neighbors, two rooms being reserved for the poet.

"SNOW BOUND."

Perhaps the most popular of Mr. Whittier's longer poems is that entitled "Snow Bound," which is not only one of the most charming winter idyls in our language, but also a delightful picture of his early life at the old homestead in East Haverhill. It was received with great favor on its first publication, and its popularity remains unabated. In a pecuniary point of view it was the most successful poem that ever came from the author's prolific pen. Some months after its publication business called me to Amesbury, where I was the guest of Mr. Whittier. As I approached the house I noticed that the walls and blinds had been newly painted. After a cordial greeting from the poet I remarked, "The improved appearance of your house is an indication that poetry has ceased to be a drug in the market." Mr. Whittier smiled, but made no reply. The next morning we sat together in his library. Suddenly rising and going to the fire to warm his boots, he said, "Thee will have to excuse me for a few minutes while I go to the office of the collector." Then, with a smile of humor on his expressive face, he added, "Since the publication of 'Snow Bound' I have risen to the dignity of an income tax."

DOM PEDRO, THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

At the time of which I speak Mr. Whittier had just written a poem entitled "Freedom in Brazil," suggested by an edict recently issued by the Emperor of Brazil, providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in his empire. As we sat alone in his library he produced the manuscript of this poem, and requested me to listen to the reading of it. To listen to his own reading of one of his poems is a privilege that few are permitted to enjoy, and only those who have experienced this rare pleasure can form an idea of the silvery beauty of the voice which he thus leads to his mellifluous verses.

The poems of Mr. Whittier have long been the admiration of Dom Pedro, who has translated many of them into the Spanish language, and his regard for the poet and his works has been frequently manifested by letters addressed to him in his own handwriting.

A pleasant incident of the Emperor's visit to Boston in June, 1876, was a personal interview with Mr. Whittier at the house of a distinguished lady of that city. The greeting of the Emperor was of the most cordial character, and he and the poet, for nearly an hour, enjoyed an uninterrupted and animated conversation.

FONDNESS FOR PETS—THE POET'S PARROT.

Mr. Whittier, like most men of genius, is very fond of pets, and for several years during his residence in Amesbury was the possessor of a large gray parrot called "Charlie," who spent much of his time with the poet in his library, and always stood on the back of his chair at the dinner table. The two seemed to understand each other perfectly well, and frequently held long conversations together. For some months after this parrot came into the possession of the poet his deportment was in harmony

izing influences to which he had been exposed during an earlier period of his life were made manifest one Sunday morning, when he climbed to the ridge-pole of the house, and from this lofty eminence poured forth a volley of oaths at the villagers who passed by on their way to church. Mr. Whittier was deeply shocked by this unseemly conduct of his pet, and, rushing to the attic, endeavored to dislodge the culprit by means of a rake, but was unsuccessful, it being too short to reach the feathered blasphemer. A few days after this unpleasant occurrence this profane bird climbed to the chimney-top, where he performed a dance peculiar to his species, and for several days thereafter was seen no more. He was finally discovered in the kitchen fire-place, covered with soot and nearly starved. From this shock to his pride and sensitive nerves he never recovered, but gradually pined away and died. A dialogue between the poet and this remarkable bird is recorded in the poem entitled "The Common Question."

SENSE OF HUMOR—HIS FAVORITE NOVELS.

Few men possess a keener sense of humor than Mr. Whittier, or relate a good story with better effect. His favorites among works of fiction are the novels of Dickens, especially the Pickwick Papers, which are a source of endless delight to him, and are read by him in all moods. In his poetry there are few indications of that rich vein of wit and humor which enters largely into his mental composition; but proofs of it are found on almost every page of his prose writings. In his delightful volume entitled "Margaret Smith's Journal" are many capital stories illustrative of life and manners in the early colonial times, which cannot fail to excite the reader to laughter, and some of his essays overflow with genuine humor.

HIS MANNER OF WRITING.

Mr. Whittier writes with wonderful facility and with great rapidity. The first drafts of his poems are rarely changed, and in the various editions of his writings is seen but little evidence that any time has been spent in their revision. The thought which he wishes to express takes its perfect shape in his mind, and as soon as he seats himself at his table he puts it into writing with little or no hesitation. During the anti-slavery movement his lyric genius was sure to be aroused by the action of any ecclesiastical or political body on the subject of slavery, so that the poems of this period may be read as a commentary, chronicling the exciting events which were of frequent occurrence. Some of these poems must have been written on the spur of the moment and thrown off at white heat, yet are so faultless in their melody and rhythm that they seem to have passed through the fires of revision.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Like his ancestors, Mr. Whittier is tall, being nearly six feet in height, and as straight as an arrow. He is of slender build, with a high and massive forehead, crowned once with locks of raven hue, but now with the silvery hair of age. He wears the costume peculiar to his sect, and his speech is, to a certain extent, characterized by some of the peculiarities of the people among whom he was born and bred, and whose simple creed and forms of worship he prefers to those of any other body of Christians; although his opinions and convictions on matters of religion, it is well known, require a broader platform than is to be found in the simple faith of his ancestors.

CONCLUSION.

Although Mr. Whittier has been popularly known as the poet of the anti-slavery reform, he has made for himself an abiding place in the hearts of his readers by the sweetness, purity and thoughtfulness of the numerous poems in which he has appealed to the religious instincts, affections and domestic sentiments of the people.

To the traditions of New England, many of which he gathered from the recitals of his aged ancestors, he has given an ideal beauty, while the perfection of his descriptions of the life and scenery of New England is universally acknowledged. He is recognized as one of the noblest and most inspiring of all the poets of our time, and while he has helped to educate a nation to righteousness, he has also given to our literature words of such sweetness, bravery and truth that they seem to have entered into the common speech of men as the natural language of the heart.

> But not his strains, with courage rife,
> Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above
> The rhythmic beauty of his life,
> Itself a canticle of love!

Beethoven.

In a recent number of the *Yale Literary Magazine* is an article on Beethoven, from the pen of a young student, Ben Wood Davis, which exhibits an excellent understanding of the character and a fine appreciation of the genius of the great composer. We make a few extracts:—

As a man, Beethoven has been pictured in a very unamiable light. But sufficient allowances have not been made. It is claimed that he was conceited; but he did not over-estimate himself, the world under-estimated him. It is asserted that he admired no creations but his own; yet his manuscripts lay like Sibylline leaves, scattered to the wind. Mental and physical suffering induced melancholy; careless copyists and insolent domestics made him irritable. Deceived by his relatives, he became suspicious of his friends; cheated by avaricious publishers, he was finally avaricious himself. And a voice gruff in sympathy with his ear added not a little to his uncouth manner. Truly, Beethoven's faults were the children of his misfortunes. But this rough genius is really noble in spite of his imperfections. The paradox that "a man's faults are the night in which he rests from his virtues" applies to him if to any one. Religious, but not bigoted; charitable when he needs charity himself; candid even to a fault. Living in a most immoral city, he leads a most moral life. A dishonor is attached to his name which many would have considered honor; he is supposed to be a natural son of Frederick the Second. He produces his baptismal register and refutes the rumor. Independent, even to rudeness, he rallies Goethe for taking off his hat to the royal family. He respects no sovereignty except genius, no wealth except virtue. His brother sends up his card, "Johann von Beethoven, land-owner." The composer contemptuously reverses it and writes, "Ludvig von Beethoven, brain-owner." The rebuke is merited, for the land-owner had obtained his wealth through the brain-owner. These anecdotes are thoroughly characteristic of the man. His virtues were of the same rugged cast as his faults; in fact, were almost faults themselves.

A man's life is the training to his greatness. And, as different men are differently endowed, so nature seems to give to each a special course to shape his genius. Had Byron been less tempted he would have been a better man, but would he have been a better poet? Could any one but a Poe have written the "Raven"? No, nor could any one but a Beethoven have composed the *Sonata Pathétique*. A happy life, and his genius would have been lost to the world. His character, his eccentricities and his misfortunes, all combined to make him what he was. Independence preserved him from pandering to a depraved taste; lack of wealth spurred him on to composition. Even the great calamity of his life, his deafness, paradoxical as it may seem, was a musical blessing. It was without doubt the chief cause of the depth of sentiment and passion so characteristic of his works. Genius, for its fullest development, must undergo peculiar experiences. Little knew the sad composer that his own favorite expression was a commentary on his life: *Es muss sein.*

* * * A nation's language is the outgrowth of its character. Its music is equally so. Are not the traits of Poland reflected in Chopin's *Polonaises* and *Mazurkas?* There is a close resemblance between national music and national language. Italy, famous for its singers, naturally inclines to vocalization; and its melodies are as sweet as its beautiful tongue. The Germans, less gifted in song, resort to instruments to express their ideas; and their harmonies are akin to their rugged but vigorous speech. French music presents the most striking illustration of French character. The Gallic mind, always seeking after novelty, has framed a peculiar music analogous to the sparkle and vivacity of the French language. A German judges music by its influence on his mind; an Italian, by its appeal to his heart; a Frenchman, by its effect on his heels. A critic, not without reason, terms Bach masculine and Chopin feminine. Similarly, the German or realistic school is masculine; the Italian or sentimental, feminine; the French or romantic, neuter. The last two are respectively represented by Verdi and Offenbach; while Beethoven, though colored by his own individuality, is unmistakably German.

An artist's works are his autobiography. Would that the world could always read them. Byron betrayed his melancholy in words. Chopin expressed his just as plainly in notes. But Beethoven did more, for he wrote his complete character. A rugged sublimity is the prevailing

Even his eccentricities crop out in his creations. Republican in politics, the *Sinfonia Eroica* is inspired by the general who proposed to republicanize Erance. An intense hater of tyranny, he tears off the dedication when he learns that Napoleon has caused himself to be proclaimed emperor. A critic; but his creations were his criticisms. A poet; but symphonies were his dreams. A psychologist; but it was the psychology of music.

These are some of the relations between the music and the musician. But do they not leave the great composer as much a mystery as ever? Napoleon, as I have said, inspired the *Eroica*. Will the fact explain a single bar of that wonderful score? No, not till we can analyze analysis itself. In one respect the composer does not represent his times. The age was essentially operatic. Mozart put his best ideas in *Don Giovanni;* Weber in *Der Freischutz;* Rossini in *Guilliamme Tell.* But Beethoven wrote only one opera. He was very desirous of turning his attention to dramatic music, but he met with peculiar difficulties. Never could he degrade his art by linking it to such vile subjects as *Don Giovanni* or the *Marriage of Figaro.* For a long time he negotiated unsuccessfully for a libretto. At last he found what he wanted, and *Fidelio* was the result. It was unsuccessful. Not even the grand overture could save it. The lack of *arias* was the chief cause of its failure, for the Italian school was in the ascendency. Undeterred, he proposed to write several operas for the managers of the imperial theaters. The proposition was rejected. He renewed his negotiations with the poets for a libretto; but he died, and *Fidelio* was the only operatic inheritance he left the world. * * *

Beethoven died friendless; he was buried, and over twenty thousand persons followed his remains. Accompanied by his own *Funeral March,* his body is borne to the grave. Hummel drops the laurel-wreath on his coffin. Musicians vie in interpreting his works; painters and sculptors in reproducing his features; poets in lauding his genius. A monument is erected to him at Bonn. His name is added to those of Raphael and Michael Angelo, to complete a triumvirate of Art. What the world denied the living Beethoven she lavished upon Beethoven dead.

Great Men and Great Books.—Wherever we recognize, singly or combined, largeness of mind, or strength of character, or firmness of will, or fire of genius, or devoted loyalty, there is a born leader. Such an one we ought to be prepared to hear even before he begins to speak. It is for the most part not he, but we, who are to blame if we fail to understand him. Whenever such a superior intelligence approves either in teacher or scholar, we have our reward, though all meaner minds turn away from us. "I looked around my audience," said the old Grecian orator, "and they had dwindled away—till only one remained. But that one was Plato, and this was enough for me." The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands of the moral world. They diversify its monotony, they furnish the watershed of its history, as certainly as the Grampians, or the Alps, or the Andes, which tower over the lowlands and fertilize the plains and divide the basins of the world of nature. They are the "full-swelling fountain-head of change," as well as the serene heights of repose. To be blind to this superiority, to be indifferent to these eminences, to think only of their defects or their angularities, is as depressing to the intellectual sense of beauty and worth as was that strange unconsciousness of physical grandeur which, in the last century, caused Oliver Goldsmith to prefer the continuous plain of Holland to the hills and rocks of which he complained as intercepting by their deformities the view of the unfortunate traveller in Scotland. To appreciate the glories of Shakespeare, or Newton, or Luther, or Wellington, to discriminate between the nobler materials of such natures as these and the poorer stuff of which common mortals are composed, is as bracing to the moral and intellectual nerves as the newly-awakened enjoyment of Ben Nevis or of Mont Blanc is to the opening minds and active limbs of our latest-born generation. The study of the most famous authors, even in minute detail—even line by line, and word by word—is amongst the most nourishing of intellectual repasts. The attempt to clothe the dry bones of philosophic theories with the flesh and blood which they wore in other days is the best mode of understanding both the difference and the likeness of ancient and of modern times. Remember the pregnant saying of Goethe: "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices"—and let it be your constant effort to distinguish the voices from the

reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may be left to take care of themselves; and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using. Bear in mind that in every branch of knowledge, scientific, or literary, or artistic, the first question to be asked is, Who is it that in that branch stands confessedly at the head? What is its chief oracle? Who is the ruling genius, head and shoulders above the rest? It is the master-work of the respective departments of study, which are, as it were, the canonical, the symbolical books of science and literature, established beyond appeal by their own intrinsic merits, and by the universal acceptance of mankind.—*Dean Stanley.*

Characteristics of Thiers.—Thiers was very susceptible to the influence of women. Feminine gossip, slightly acidulated, but not spiteful, amused him. Ladies were freely admitted to talk with him in the library. He was wont, when the conversation of a fair visitor pleased him, to ask her to come back and lunch *sans ceremonie.* Madame Thiers was glad to see any one who enabled him to pass an agreeable half hour. The table was hospitably and handsomely, but not luxuriously, appointed. Discreet old men-servants, dressed in black, attended. Thiers had an excellent appetite. He drank half a cobwebbed bottle of Bordeaux and a glass of Frontignac at each repast, an allowance which he never exceeded on days when he spoke in public. His coffee he had direct from Mocha. After lunch he took the lady who sat next him to walk in the garden, where he held informal levees when he was president, and to visit his greenhouse and aviary. Thiers keenly felt beauty in the animal and vegetable worlds. He tended his flowers as if they were living beings. Anxiety for his humming-birds seriously preyed upon him at Tours and Bordeaux. Tears of joy one day burst from his eyes at Versailles, when Charles Blanc took out of his pocket some tiny pots of fern which Fontaine allowed him to carry off from the Place St. George's. In his dear gazelles Thiers was happier than Moore's Hinda. The pair sent him by the Egyptian pasha, in 1840, lived to an old age, and founded a dynasty. Thiers used to be irresistibly drawn into the garden of his ministerial residence to caress them. He taught the doe to lie at his feet with her head against him when he was working at budgets and writing those dispatches which so agitated our court in 1840. His love of horses amounted to a passion. He cultivated "horsey" men to talk with him about thoroughbreds, and, though he did not bet, regularly attended Longchamps and Chantilly. He had thought of writing a history of the horse, to obtain materials for which he overcame his aversion to the Duc de Morny, one of the leading turfists of the empire. He used to speculate on the eloquent things the horse would utter if it could but speak. What it conveyed through its eye and nostril filled him with admiration. "Ibrahim," the steed he rode about Paris in our princess royal's babyhood, was a rival of the gazelles. On days when he could not go out he used to send for his steed to the mews, and have him led round to the window of a ground-floor sitting-room, where he talked to him and pulled his ears. It is surprising that a man so alive to natural beauty, to the graceful, the gracious, and who was himself so spontaneous, should have cared so little for children. A child hardly ever crossed his door after Mlle. Dosne grew up. No heir-adoptive was seen or talked of. It was whispered that he bequeathed to the Louvre his art collection after the death of Madame Thiers and her sister. These ladies devoted themselves, with an abnegation for which it would be hard to find a parallel, to Thiers. Though rich, handsome and accomplished, the youngest of the sisters preferred remaining unmarried to disturbing his arrangements. She was co-heiress of the house in the Place St. George, in which she reserved for her private use a drawing and bed room on the first floor. Madame Thiers was a little girl when Madame Dosne became acquainted with Theirs, and conceived the idea of securing to him by a marriage her daughter's large fortune.—*London News.*

Beside a sandal-tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and, as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood
With its own sweets perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like; a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

Emerson's "Parnassus."

Of all the anthologies of the year this one to which Emerson gives the name "Parnassus" will be easily the most important. The great respect in which Mr. Emerson's countrymen hold his name, the near sense which they have of his exceedingly well-defined personality, will make any poem interesting to them just for the reason that it has been interesting to him. And perhaps of all our famous men none has so diverse a sense of excellence. Limited like other men in genius, he is extremely wide in taste and sympathy. We are interested in noticing that from the poems of Timrod he quotes only the "Decoration Ode," a poem which presents marked contrasts to one of his own upon a similar subject—the lines upon the Concord monument. Of these two productions Emerson's is the nobler and far the more perfect, but entirely lacks the pathos of Timrod's ode.

This work, by the way, has not been got together for publication in the holiday season, but embodies an anthology which Mr. Emerson has been preparing for years. It has been his habit, when any poem charmed or impressed him, to transfer it to a blank book. In the course of time one book was filled, and another was required. The "Preface" to this volume will be read with great interest. It has the fascination of all Emerson's writing; the opinions are authoritative without being dogmatic. There are two classes of poets, he tells us, those by education and practice and those by nature. The first we respect, the second we love. Pope is said to be the best type of the first class, but we are told that he never rose to pathos or grandeur. Many will think of Eloise and Abelard, and will hesitate to accept this opinion. Some of the most interesting things said in the preface are upon Wordsworth, and we heartily approve of what Mr. Emerson comes near suggesting, the expediency of a good expurgated edition of that poet. Anybody who is the unhappy possessor of one of the large one-volume editions of Wordsworth, and who has ever spoiled his temper by setting out on the hopeless search for "The Happy Warrior" or the "Ode on Immortality" will gladly welcome such an enterprise. Besides, there would be no fear that such a work would share the unpopularity of most expurgated editions. Only the dulness would be expurgated, and dulness offers no inducement either to virtue or passion. The editor tells the story of Mr. Sergeant Wakley quoting Wordsworth in the House of Commons, and demanding "what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff." Homer, Horace, Milton and Chaucer, Mr. Emerson says, could have defied Wakley, because to the external they have an external sense.

Among the host of beautiful poems in the collection we have read with especial interest one by Forceythe Wilson, to whom Mr. Emerson refers in his preface. All that is here told us is that he was of extraordinary promise, that his home was in Wisconsin, that he was born at Little Genesee, N. Y., in 1837, and died at Alfred Centre, N. Y., in 1867. Only one poem is given, "In State," which the war inspired. It is strange that the inspiration of the first year of the war did not produce more and greater poems. Possibly others may yet come to light as remarkable as this. "In State" represents America, the great mother, lying dead, while her two sons fight over her body. One sublime verse is as follows:

Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

What a hold must the scenery of this land have taken upon the imagination of the poet who could write as follows:

> The winds have tied the drifted snow
> Around the face and chin.

Had we read the poem in the corner of a village paper, and had we known the poet in the flesh, we would have called the verses extraordinary, majestic, and have possibly wondered that such thoughts could exist in the mind of so plain a man. But since Mr. Emerson has put the poet in his anthology, and now that death has opened for him the gates to honorable fame, we may call the poem sublime.

We have only to say that those most important things to a volume of selections, the indexes, are here quite, or very nearly, as they should be. It would have been better had the pages been marked opposite the names of the poems in the index of authors. The heads are: Nature; Human Life, Intellectual, Contemplative; Moral; Religious, Heroic; Portraits; Personal; Pictures, Narrative Poems and Ballads, Songs, Dirges, Comic and Humorous, Poetry of Terror, and Oracles and Counsels.

MR. EMERSON AT HOME.—Just outside the village of Concord, Mass., at the intersection of the old road to Boston with that of Lexington, is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It stands a little back from the road, and tall pines and firs before it give an air of retirement well befitting the home of a philosopher. The original house was built fifty years ago, and, as it now stands, is a large, square building, painted white, and furnished with a generous supply of windows and chimneys. A few years since it was badly damaged by fire, but while the owner was in Europe it was carefully restored by his friends, and a few improvements added, the only irreparable loss being some boxes of old sermons stowed away in the garret, which, having done good service in the hands of Puritan divines, now perished from an access of the element they lacked before. A roomy barn stands near the house, and behind lies a little farm of nearly a dozen acres. The whole external appearance of the place suggests old-fashioned comfort and hospitality. Within the house the flavor of antiquity is still more noticeable. Old pictures look down from the walls; quaint blue-and-white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Just at the right, as you enter, is Mr. Emerson's library, a large square room, plainly furnished, but pleasant by pictures and sunshine. The homely shelves which line the walls are well filled with books. There is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, and each volume seems to have soberly grown old in constant service. Mr. Emerson's study is a quiet room up-stairs, and there each day he is steadily at work, despite advancing years.

Although one hardly realizes it, Mr. Emerson is getting to be an old man. Born in 1803, and a graduate of Harvard in 1821, he has seen the fatal asterisk set to the names of one after another of his classmates, until now few are left besides himself. He speaks of himself as a man whose work is nearly ended; but the only sign of failing power noticeable, in conversation with him, is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word, especially a proper name. His wife, a sister of Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of anæsthetics and a rival claimant with Morse of the electro-magnetic telegraph, is a stately lady with beautiful snowy hair, and a dignified, but gracious, bearing. She is proud, and justly so, of her husband's genius and fame. One daughter lives at home, and devotes herself to care for the comfort of the family.

In college Mr. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar. He indulged his fondness for literature at the expense of lessons. As a classmate remarks: "He was one of the few who made the discovery that Shakespeare was very entertaining reading." The "Waverley Novels" were then coming out, and Scott's magic enchanted him as it did everybody. Each new volume was quickly purchased, and he, with a group of college friends, all eager to enjoy it, would sit up far into the night, taking turns at reading aloud, so that all might hear at once

Oddly enough, philosophy was a study which he disliked and never excelled in. Mathematics, too, were a great stumbling-block. The story is told by the best authorities that only a few years

the error was not detected until Pat, who had his doubts about the matter, consulted a neighbor and came back for a re-settlement. There were fifty-nine in Mr. Emerson's class, and commencement parts were given to twenty-seven of them. Emerson stood high enough to have a share in conference—a part usually given to the duller men—and accordingly he and two others conferred "On the character of John Knox, William Penn and John Wesley." After graduation he taught school with an older brother in Boston for some time before he entered the ministry.

We are wont to say that at such or such a time Mr. Emerson left the ministry. But is he not in the ministry still?—*Literary World.*

EMERSON AND HIS DAUGHTER.—Into the Congressional Library walked Emerson, one of the immortals, and smiled his celestial smile, as if two such things as mercury and the thermometer were not, his daughter Ellen by his side, and as she is the incarnation of common sense, she also was sublimely indifferent to the weather. When this rare spirit (far be the day) passes forever from mortal sight we shall hear more from this daughter Ellen. For she, in all likelihood, will be the executor of his papers and the delineator of that deep, still, inward life. It is memorable that the men who have achieved the most in letters and in science have always had a woman standing close beside them within the veil, as Carl Schurz says in homely phrase: "Handing them the bricks while they build," and holding up their hands when they were weary. It has just come to light how much Sir William Herschel owed to the tender and tireless sister who, through a lifetime of nights, stood by his side while others slept; who polished till her hands grew numb the mirrors which were to reflect back for him immensity; who had no ambition in life but to be his servant; who underrated her own achievements that she might exalt his, and, as her clear vision swept the paths of the spheres, shrank from her own discoveries of worlds, lest it might prove a shadow on his fame. So the great American seer has a woman walking close by his side, taking the very thoughts from his mind and translating them for the world, and this woman is his daughter.—*Mrs. Mary Clemmer's Washington letter in the Cincinnati Commercial.*

AVERAGE MEN.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

A GREAT art of effective writing and speaking is so to state facts that they will excite in others the emotions which the writer or orator does not directly express, and insinuate the opinions which he does not put prominently forward. Thus M. Athanase Coquerel, *fils*, once wrote a little book on the celebrated case of Calas, a subject on which Voltaire, and many a French liberal and philanthropist after Voltaire, had expended such a storm of passionate indignation. M. Coquerel thought the true way to exhibit the hideous injustice of the case, and to serve the cause of toleration against bigotry, was to state the facts calmly, and leave the inferences and the indignation to the understandings and hearts of his readers. He succeeded wonderfully well. "How is it," said to him Michelet, the historian, "that you could narrate all the circumstances of a crime like that with such exasperating coolness? My wife and I read it last evening in a passion of rage and tears; and yet you, the narrator, seemed neither to reason nor to inveigh."

It is plain that M. Coquerel showed himself, in this, a masterly rhetorician. Had he drawn his own conclusions, and expressed his own moral wrath, he might have made his individuality too offensively prominent. He would have thought and felt for his readers, instead of so presenting the story as to flatter them into thinking and feeling for themselves. By austerely or adroitly suppressing his personality, he lost all the advantages which proceed from the ostentation of eloquence; but he none the less more surely gained the object of eloquence. A fair-minded Roman Catholic could not read his book without cursing the stupidity and the cruelty of the magistrates and ecclesiastics concerned in that special outrage on the rights of man.

Indeed, it is the egotism which taints most expressions of moral indignation that deprives it of its due effect. The egotism may be noble; it may indicate a passionate hatred of injustice and wrong. But still, to the democracy of readers, it exalts the writer into a kind of moral aristocrat, priding and pluming himself on his superiority to ordinary men in the quickness, intensity, and depth of his moral conception; and they are inclined to doubt the fairness of the representation which is thrust so violently and hotly on their attention. The writer is so prominent that a suspicion steals into the minds of readers that he is surveying facts in relation to himself, instead of looking at them in relation to each other. The vehemence of his moral sentiment thus casts ominous conjecture on the comprehensiveness and conscientiousness of his intellect.

Compare, for example, Motley with Prescott, as historians. Both are thoroughly honest; both would consider the deliberate misstatement of a fact, or the conscious disturbance of a relation, as a stain on their personal honor; both have written history from an exhaustive analysis and patient comparison of original authorities. But Motley throws himself into the thick of the fight between Romanism and Protestantism, and is as eager to push his opinions as to verify his facts. Prescott, habitually hides himself behind the facts he explores, and his lucid narrative of social, political, and ecclesiastical iniquities betrays no special individual interest in the matter. Motley glows with noble rage as he writes; Prescott so writes as to make his readers glow with noble rage, while he himself seems imperturbably unconcerned and calm. The result is, that, though both fundamentally agree in their opinions, Prescott carries more authority with the bigoted Roman Catholic opponents of both. Prescott, in the last analysis, is not more judicial than Motley; but his method is more ingenious. He contrives that his readers shall draw the conclusions which Motley vehemently announces, and feel the indignation that Motley fiercely pours forth. The individuality of Motley is prominent in his stories; in Prescott it is latent.

Alexander Hamilton placed himself at the head of American statesmen by a lofty use of this method of individual reserve. Versatile in opinions, he rarely seemed opinionated. When he desired to influence others, he insinuated his views into their minds in such a way that the recipient of his idea was deluded into the belief that he was its originator. Daniel Webster generally followed the same method. Whether he spoke to farmers or financiers, to a mob or to a senate, he commonly avoided any assertion of individual superiority, and relied on his impersonal, unimpassioned statement of facts and principles to carry his point. His hearers believed that he was simply adjusting and relating their own ideas. Neither their vanity nor pride was wounded by his mode of exposition. Both Hamilton and Webster were exalted to the skies as heaven-born statesmen because they seemingly placed themselves on the level of the loosest thinkers. On the other side, Burke, a far greater political thinker than either Hamilton or Webster, failed practically in the House of Commons because he could not hide his immense moral and intellectual superiority to all the other members; but displayed it in aggressive orations, immortal as regards eloquence and breadth of thought, but inefficient as regards the immediate question put to vote. The greatest oration in all literature, in respect to fullness of matter, force of reasoning, richness of imagery, and intensity of moral wrath, is Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts; yet its effect, when delivered in the House of Commons, was so slight that Pitt, after a short consultation with Grenville, concluded it was not worth while to answer it, and pushed the measure through the House, careless of the fact that Burke had demonstrated its folly and its iniquity.

It may be objected to all this that Macaulay, one of the most effective of writers and speakers, was also one of the most self-asserting and self-confident. "I wish," Lord Melbourne once said, in his languid way, "that I was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." But Macaulay's self-confidence was combined with a clearness of common-sense statement which made his hearers contented with themselves. His speech, in 1839, to the electors of Edinburgh was not a great intellectual effort; but it elicited from a Scotch artisan one of the finest compliments ever paid to a speaker who sinks the desire to dazzle in the desire to influence. "Ou! it was a wise-like speech, an' no that defeeshunt in airgument. But, eh! mon" — with a pause of intense disappointment — "I'm thinkin' I could ha' said the haill o' it mysel'!"

Without dogmatizing on the superiority of persuasion to invective, it may be said that, in practical affairs, contrivance, with a moral end, is better than the morality which reasons and inveighs without thinking of anything but itself. When the Government of Great Britain was threatened by the Chartists, the Government bloodlessly triumphed by hitting on the expedient of making the rowdies of London members of the special police. Dr. Nott, the shrewdest of all college presidents, when he saw a weak student in danger of being ruined by a dissipated companion, called the latter into his room, and cajoled him into the position of guardian of the youth he had intended to lead into dissoluteness. And, to conclude, every judicious father of a family manages to save his sons and daughters from destruction not so much by openly assailing their tendency to self-indulgence, but by gradually insinuating into their minds and hearts the principles of honor and self-restraint. Most persons, old or young, have an instinctive outbreak of rebellion when an attempt is made to carry their personality by storm.

The principle we have attempted to illustrate is the hardest test to which genius, in practical affairs, can be subjected. Vivid conceptions of truth and right are so generally connected with inconsiderate warmth in their expression that the people are ever on the watch to ascribe to insolent self-assertion what may really spring from the loftiest spirit of self-abnegation.

On the Death of S. Margaret Fuller.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

High hopes and bright thine early path bedecked,
And aspirations beautiful, though wild,
A heart too strong, a powerful will unchecked,
A dream that earth-things could be undefiled.

But soon, around thee grew a golden chain,
That bound the woman to more human things,
And taught with joy—and, it may be, with pain—
That there are limits e'en to Spirits' wings.

Husband and child—the loving and beloved—
Won, from the vase of thought, a mortal part,
The impassioned wife and mother, yielding, proved
Mind has, itself, a master—in the heart.

In distant lands enhaloed by old fame,
Thou found'st the only chain thy spirit knew,
But, captive, led'st thy captors, from the shame
Of ancient freedom, to the pride of new.

And loved hearts clung around thee on the deck,
Welling with sunny hopes 'neath sunny skies:
The wide horizon round thee had no speck;
E'en Doubt herself could see no cloud arise.

The loved ones clung around thee, when the sail,
O'er wide Atlantic billows, onward bore
Thy freight of joys, and the expanding gale
Pressed the glad bark toward thy native shore.

The loved ones clung around thee still, when all
Was darkness, tempest, terror and dismay—
More closely clung around thee, when the pall
Of Fate was falling o'er the mortal clay.

"With them to live—with them, with them to die"—
Sublime of human love intense and fine!
Was thy last prayer unto the Deity,
And it was granted thee by love divine.

In the same billow—in the same dark grave—
Mother and child, and husband, find their rest.
The dream is ended; and the solemn wave
Gives back the gifted to her country's breast.

WHAT MY FRIEND SAID TO ME.

Trouble, my friend, I know her not." God sent
His angel, Sorrow, on my heart to lay
Her hand in benediction, and to say,
"Restore, O child, that which thy Father lent,
For He doth now recall it," long ago.
His blessed angel, Sorrow! She has walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. Thus I know
Trouble and Sorrow are not near of kin.
Trouble distrusteth God, and ever wears
Upon her brow the seal of many cares;
But Sorrow oft has deepest peace within.
She sits with Patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting 'til Heaven shall send the healing
balm.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

tennial.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW'S POEM.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
—Ovid, "Fastorum," Lib. vi.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face-to-face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished—we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute!

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth,
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,

Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great nature's law;

Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you, asking: "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates, ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologue of time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are *the others?* Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered grave-stones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.
I cannot go—I pause—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered, by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee;
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children, frightened by a thunder-cloud,
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading underground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:

"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful, with plume and zone,
But they were stone; their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,

The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!
The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales;"
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the Gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and in vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;

And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,

Canon Charles Kingsley.

BY REV. E. A. HORTON.

The "Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley" is the record of a brave man, an earnest man, unfolded by a loving wife. A strong personality manifests in this biography, yet not so entire as we could wish. There is an aspect of patchwork to the work, even in this abridgment; for we are now referring to the American edition. Like Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker," like Stopford Brooke's "Life of Robertson," we have in this literary production too much *disjecta membra;* too much at loose ends, unwoven and unmatched. Miss Martineau secured symmetry and continuity in the record of her career by writing an autobiography covering the most important years in her life, and by forbidding the publication of her letters except in a few instances. One of the easiest ways of preparing a biography is to fill it up with correspondence between the subject and his various friends; but such a book makes hard reading. We are not starting out in these remarks with any desire to deny the value and interest Kingsley's life possesses, even as we find it here; but it would have embodied much more of the man as he appeared, worked and spoke, if the epistolary chaos had been subdued by the power of a biographer who had assimilated all the material and proposed a portrait true to life. It is a favorite saying: "The subject of our book is allowed to speak for himself." But no man does fairly represent himself in this fragmentary manner. Nor are we saying that the reader may not obtain a reasonably accurate idea of Charles Kingsley from these pages; but much more would have shone out had his inner moods, growth of beliefs and mental fermentation been more faithfully portrayed. We get glimpses; there is a rush of our hero; matters pour along; and rarely do we sit down and see into the combination of friendship and ideas and emotions that went, in their totality, to make up impulsive, hearty, progressive, independent Charles Kingsley.

We learn that he preached a sermon as early as four years of age; the precocious discourse is printed. It is a good deal revival in tone and matter. Notwithstanding this early predilection to the pulpit, Kingsley hesitated long as to becoming a minister. His ardent nature broke away from the common doctrines, and he never returned to them in the sense of their old acceptance. When he crystallized his boiling mass of doubt and indifference his rational spirit poured new significance into old phrases. Early and late in life Maurice exercised a great influence over his views; moulded his opinions; from him Kingsley obtained that creditable eclecticism which enables one to distill truth out of erroneous forms of statement; which gives a touchstone of sympathy for every old creed or dogma, eliciting its inner spirit. The methods of Maurice have been discountenanced; all methods are; but it is safe to say that his reconstructive criticism is better for the progress of truth and man's advancement than the demolition principle which sweeps away even all that a man hath.

It is impossible to escape the healthy tone of our subject's character. He abominated sham; he could not endure affectations and perfunctory habits. Through his professional life he avoided all official assumptions and pietistic phraseology. If he talked religion it came out fresh and genuine; neither ashamed to do it, nor foisting it inappropriately on parishioners. Men misunderstood him; he did not grind at their mill. Dean Howson frankly confesses his distrust and suspicion, which passed away when he became acquainted with the object of his misapprehension. "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers" was the title of a tract that he wrote, and which was widely circulated in the Crimea. His sermons and books might well take that title. His whole effort, in every direction, was to say such things as should stir men and women to action; things frank, thoughtful, true A good specimen of this direct, conquering style is found on p. 174, where reference is made to his preaching power. "It was the speech of a live man to living beings." "Yes, my friends," he would say, "these are real thoughts. They are what come into people's minds every day; and I am here to talk to you about what is really going on in your soul and mine; not to repeat to you doctrines at second-hand out of a book, and say: 'There! that is what you have to believe and do, and if you do not you will go to hell;' but to speak to you as men of like passions with myself; as sinning, sorrowing, doubting, struggling human beings; to talk to you of what is in my own heart, and will be in your hearts, too, some day, if it has not been already." No wonder that the gypsies of Eversley became his friends, the sailors on the ocean, the farmers, the hunters, the toilers, as well as the men of broad culture and humane sympathies. Himself a lover of nature, a not unworthy disciple of Izaak Walton, fond of a good horse, ready at walking, he carried into his study the physical vigor and mental common-sense that allowed of no sentimentalism and pseudo Christianity under the guise of spiritual refinement. Perhaps he was over-devoted to botany and geology and sanitary notions, and all that, being a minister. Remember that Puseyism, and divers high-church currents were then sweeping men away, that absurd arguments as to the higher life were obtaining converts; there was need of opposition; need for some of healthy minds to stand up for the life that now is, and to trace disease and sin and temptation to their lurking-places in the filthy lanes of cities, the unventilated homes of the poor, the under-fed bodies of the working-men—to exhibit, also, the glories and charms of the outer world, unveil its laws, and show its testimonies to a God—a God of wisdom and love.

Kingsley, like Robertson, worked on enthusiasm. Once aroused and interested, the work in hand prospered. His temperament was poetic. The first book he published was "Saints' Tragedy," a drama. It brought him some notice. The parish at Eversley was small; before his taking charge matters had gone badly. More were at the ale-house than at church. Kingsley instituted a new order of things; made acquaintance with the "clods," as he (presumably) playfully calls them, and soon had good attendance. The sermons he preached to this rustic society were deemed fit for a wiser congregation, and he sent out, from first to last, eleven volumes of sermons; ten of these contained such as he regularly preached at home. A highly-favored society! Towards the end of his preaching strangers were wont to attend from neighboring towns. "Yeast," one of his earlier books, created clamor; so did "Alton Locke." The Christian socialism that our author was seeking to disseminate in these books does not appear to us, now, very novel, and certainly not alarming. But England, from her conservative watch-towers, took alarm, and bitter things were said. Pulpits were barred to Kingsley, and high-church partisans hated him.

It is curious to notice that Queen Victoria has always sought out these broad, liberal men, and made them chaplains for her service. McLeod, Brooke, Stanley and Kingsley are among them. While a high-church rector was insulting Kingsley before a large London audience, for certain sentiments uttered in the rector's pulpit, the Queen was honoring the maltreated man, and the Prince of Wales had proposed him for a degree at Oxford. It was after this trying scene in the church, where a riot was imminent, while the gall was felt, that Kingsley wrote that beautiful ballad, "The Three Fishers;" and in doing this he seemed to banish all smart and pain. "Hypatia" procured him the charge of encouraging profligacy, heresy and vile principles generally. Let any one read Bunsen's estimate of the book, written at the time the accusations were made, and see how prejudice can warp even Oxford graduates.

Of course such a hearty, genuine soul made a lovable friend. "Tom" Hughes was his very intimate companion. Tom Taylor, Maurice, John Martineau, Max Müller, Froude, Powles, and many another, were very near and dear to him. We do not find many records of evenings at parties, society wit, salon lionizing, and that brilliant picturing of London and its celebrities which "Macaulay's Life" reveals, and Ticknor's and Miss Martineau's. Indeed, this book is quite different from them; it savors more of Robertson's life in its general characteristics; though I do not mean to imply that the two men were alike. Alike they were in earnestness of spirit, directness of execution, honesty of motive, progressiveness of aims; but the philosophic, meditative and higher range of spiritual insight prevailed more in Robertson than in Kingsley; and the sermons of the former will be read in many a country long after the latter's have been forgotten. Yet Kingsley was consecrated. His eye was on a noble standard. How often he said to his wife, as he finished a book or a sermon into which his whole impetuous zeal had gone: "One more thing done, thank God! and oh, how blessed it will be, when it is all over, to lie down in that dear churchyard!" He, no less than Robertson, spent himself for the welfare of mankind. Whittier wrote, after meeting him in Boston: "All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit. His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare, physical, moral and spiritual, of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men."

The years of our subject were fifty-five. During that time he diligently labored in his Eversley field, and, beside lecturing on history and science, holding classes and coöperating in many reforms, he published thirty-five volumes of prose and poetry. His trip to America was full of pleasure to him. Honors not a few came to him; among the last he was made Canon of Westminster. Even with the breaking-up of his health he gave powerful sermons to vast audiences in the historic Abbey. Some of the happiest days of his life were spent at Chester. The people "sprung to his touch." He formed classes that went roaming over the country, studying flowers and stones. In the venerable cathedral his voice went forth to large and sympathetic gatherings.

In closing the book we feel that we have been walking with a man whose influence was for the true and the good and the beautiful. His life, as here gathered up, will renew its beneficial career and animate many to earnest thought and strong endeavor.

Every man's past life should be his critic, his censor, his guide. He who lives, and is done with life the moment it drops hour by hour from his hands, is not half a man. He is like a plucked plant that stands in water without roots of its own, and can have no growth, and soon fades and passes away —*Beecher.*

Midsummer Days in the Capital.

THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,—
How beautiful is the rain!"

Longfellow's exquisite poem, in which seems to dwell the music of the falling rain, comes to me as I sit by the window this midsummer day and watch the crystal drops falling in refreshing showers upon the grateful earth. Very beautiful is the picture which unfolds itself before me. Below me at a little distance lies the city, softened and beautified by this "tender veil" of rain. I see its spires and trees, and the noble river, and the great dome towering above all. This from the front windows of our house upon the hill. From the back we have a near and lovely view of the delightful, thickly-wooded grounds of the Soldiers' Home. Unspeakably restful to eyes and heart is the rich green of trees and grass, and very pleasant are the cool, refreshing nooks and dells in the recesses of these woods,—familiar haunts, where one can blissfully dream for hours, gazing through the over-arching branches up into the soft blue of the sky, hearing no sound save the cheerful songs of birds. It is easy to imagine one's self in the heart of the forest, far away from the heat and turmoil of the town. Yet, from all the beauty which surrounds us here, we turn again to the dome. It is the magnet, and draws us ever to itself with a power and fascination deeply felt but not to be explained. Nor is it always a delight. In the bright sunlight it is too dazzlingly white, too glaring; it pains and offends the eye. But when, as now, a soft mist rests upon it, "half concealing, half revealing," it is wonderfully, dreamily beautiful. And at sunset, when the whole mass is suffused with richest rose-color, it is glorious. I am a devout believer in Italian sunsets; and yet I can hardly imagine them finer than those which glorify our hill-top. After a succession of magnificent sunsets, there came, a little while ago, one which was the crown of all. We had one of these lovely summer showers which leave every tree and shrub and blade of grass the most vivid golden green. Then came the marvelous display. In the west the clouds lay in great masses of crimson and gold, so gorgeous, so overpowering in their radiance, that it was impossible to gaze steadily upon them; while just beneath them, along the horizon, was a little space of sky, clear and soft, tinged with a hue—a mingling of palest green and palest gold—that was perfectly exquisite and altogether indescribable. In the south, over the city, the sky was of the darkest slate-color, gloomy, and threatening, and grand. In the east appeared a lovely rainbow, the whole curve distinctly visible; and all around it floated soft clouds, flushed with the loveliest rose-color. Over all, over hills and woods and city and river, there lingered for a long time a wonderful golden light, such "a light as never was on sea or land." The whole scene impressed us deeply. It was a mingling of softness and radiance, of gloom, grandeur and tenderest beauty, as, once seen, never be forgotten. It was a glimpse of Paradise.

Not so fortunate as we are the dwellers within the town; but although they have not the views, nor the breezes which rarely fail us here, they find the summer heat more endurable than in some of the Northern cities. One can breathe more freely in the broad, airy streets, from which one gets refreshing glimpses of the encircling hills. And there is always shade to be found in the pleasant parks, with their luxuriant trees and grass and sparkling fountains. The most beautiful of these (although it lacks the fountain) is Lafayette square, opposite the White House; it is filled with fine trees, to which the soft, grayish-green foliage of the crape myrtle, and the dark shining leaves of the magnolia, give a tropical character. The President's grounds are all aflame with great beds of scarlet geranium now,—the most brilliant display I have ever seen. Through the branches of the trees it is pleasant to catch the gleam of these, and the sparkle of the fountains which toss their silvery spray so lavishly upon them.

Let us wander from the shade of the park out into the "broad and fiery street," and thence take refuge in the cool halls of a large, imposing brick building which stands a little farther up the avenue. It is the Corcoran Art Gallery, a noble gift to the city from a noble giver, and most keenly appreciated by those whom fate binds to the wheel of work through all the lovely summer months, and grants no joyous flittings to mountains, or sea, or foreign shores. Within these walls much of the glory and beauty in nature and in art, to which we cannot go, is brought to us, and we are warmly grateful for it. I will quote for your benefit, from the excellent catalogue, a good description of its exterior: "The building stands on the northeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth street, and opposite the War Department..... It is two stories in height, built of brick, in the *Renaissance* style, with brown-stone facings and ornaments, and a mansard roof rising ten feet above the ordinary one, having a large central pavilion and two smaller ones at the corners. The front is of imposing style, divided by pilasters, having capitals of the Columbian style representing Indian corn, into recesses, stone niches for statues, with trophies and wreaths of foliage finely carved, the monogram of the founder, and the inscription, 'Dedicated to Art.'"

From the avenue we enter a vestibule, from which a broad staircase leads to the picture gallery. On each side of the stairway is a corridor leading to the hall of sculpture, which is on the lower floor. In the vestibule the most striking objects are the magnificent colossal head of the first Napoleon, in marble, by Canova; a noble bust of Marcus Aurelius, from the original in the Villa Borghese; and a beautiful cast of the famous bust of Clytie. In one corridor are busts of some of the Roman emperors,—Antoninus Pius, the good; Caracalla, the wicked (a face truly demoniac in its expression); Vitellius, and others, and a fine head of Antinous, the beautiful. In the other corridor are busts of Cæsar, of Scipio Africanus, of Seneca, Euripides and Homer. Unutterably pathetic is the worn, haggard, suffering face of the latter. Whether it be authentic or not, it is truly one's idea of the "blind old bard sublime."

The sculpture gallery is a fine hall, nearly a hundred feet long, and lighted on one side by seven windows. There are smaller sculpture galleries, and a gallery of bronzes leading from it; and there are arched recesses in which the very *crême de la crême* of the gods and goddesses hold their court. Nothing can be finer than the arrangement of the statues in this noble hall. It shows the truest appreciation of those glorious forms, relatively and absolutely. In one of the recesses referred to, stands the "perfect rose" of all—the queen of those immortal ones,—the peerless Venus of Milo. At first the Venus de Medici stood near her, but fortunately for her she has been removed. With all due deference to the adored "Goddess of Love and Beauty," I must presume to say that she appeared to my eyes almost insignificant in contrast to the noble, the exalted, type of beauty of the Venus of Milo. In the latter, the glorious contour of the form, mutilated though it be, the perfect poise of the graceful head, the wonderful mingling of dignity and sweetness, of strength and softness, in the exquisite face, can surely never be equaled. Very beautiful, of course, is she "that enchants the world," the fair de Medici; yet I think she did well to remove herself from that too trying proximity. On either side, but a little back of the Venus of Milo, stand noble statues of Flora and of Pudicitia, the latter a fine illustration of modesty, with her delicate face, and the shy gesture with which she draws her graceful robes closely around her. A very striking group is that of Sophocles, Demosthenes and Aristides. All are wonderfully life-like. In the faces of the first and last there is a grand repose, a most benignant expression, and in their majestic forms, enveloped in drapery, a blending of strength and ease which is very impressive. But in Demosthenes there is life, fire, in every line of the careworn, furrowed face, in the spare, sinewy form, the slender, nervous hand which grasps so tightly the roll within it. It seems as if those lips *must* open, and the "torrent of eloquent words" pour, as of old, upon the ears of entranced listeners.

Looking through another arched entrance, we see a fine cast of the Apollo Belvedere, the most glorious—save the Venus of Milo—of all this glorious company. How applicable to him is Byron's description:—

"The Lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light,—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft has just been shot,—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity!"

Above the Apollo is a magnificent colossal head of Juno. In the noble face is a rare blending of majesty and sweetness. When Goethe first saw this head he exclaimed, "It is like a verse of Homer!"

In striking contrast to the Apollo, "All radiant from his triumph in the fight," is that most pathetic form of the Dying Gladiator:—

"He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him. He is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the
wretch who won!"

It does not detract from our interest in this touching and wonderful statue to know that the critics say it does not represent a gladiator, but a Gaul, who has stabbed himself to avoid captivity, and fallen upon his shield.

A very charming statue is a Mercury in Repose. The original in bronze was found in Herculaneum. There is a noble Polyhymnia, represented as leaning upon a rock listening to the melody around her. The perfect repose of the attitude and the arrangement of the drapery are very fine. The cast of the colossal bust of Jupiter, from the original in the Vatican, is most imposing,—worthy, indeed, in its grandeur, to represent the king of the gods. In the admirably arranged catalogue we read that "when Phidias had finished it, he prayed for a token from Jupiter whether his work was acceptable, and a flash of lightning through the roof attested the thunderer's approval." In the great hall stands also the wonderful but most painful group of the Laocoon; a beautiful cast of the Silenus and Infant Bacchus; of the exquisite Faun of the Capitol, which was the inspiration of Hawthorne's fascinating book; a grand Minerva; the Two Fates, a group full of majesty and grace. They are supposed by some to represent the daughters of Cecrops; a noble Diana di Gabia, the original of which, in the Louvre, is said to be perhaps the most beautiful draped statue known; a colossal bust of Æsculapius, the face full of majesty, benevolence and sweetness; the Antinous of the Capitol; and many other famous antiques. One of the finest and most striking of these is in an inner gallery,—the daughter of Niobe. It represents one of the daughters of Niobe fleeing from the arrows of Diana. It is headless and armless, but is most wonderful in its representation of rapid flight, and in the effect of the drapery, which, blown by the breeze, clings closely to the limbs. The effect of *motion* is perfect, and the whole figure is grand and impressive beyond expression.

At one end of the large hall is a cast from the West Gate of the Baptistery at Florence,—one of those gates which Michel Angelo pronounced "worthy of being the gates of Paradise." This cast was brought from the South Kensington Museum. It consists of ten square panels, containing designs from the Old Testament, surrounded by narrower panels, with niches containing historic characters, prophets, sibyls, &c., and adorned with birds, flowers and fruits, all most exquisitely carved.

Around the room, below the cornice, are casts from the frieze of the Parthenon. "Like the original, they consist of tablets three feet and a half high, nearly square, and embrace the seated deities, virgins bearing offerings, and groups of horsemen,—considered the choicest portions of the entire frieze."

I have occupied so much space in writing of the ever fresh, ever glorious antiques, that I shall be able to say but little of the casts from statues by modern sculptors, some of which are admirable.

In a small side gallery are three Venuses, by Gibson, by Canova, and by Thorwaldsen,—all beautiful; but Thorwaldsen's seems to me far to excel the others. It is a perfect embodiment of youthful beauty, delicacy and grace,—almost too spiritual, perhaps, for a Venus.

Up stairs in the centre of an octagon room, which opens into the picture galleries, stands Powers's Greek Slave in marble. As I gazed upon its "passionless perfection," Mrs. Browning's noble sonnet came into my mind. It is so beautiful that I cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire:—

"They say ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien image, with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, when the sill expands)
To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty against
man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs, but West, and strike and shame the
strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown!"

In the same room are busts of Ginevra and Proserpine, by Powers—the latter especially beautiful; a fine Bacchante, by Galt, a young Virginia sculptor, who died in the Confederate army; a lovely Penseroso by Rhinehart; a marble bust of Shakespeare; and a copy, also in marble, of the Veiled Nun, which is remarkable on account of the great delicacy with which the marble is wrought to represent a veil, through which the features are distinctly visible. It is a wonderful piece of work.

Descending again, we find in a hall adjoining the sculpture gallery the "Hildesheim Treasures,"—electrotype reproductions, done in Paris, of ancient vessels found near the remains of a Roman camp near Hildesheim, Hanover. These consist mostly of bowls, drinking-cups, egg-dishes, saucepans, &c., with beautiful carvings of flowers, foliage, birds, animals, &c., &c. In this hall are fine collections of bronzes, electrotype reproductions of ancient armors, and vases of Sèvres porcelain, and majolica. The gem of the vases is the "Prometheus vase" of majolica. It is four feet high, of the most wonderful shade of rich, deep blue. It is to be regretted that the exquisitely executed painting upon it represents the painful story of Prometheus. If, instead, it bore upon it the lovely, noble head of some saint, or poet, or painter, such a treasure would indeed be "a joy forever."

Our wanderings through the picture gallery must be brief, and, indeed, I find there much less to interest me than in the hall of sculpture. Were I a connoisseur, I might, doubtless, discover there much beauty now hidden from my untrained eyes. On entering the main gallery, the first picture that strikes the eye is a fine life-like portrait of Mr. Corcoran, by Chas. L. Elliott. On either side hangs a picture by Thomas Cole, the Departure and the Return. In the former a gallant knight comes forth from his castle on a bright summer morning, followed by a cavalcade, all "on warlike thoughts intent," unmindful of a holy palmer, who waves a palm branch before them. In the other picture we see, at the close of an autumn day, the wounded leader brought back upon a litter, while but one of all his brilliant escort follows, dejectedly, the riderless horse. Sad as the story is, the figures in these pictures impress one less than the scenery, which is very beautiful and true. A few steps further bring us to the most restful picture in the room—the Edge of the Forest, by Durand. It is only a group of trees and rocks, with a little glimpse of the Hudson; but it is so perfectly faithful in the minutest detail, so soothing in its quiet tone, in the soft haze that lingers over it, that looking at it is *almost* as satisfactory as being in the woods themselves. It seems that the eye could never weary of it. I sit down before it as soon as I enter the room, and take a long, long look; and afterwards, when I have seen everything else, and am utterly wearied with much seeing, I make it a farewell visit, and drink in its tender, quiet beauty, until I am thoroughly rested in body and mind. Near it hangs the Vestal Tuccia, by Leroux. Tuccia, charged with want of chastity, stands on the brink of the Tiber, with a sieve, which she raises above her head with both hands, and prays to Vesta that if she be pure, the goddess will allow her to prove it by filling the sieve with the water of the Tiber, and carrying it into her temple. There are soft gray shades over the picture which give it a singular effect, and at first I thought it too cool; but after looking at it repeatedly I like it, for this coloring seems to harmonize well with the story. The form and face of the maiden are very noble, pure and beautiful. There is a fine winter landscape by Gignoux; a delightful picture by Hart—a drove of cattle crossing a cool stream, overshadowed by trees; scenery on the Magdalena River—full of rich tropical warmth, and exquisitely painted foliage, by Church; Rebecca at the well, a lovely, dreamy face, full of the delicate freshness of youth, yet with a certain depth which promises a noble maturity. The red, curved lips are very sweet; softly the dark brown hair droops over the pure young brow, and the brown eyes are soft and beautiful.

"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk of evening skies."

A very pleasing picture in its truthfulness, and rich, quiet tone, is the Emigrant's Letter, by Howard Helmich, a Philadelphia artist, now residing abroad, and winning laurels by his fine delineations of Irish peasant life. This picture represents the interior of a French cottage, and a peasant's family listening to a

letter from an emigrant brother. The sturdy boy lying on the floor neglects his playthings; the old father has taken his pipe from his mouth; the mother stops her cooking operations; the young wife holds her white-capped baby in her arms, with a look of wistful eagerness in her gentle face and soft blue eyes;—all are listening intently to the young girl who reads the letter.

A Cascade, by Robbe, is a refreshing little picture, and so truthful that one almost seems to hear the music of the water as it dashes and foams over the mossy rocks. There is a fine picture of scenery in the Catskills, by Weber; a picture of Cromwell and Milton, by Leutze, painted for Mr. Corcoran; the poet is represented as playing upon the organ, for the pleasure of the Protector and his family. The children's faces were painted from the artist's children. There is a flower-piece by Conder, one of the leading flower-painters of France. It is a vase of flowers upset by a cat. The roses are delightfully perfect, in their rich and varied coloring, but the cat seems to me hardly a success. Her expression of anger and fright is good, but her fur has a *wooden* look. The most striking and powerful picture in the gallery is Cæsar Dead, by Gérome. It is "supposed to be the study which he used in his more elaborate picture of the Death of Cæsar, where the conspirators are represented retiring from their bloody work; and the interior of the Senate Hall is shown with imposing rows of columns, desks, and other accessories." Many persons think this picture the more impressive of the two. In this, the Senate Hall is deserted; alone the body of Cæsar lies stretched upon the floor, "even at the base of Pompey's statue," the blood pouring from his wounds. His fallen chair and the base of the statue are the only objects to be seen beside. It is indeed a marvelous picture, and its terrible reality impresses one most painfully. Gladly we turn from it, and entering another room stop to look at a bright and charming little painting—a Lady of the Court of Louis XI. The lady, who has a lovely face, is sauntering through the woods of Fontainebleau. The grand old trees form a protecting arch above her head. Her costume is wonderful to behold; an elegant pink silk gown, with square bodice, and puffed sleeves of *bronze brown* silk. Upon her head she wears an inverted cornucopia, quite high, of *bright scarlet*, from which depends a gauzy veil, short in front, and flowing in long folds behind. Yet this strange dress, this singular combination of colors, which one would think very objectionable in reality, looks not inharmonious, but really beautiful, in the picture. A fine feature of the picture is a noble hound who walks beside his mistress, his graceful head pressed closely and lovingly against her. The artist is Comte. Nothing can exceed the perfect and exquisite finish of this picture. One cannot discover the slightest roughness, even upon a close examination. In an inner room are two pictures which deserve especial mention. Mt. Adams, by Bierstadt, and the Mountain of the Holy Cross, by Thos. Moran. I like Bierstadt's picture better than any of his that I have seen. There is real sublimity in that "sky-pointing peak," which, glorified by the sunshine, soars up into the blue. At the foot is a lake, whose dark, still waters, undisturbed by the thread-like stream which flows down the mountain-side, have a very soothing effect. The foreground—a wooded bank, with deer straying under the trees—is beautiful in its wildness.

The Mountain of the Holy Cross represents a peak of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, near the summit of which is a deep cleft, in the exact form of a cross, which is always filled with snow. The mountain is not high enough, compared with those around it, to be very imposing, or to make the snowy cross as conspicuous as it would otherwise be. The great beauty and charm of the picture seem to me to lie in the foreground—which represents a mountain torrent, dashing over rocks. The rushing, foaming water, the richly-toned brown and gray rocks, some moss-grown, and with delicate vines trailing over them, are perfect. One seems to hear the rare music of that rushing stream. A solitary bird, soaring up among the clouds, adds to the wildness of the scene. I know not a more delightful or thoroughly refreshing picture with which to beguile the warm hours of a midsummer day, or to bear away in one's memory from this pleasant gallery of art. C. L. F.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, April, 1876.

"O spring-time sweet!
Over the hills come thy lovely feet.
The earth's white mantle is cast away;
She clothes herself all in green to-day;
And the little flowers that hid from the cold
Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mould.

"O spring-time sweet!
The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet.
Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
By the first spring flower and the song of the bird.
Our sweet, strange feelings no words can find;
They wander like dreams through heart and mind."

In "Exotics," that dainty little volume of translations by a gifted father and daughter, I find these stanzas, part of a charming "Spring Song" from the German. And over and over again, in my morning walks on these lovely April days, does the refrain, "O spring-time sweet!" sing itself in my mind, as I note the blossoming trees, and listen to the joyous songs of the birds, and breathe the soft air, which thrills one with intimations of the coming blessed summer-time. Our parks are beautiful now. The horse-chestnuts are laden with graceful leaves of the most exquisite, vivid green, forming a lovely contrast to the dark, shining holly bushes and sombre evergreens. And the purple magnolias are in blossom, filling the air with a fragrance far more delicate than that of the snowy grandiflora. The grass has its summer luxuriance and greenness, and from every tree comes down a perfect shower of bird-songs. In the Treasury grounds the fountain flashes in the sunlight, tulips are in bloom, and great beds of hyacinths, purple and pink and white, and fragrant golden and brown wall-flowers. Weeks ago we found in the woods the trailing arbutus, sweetest of wildwood blossoms, and on the hill-slopes the delicate houstonia opened its soft blue eyes, in brave defiance of the chilling winds of March. And now violets have come—such violets as we rarely see farther North,—velvet-cheeked and starry-eyed, almost like pansies.

I like to sit under the trees and watch, through the delicately-leaved branches, this changeful April sky,—broken clouds, now snowy white, now silvery gray, now almost threatening in their darkness, swiftly pursuing each other over the soft blue. There is something strangely fascinating in such a sky, just as there is in some changeful natures. They are not the most restful, but they are often very bewitching.

How soothing are all the sights and sounds of spring, after the noise and strife and vexations of the winter,—the contention of parties, the reports of public and private dishonesty, the oppression of the weak, the sufferings of the poor. Often has one felt tempted to exclaim:—

"My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled!"

But now, when all the outer world is so fair and bright and joyous, we, too, cannot fail to be more hopeful, to see, through all the darkness, gleams of light, glimpses of a loving Father's care; and we will

"—trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

* * * * * * *

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last—to all,
And every winter change to spring."

On Friday, the 14th inst., the inauguration of the Lincoln monument took place. The exercises were attended by a great concourse of people. I have seen no such gathering of the colored people since the memorable day, years ago, when the Freedmen of the Sea Islands celebrated the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and filled the air with their jubilant shouts and grateful cries, and blessings heaped upon the head of "Massa Linkum." And now, upon the eleventh anniversary of the death of their deliverer, the people come, with quiet, reverent tread and full hearts, to dedicate to his memory the beautiful monument which they have raised by their own exertions. On and on moves the vast procession, numbering thousands, old and young, gray-head and babe, the well-to-do and the wretchedly poor; on foot, on horseback, in carriages, through the broad avenues, past the White House, where the President reviews it. It sweeps around the foot of the Capitol, and pauses at last, six streets below, at Lincoln Park, in which the monument stands, concealed by the stars and stripes, which completely enfold it. Upon the platform were the President, members of the Cabinet, Senators, some of the foreign ministers, and other dignitaries. The exercises began with prayer by a colored clergyman; the Emancipation Proclamation was read by Mr. Burch, of Louisiana; a statement with regard to the origin and progress of the monument was made by Mr. Yeatman, of the Western Sanitary Commission; the Marine Band played "Hail Columbia," the

"Marseillaise," and other selections; an appropriate poem, written for the occasion by Miss Cordelia Ray, a young colored lady, was read; and, at the request of Prof. Langston, who presided on the occasion, the statue was unveiled by the President of the United States. At this moment a salvo of artillery was fired, and shouts and cheers filled the air as the beautiful group stood revealed. The oration was delivered by Frederick Douglas, and was acknowledged by all to be one of his best efforts. It was a fine and close analysis of the character of Lincoln, doing full justice to his many virtues, yet hesitating not to speak frankly of his failings. The orator said well that it was fitting that one who loved truth so entirely should have the whole truth spoken of himself.

Mr. Yeatman's statement was exceedingly interesting. He told us that the first contribution to the monument was made by Charlotte Scott, an old colored woman in Marietta, Ohio, who placed five dollars in the hands of her employer. This was sent to Mr. Yeatman, and other contributions from the colored people came in. One of the colored regiments alone gave $2,000. The commission for the statue was given to Thomas Ball. It is interesting to know that Mr. Ball had already designed the group, soon after Mr. Lincoln's assassination, without any reference to this monument. The gentleman authorized by the committee to make the selection was delighted with his design, and at once adopted it. The cost was $17,000. The group is a truly noble work of art, and forms a refreshing contrast to the statues which do not adorn the streets of the Capital. It is in bronze, of colossal size, and stands upon a granite pedestal. It represents Lincoln standing erect, holding in one hand the Emancipation Proclamation, while the other is extended protectingly above the head of the freed slave who kneels at his feet. Upon the wrists of the latter the shackles hang, broken, and the face is raised with an expression of dawning wonder and joy, which is very pathetic. At first I thought the expression not jubilant enough, and wished the crouching attitude of the slave might be exchanged for the erect, exultant posture of the freeman. But a little reflection convinced me that the idea of the artist is the true one. For the slave is represented at the very moment when his shackles fall; before he can begin to realize the wondrous change; before he has had time to rise. The face of Lincoln has a beautiful, solemn, most benignant expression. Those who have seen him say that the likeness is excellent, and that this is the only statue of him worthy of the name. The hand which holds the Proclamation rests upon a sort of pedestal, on the sides of which are medallions of Washington, the shield of Liberty, etc. The monument has a fine position, just at the foot of East Capitol street, directly facing the Capitol, and from the height upon which it stands is visible to a great distance. Beyond the park is an open stretch of country, bounded by woods and hills, which form a fine background.

I hope the day will come when another statue will stand within the same enclosure,—the statue of him who was the constant urger and helper of Lincoln in his great deed; who did more than any other to perfect the work which the martyred President began,—

> "The statesman to his holy trust,
> As the Athenian archon, just,—
> Struck down, exiled, like him, for truth alone,"

the beloved, the revered, the long-lamented Sumner!

As we turned our steps homeward after the inauguration exercises, we paused to look at the immense crowd of people collected at the Hammond meeting, on the steps of the east front of the Capitol. It was a wonderful sight. That magnificent flight of steps was converted into a "living wall." They were singing at the moment, and as the great chorus of two thousand voices rose into the air, and "swelled vast to heaven," the effect was truly grand and thrilling.

Apropos of the Hammond and Bentley meetings, which for many weeks have kept up unwearied interest and excitement among us, I must relate a little incident which illustrates the strength of prejudice against color in this community, even among professing Christians. A number of the students at Howard University (colored) have been interested in the meetings, and have frequently attended them. They have gone at various times, and occupied seats in different parts of the house, and the united testimony of all of them—so one of the teachers assures me—is that never, on a single occasion, have they had a question as to their religious experiences, the salvation of their souls, etc., addressed to them by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and others, who in large numbers have gone through the congregation, and addressed such questions to all the other persons present. As some one quaintly expressed it, "Not one of them as much as asked the boys if they 'loved Jesus'!" The Christian messengers were obliged frequently to lean over them, to walk around them, and come into close contact with them in talking to others; but never by any chance did they address their colored brethren. And now the question arises, Was this because they really believe the negro has not a soul to be saved, or are they so thoroughly convinced of his spiritual superiority that they think he does not need their religious counsel and communion?

C. L. F.

During the winter the Corcoran Art Gallery has been open to the public on Thursday evenings, so that all might have the enjoyment of its beautiful effects when lighted. Entering it one night, I found myself in the midst of a brilliant scene. The rooms were nearly filled with ladies in elegant costumes, and gentlemen in attendance; but a few of the "great unwashed" had found an entrance there, and were gazing with quite as much wonder upon the living, breathing forms around as upon the pictured faces and scenes upon the walls. Indeed, I very soon found myself doing the same, and thinking how few of those figures, in their dazzling toilets, were really artistic and picturesque; how few could one endure seeing transferred to canvas. For I find myself soon wearying of those exquisitely-finished French pictures, in which fair ladies are represented in sentimental attitudes, gracefully reclining upon couches, or pensively leaning over balconies, clad in silks and satins and laces, marvelous to behold. For a time the harmonious coloring, the wonderful finish, the sheen of satin and silk, the "shadowy lace," delight the eye. But this at last becomes wearisome, as all things must where soul is wanting. But to return to our beautiful gallery, where, I am glad to say, such pictures as these are rare.

Among the new pictures, that of "Charlotte Corday in Prison" is the most impressive and interesting. It is by Muller, a French artist. In the catalogue—which is, by the way, the most admirable one I have seen, containing well-written and discriminating sketches of the works in the gallery—there is a description of this picture, so excellent, so much better than any which I could give, that I will quote it entire: "This impressive picture is by an eminent French artist, known by his 'Roll-Call' of the victims of the guillotine during the first French Revolution. He has won three medals, is an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a member of the Institute of France. . . . The artist has depicted Charlotte Corday in the garb of a rustic, with tricolor ribbons on her cap, resting languidly upon the rusty iron bars of her prison window. Her right arm is braced against the stone wall, the hand, holding a pen, supporting the drooping head. The left hand clasps the iron bars, —a touching contrast between its delicate, slender fingers and the rusty metal. The pose of the form shows weariness, as does also the noble, pale face, looking through the grating with a thrilling, earnest mournfulness. She appears as if, weary with writing, she had sought the window for air untainted by prison walls. Her mouth shows unfaltering firmness, and her eyes show watchfulness and sadness, but not the sorrow of private grief. There is in them no sign of remorse nor of regret, unless over the necessity of her terrible act. Their introverted expression speaks of a heart brooding over the fate of her country.

"The picture is free from the tragic treatment the subject is too apt to receive from French artists. Its color throughout is grave and subdued. The clear, pale face, the plain, gray garb, the stone wall and rusty bars are all in solemn keeping. Even the rosy tips of the exquisitely moulded fingers harmonize with the prevailing gravity of color. This noble picture is recently from the hand of the artist, and has never before been publicly exhibited."

This beautiful and most pathetic picture is worthy of all the space which has been given to the description of it.

There are two fine pictures by another French painter, Detaille, a pupil of Meissonier, "Le Regiment qui Passe," and "French Cuirassiers bringing in Bavarian Prisoners." The former represents a regiment passing through one of the streets of Paris at the close of a wet, snowy December day. The streets are filled with people, many marching in advance of the soldiers, and keeping time to the music. "The *movement* of these groups is admira-

A JUNE SONG.

[Read at the closing exercises of the "Monday Night Literary," at Cedar Hill, the residence of Hon. Frederick Douglass.]

We would sing a song to the fair young June,--
To the rare and radiant June,
The lovely, laughing, fragrant June.
How shall her praises be sung or said?

Her cheek has caught the rose's hue,
Her eye the heavens' serenest blue,

And the gold of sunset crowns her head.
And her smile,--ah! there's never a sweeter, I ween,
Than the smile of this fair young summer queen.

What life, what hope her coming brings!
What joy anew in the sad heart springs
As her robe of beauty o'er all she flings.

Old Earth grows young in her presence sweet,
And thrills at the touch of her gentle feet,
As the flowers spring forth her face to greet.
Hark, how the birds are singing her praise
In their gladdest, sweetest roundelays!

Over the lovely, peaceful river
The golden lights of sunset quiver;

The trees on the hillside have caught the glow,
And heaven smiles down on the earth below;

And our radiant June,--
Our lovely, joyous June,
Our summer queen--
Smiles too, as she stands
With folded hands,
And brow serene.

How shall we crown her bright, young head?
Crown it with roses rare and red;
Crown it with roses creamy white
As the lotos bloom that sweetens the night;
Crown it with roses whose petals hold
Treasures of richest, rarest gold;
Crown it with roses pink as the shell
In which the voices of ocean dwell;

And a fairer queen
Shall ne'er be seen
Than our lovely, laughing June.

We have crowned her now, but she will not stay,
The vision of beauty will steal away
And fade, as faded the fair young May.
Ah, loveliest maiden, linger awhile!
Pour into our hearts the warmth of thy smile.
The gloom of the winter will come too soon;
Stay with us, gladden us, beautiful June!
Thou glidest away from our eager grasp,
But our hearts will hold thee close in their clasp.
They will hold thee fast; and the days to be
Will be brighter and sweeter for thoughts of thee.
Our song shall not be a song of farewell,
As with words of love the chorus we swell
In praise of the fair young June,
Of the rare and radiant June,
The lovely, laughing fragrant June.

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

Boston Commonwealth.

But it is not apparent that the quality of mercy entered into the conqueror's calculations more than it did into the hearts of those Americans who went to Africa and stole men and women, and exposed them for sale in our free and glorious republic! Mr. Savage weakens his argument, even from the Southern standpoint, when he tries to apologize for the crime of slavery, which the majority of mankind still believe did have its origin in the worst, basest, most selfish elements of human nature.

Again, Mr. Savage reminds us, in his apology for the present attitude of the South, that, a hundred and fifty years ago, the very best men of the North defended slavery equally with the men of the South, and instances Jonathan Edwards. To this we have only to reply, So much the worse for Jonathan Edwards and the best men of the North! It does not detract from the sinfulness of slavery that they defended it. It does detract very seriously from their high reputation.

Mr. Savage asks us to remember that the slaves at the South represented almost the entire property of the South, and inquires of the men of Boston whether, supposing their property to be unjustly acquired, they would be ready to turn themselves out of doors and impoverish themselves, their wives and children, and begin anew in the world, "at the call of any man who should come to them claiming to stand on a higher moral plane, who should look down upon them with Pharisaic contempt." Of course they would not! That strikes me as a very foolish question. If people either steal property themselves, or inherit stolen property, and keep it, it does not often happen that they can be induced by the promptings of their own conscience, or the arguments of others, to give it up. In a few cases, even among slaveholders, this was done, but very rarely. But are people to be held guiltless of the wrong they do because of their moral obtuseness? The law answers this question by taking away stolen property and punishing the thief when it has the power to do so. And in cases where the civil law cannot reach, all the more imperative is a strict judgment according to the moral law. Such an argument as the one to which Mr. Savage descends seems to me most unworthy of a Christian minister. In the pulpit, if anywhere, we have a right to expect strict adherence to the distinction between right and wrong. Any appeal to purely interested and selfish motives is unpardonable in a minister of the gospel. Mr. Savage forgets his own fine definition of the province of the pulpit: "To hold itself aloof, as far as possible, from the angry concussions and prejudices of men, seeking to stand on some higher level, in the clearer light of the Divine air, and, so far as may be, looking over the concerns of men as He looks at them who has made and who leads civilization." Would He hesitate to rebuke wrong-doing because the wrong-doers believed themselves to be right, or said that they believed so? Can anything be more deplorable than such moral blindness?

I pray the prayer of Plato old:
God make me beautiful within;
And let mine eyes the good behold
In everything but sin!

Mr. Savage says that slavery was our "Sphinx's riddle." The South, as well as the North, stood looking at it, and "endeavoring to find some way by which they could relieve the country of this great incubus that weighed upon its life and its prosperity, and that threatened to be its destruction." That a part of the North did this is true. But I think it is the general impression that a large part of the North, and the whole South, almost without exception, did not try to relieve the country from slavery, and did desire its continuance and its extension. And this impression I believe to be the true one. If Mr. Savage has any proof to offer to the contrary it will be gladly received. We also know it to be true that the rebellion of the South and its attack upon the federal government were caused by slavery, and slavery alone, and that its avowed desire was to found a Southern empire based upon slavery. And not a few Northern men sympathized with it.

Mr. Savage tells us that "the whole business of the South hung by the one thread of cotton. It meant their houses, their churches, their schools, their homes, their pictures, their books, their carriages, with horses prancing at the door; it meant their journeys; it meant their culture; it meant all the refinement of their civilization." True; but let us look at the other side of the shield. What did it mean to the slave? To him it meant exactly the reverse of all these comforts, privileges, luxuries and delights. To him it meant ignorance, degradation, unpaid toil, untold suffering, being bought and sold like the beasts of the field, indignity of every sort. When we think of this other meaning of that "thread of cotton" we cannot so much regret that it is broken—that the many are no longer to be sacrificed for the pleasure and profit of the few; our sympathy with the losses of the slaveholder are not so overwhelming; and it does not seem to us such a terrible hardship, but rather a desirable discipline, and a piece of simple justice, that he who has always lived upon the proceeds of the unpaid labor of others should now have an opportunity of working for his own support, as his Northern brethren do.

Again, Mr. Savage says: "We get very indignant, principally through our newspapers here at the North, because some Southerner is not willing to ride in a railroad-car with a colored man, or because he does not like to meet him on equal terms in a hotel; and in my soul I believe that we have a right to be indignant at such a thing as that anywhere, North or South." But then, very inconsistently, Mr. Savage proceeds to prove to us that we have no right to censure this feeling on the part of the Southerner because in California the Chinese are as much outraged and abused as the colored people of the South, and because in New York the wealthy and aristocratic refuse to associate with the poor!—all of which seems very much like proceeding upon the principle that two wrongs, or three, make a right. How California abuse of the Chinese, or New York contempt for the poor, makes it more excusable for the white Southerner to despise the negro I fail to see. Doubtless there is a fellow-feeling among all oppressors of the poor. And there seems to be no reason why those who see the wrong should not censure it, wherever it is practised. As a clincher to his argument (after telling us that some rich church-members in New York refused to associate with the poor ones), Mr. Savage adds: "And this is a refusal to associate on equal terms, not with *disagreeable and barbarous and ape-like colored people* [the italics are mine, not his], but with people of their own blood, people of their own race, people morally and intellectually their equals, and perhaps their superiors." The epithets applied to colored people seem to me a very gratuitous insult, and a decidedly unchristian expression of contempt for a much-abused people; not at all what one would expect to hear from the lips of a Christian minister. In being thus contemptuous he has made himself contemptible, as those always do who sneer at the weaker side. Perhaps it is on account of the hopeless obtuseness of these "disagreeable, barbarous and ape-like colored people" that they cannot understand why the master and mistress who admitted them to the closest personal intimacy when they were slaves should feel outraged at sitting in a railroad-car or at a hotel-table with them now that they are free, and cleaner, better dressed, more civilized, than before. It is rather an interesting question, and one that I should like to have Mr. Savage answer, what the exact proportion of African blood is which is required to make people "disagreeable, barbarous and ape-like"? In this country, especially in the South, it is difficult to draw the line. In the cities of Columbia and Charleston, among the better class of colored people, I met not more than two or three who did not appear to have a very large proportion of Anglo-Saxon blood, many of them being perfectly white in complexion, with regular features and straight hair; living witnesses these, and hundreds beside, all over the South, of the horror and natural antipathy which the white Southerner entertains for the black! How can we expect him to contaminate himself by sitting in the same car with the latter, however respectable or well-dressed or well-behaved?

Mr. Savage says that he believes, as the Southerners maintain, that in general the colored people were better off in slavery than they were immediately after they were set free. What does he wish to prove by this? That slavery was a blessing to them? But that cannot be, as he has already admitted it to be a curse. I can see, therefore, no use whatever in this worn-out argument of the South. No doubt many of the slaves were better off physically, in the sense of being better clothed and better fed, befor the war, than since. Yet, in a residence of some years at the South, coming into contact with numbers of the freedmen, I have never seen one, however kindly treated when in slavery, who did not rejoice in his freedom, and say that nothing could induce him to be a slave again; not one who would not endure a hundred-fold the privations which he had endured for the sake of being free. I know it is said that there are some who regret their days of slavery, but I have never seen one, and have never met a person who has seen one. I have heard innumerable and most grateful prayers offered to God, and most touching thanks to Lincoln, for bestowing upon them this great blessing of freedom; and I have listened to many stories of cruel treatment, and seen results of it so horrible, so heart-sickening, that, had Mr. Savage witnessed them, I think he could hardly believe that slavery originated in principles of humanity, justice and love, and that the horrors we have heard of it were only stories to be found in "one kind of newspaper literature, and a certain class of books, written all from one side." I think he cannot have read the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which the most heart-rending stories are authenticated. But how can any intelligent man, in this nineteenth century, need to be told that the evils and horrors of slavery are no invention of the imagination? Mr. Savage himself says that the effect upon the master was, perhaps, worse than upon the slave. Was not the worst effect the imbruting him, the deadening of the feelings of mercy and humanity within him?

The truest thing that Mr. Savage says is that the South is not reconciled to the results of the war; that "it does not usually put a man in good nature to be thoroughly and mercilessly whipped." It would be well if this fact could be sufficiently impressed upon those gushing and too credulous Northerners who will not believe, despite all proof, that their brotherly affection and eager desire for reconciliation are not reciprocated by the South, and probably will not be until two or three generations have died out. Magnanimity is fine and praiseworthy; servility is not. Nor does the Scripture enjoin upon us to love our enemies *more* than our friends. In

the long dark struggle with rebellion the colored people of the country, though so long the object of oppression, in which the North shared the blame with the South, faltered not in their loyalty to a government to which they owed but little, and, by their active aid, helped to save the country. This especially embittered the Southerners against them. Do not these loyal blacks, and the loyal Northern whites living in the South, who not only lost all their property, but were imprisoned and subjected to suffering and indignity of all sorts for their devotion to the Union—do not these deserve some of the sympathy which has been lavished so freely upon the rebels who outraged them? And in judging of the misgovernment of which some of the freedmen have been guilty it should be remembered that this is, in a large measure, due to the ex-slaveholders themselves. Had they, at the close of the war, shown a friendly feeling toward their former slaves, the latter, who, as a rule, had no bitter feeling against masters who had treated them kindly, would doubtless have chosen many of them for their political leaders, if convinced that they would deal with perfect justice and fairness towards them. Had they pledged themselves to secure to the colored people every civil and political right they would be at the head of the government in South Carolina to-day, working in perfect harmony with their former slaves, to whom their superior intelligence and political experience would be a constant source of education. But they did not do this, because they had not, and have not, any desire to grant their rights to the colored people, but, on the contrary, a determination to reduce them to a condition as nearly like that of slavery as possible. Thus the freedmen were thrown into the hands of adventurers, Northern and Southern, who took advantage of their ignorance to use them as tools for their own private advantage. In judging of the present aspect of Southern affairs the difficulty lies simply in this: there are very few persons at the North, however liberal, besides the few old, tried, radical abolitionists, who really believe, in their heart of hearts, that the colored man is entitled to exactly the same rights as the white man. This is proved by their present tone in speaking of the South. Negro legislatures, much less corrupt than some leading and respected New York politicians, are mercilessly ridiculed and abused, and the most ingenious lies invented about them. One Northern minister said, not long ago, that he hoped Wade Hampton would be elected Governor of South Carolina, because in the States where the Southern whites had control of the government there was more tranquility than in the others, and the negroes had their rights, and were better off. Had he said that the negroes in those States had all the rights to which he and their former masters considered them entitled, he would have been nearer the truth. In Georgia, one of these "tranquil States," no colored person, however respectable, can ride in a first-class railway-car, and women of respectability, refinement, and even beauty, apparently not "disagreeable, or barbarous, or ape-like," although colored, have been thrust from a car and forced to ride with the lowest, roughest men in a smoking-car dirty and disgusting to an extent of which Northern people have no idea. This is a specimen of "equality" in Georgia and other States in which the ex-rebels have the control. Would the minister to whom I have referred be satisfied with such equality for himself, his family, or his friends? Fortunately, God does not see even as Northern Christian ministers see. I have too deep a reverence for Him to believe that He intends one kind of treatment for the white man and another for the black!

No one can deplore more deeply than I what corruption there has been in colored legislation. But I happen to know that much of it has been grossly misrepresented by Southern papers and rebel sympathizers. What authority Mr. Savage has, beyond the rebel papers, for the discreditable story he tells of one colored legislature, I do not know. I do know, however, that he gets a little "confused in his mind," as the freedmen say, when he talks about their squandering money which their former masters "have labored for years to accumulate." He quite forgets that it is these ignorant blacks who accumulated all this money, during years of unpaid toil, of being scourged, and bought and sold, and that, after all, they are really, in a great measure, taking their own. Might not an unprejudiced eye even see, in this, one instance of poetic justice?

> Pay ransom to the owner? Ay!
> And fill the bag to the brim—
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him!

I will add but a few words in reference to what Mr. Savage says about sending troops to the South. He denounces the measure, while admitting that disorders and outrages do occur at the South. He says: "This is not the way, it seems to me, to heal the matter. It is a matter for time, a matter of growth, a matter for schooling; a matter for patience, a matter for the calmest wisdom to deal with that we can command. We must indeed protect every man, white and black, so that he may walk at peace beneath the folds of our common flag." But he fails to specify how this protection is to be given, in the present emergency, if not by force of arms. Patience and calmness are excellent things at the right time; but while we are exercising our patience and calmest wisdom, and composedly talking about "matters of growth," and "matters of schooling," thousands of loyal people in the South may be shot down while in the peaceful performance of their duties. Hamburg massacres, and innumerable other outrages which have been perpetrated there, will hardly be stopped by philosophizing, or even by Christian forbearance. If troops were needed at the South when the rebels attacked Fort Sumter, they are needed quite as much now when the same rebels are shooting down loyal people, white and black, and openly proclaiming a reign of terror and violence. Yet, with these outrages, which have been proved, fresh in our memories, Mr. Savage makes to us the astounding statement that he has "only the highest admiration for the peace, the calm, the quiet" with which the white Southerners have endured indignities, "looking for redress only to the law"!

But I have occupied far too much space. I have felt it my duty—although a most painful and disagreeable one, for I have had hitherto much admiration and respect for Mr. Savage—to say what I have said because it seems to me that such words, uttered by a minister of his wide influence, may do infinite harm. I feel them to be, in many respects, most unfair and unchristian. He pleads for a Christian spirit in our judgment of the South, but by the South he evidently means only the white people of the South, and ignores, or mentions only to condemn, the colored people, who are the larger, the long-suffering, and almost the only loyal, part of the Southern population. Therefore it is well that some one should try to place the matter in a point of view which may enlist a little sympathy in their behalf, also. If the views expressed by Mr. Savage are those entertained by most Republicans, and the "sons of Republicans of the blackest stripe," I can only say, in his own concluding words, "from these, above all things, may the good Lord in heaven deliver us!"

C. L. F.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.—

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

—*Philadelphia Times.*

COLORED PEOPLE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The following letter we publish, not only willingly, but with the greatest pleasure. It is from the pen of the wife of Rev. Dr. Grimke, pastor of the Colored Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C.—a man who is held in high esteem by his brethren in the ministry, both white and black. The womanly warmth with which she writes in favor of her people, does her honor; and we are happy to find so many instances of ability and success, that are encouraging and cheering. May they be multiplied not only in New England, but all over our country!

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 10, 1889.

To the Editor of THE EVANGELIST:

DEAR SIR: In your letter of Sept. 26th, entitled "Relations of Whites and Blacks in the South as compared with the North—Is there a Color Line in New England?" there are some erroneous statements, which I should like to correct. I think you will willingly accord me this privilege, as you say that you should be glad to be corrected if you have made mistakes. As I am identified with the people of whom you write, I am naturally anxious that no statements in regard to them should be published which are not strictly in accordance with the facts; especially at this time, when the tendency all over the country is to depreciate them.

First, in regard to the colored people of New England, you say "In half the country there was no effort to keep them down; for slavery was abolished a century ago. From that time the black man has had every right that belongs to his white neighbor," etc. . . . "With such advantages, a race that had natural genius ought to have made great progress in a hundred years." But in fact, it is less than half a century since colored people, even in free Massachusetts, were denied the privilege of attending the public schools, and of riding in the public conveyances. Frederick Douglass was forcibly ejected from a stage coach running from Salem to Lynn, and there were other instances of the kind You are doubtless familiar with the story of Prudence Crandall, who for attempting to establish a boarding school for colored girls in Canterbury, Conn., was most outrageously persecuted and insulted by the citizens of the place, and finally imprisoned and her schoolhouse set on fire. Through the influence of these citizens upon the Legislature, a "Black Law" was enacted, forbidding any person to establish in the State any school, academy, or literary institution for the instruction or education of colored persons who are not inhabitants of the State, "without the consent in writing first obtained of a majority of the civil authority, and also of the selectmen of the town, in which such school, academy, or literary institution is situated," etc. We are told that "on receipt of the tidings that the Legislature had passed the law, joy and exultation ran wild in Canterbury. The bells were rung and a cannon fired and all the inhabitants for miles around were informed of the triumph."

In another New England town, a schoolhouse was broken into and afterward destroyed, because Henry Highland Garnett and other colored young men were admitted as students. In view of such facts as these and many others that could be adduced, showing the same spirit, is it quite fair to say that for a century in New England "the black man has had every right that belongs to his white neighbor," and that "with such advantages, a race that had natural genius ought to have made great progress in a hundred years"?

Now as to the present condition of the colored people in New England, you say "I look about me here in New England and I see a few colored men; but what are they doing? They work in the fields; they hoe the corn; they dig potatoes; the women take in washing. I find colored barbers and whitewashers, shoeblacks and chimney-sweeps; but not a colored man who has grown to be a merchant or a banker, a judge or a lawyer to practice even in the petty courts, a member of the Legislature or a justice of the peace, or even a selectman of the town. In all of these respects they remain where they were in the days of our fathers."

In answer to this, I send you the following facts, which have been forwarded to me by my brother-in-law, A. H. Grimkè, a lawyer, who has been long a resident of Massachusetts: "There are about a dozen colored lawyers in Massachusetts, a majority of whom are justices of the peace. There has been a colored man in the Legislature every year since 1882. Prior to that period, there was a colored member of the Legislature every second or third year since the close of the war. Twice during these periods, two colored men were members at the same time. Every year there are three or four colored members of the Republican State Convention, and this year there was a colored member of the Democratic State Convention as well. Mr. J. C. Chappelle is at present a member of the Republican State Central Committee. In my own town of Hyde Park, a colored man is Sealer of Weights and Measures. If you will allow a personal reference, I am one of the trustees of a public institution (the Westborough Insane Hospital), recognized as one of the most important in the State, and I am, in addition, Secretary of the Board. The expenditures of this hospital are about $100,000 a year. Judge Ruffin was appointed Judge of the Charlestown Municipal Court in 1883, and filled the position with credit to himself and the community until his death about three years afterwards. Dr. Grant is one of the best dentists in Boston, and has a large practice among both races. He is a man of inventive skill in his profession. His invention in relation to cleft palates is well known here and elsewhere. Besides, he has been for years an instructor in the Dental College connected with Harvard University — mechanical dentistry being his department. John H. Lewis has a merchant tailoring establishment in Washington street, Boston, and does the second largest business in New England. His transactions annually exceed $100,000; he has just started a branch store in Providence, R. I. Mr. Joseph Lee is owner and proprietor of one of the first-class hotels of the East. The richest people of the State are guests at the Woodland Park Hotel, at Auburndale. His business is rapidly increasing, he has already enlarged the original building, and is about to enlarge a second time to meet the increasing demands of the public. The property is valued at about $120,000. Beside Mr. Lewis above mentioned, there are three colored merchant tailors doing a handsome business in Boston.

"In New Bedford, one of the largest and finest drug stores is owned and conducted by a young colored man. In that city the colored people are butchers, fruiterers, grocers, master shipbuilders, etc. Colored young women have taught in the public schools of Boston within the past few years, and one, Miss Baldwin, has been for some years one of the most popular teachers in the public schools of Cambridge."

What is true of the condition of the colored people in New England, is true of their condition in the Northern States generally and in many of the Southern States. Among them you will find numbers of lawyers, doctors, teachers, professors in colleges, merchants, etc.

Here in the city of Washington there are not a few colored men who are engaged in real estate business. There are also brokers, bankers, successful lawyers and physicians, besides scores of teachers.

Again, you say of the slaves, they "multiplied like the Israelites of Egypt; but no Moses rose up among them to lead them out of the house of bondage." Allow me to say the cases are not parallel. Moses was raised up and divinely appointed to lead the people out of bondage. The thought did not originate with him. The fact is, he shrank from the task, and endeavored in every possible way to excuse himself when God called him to the work. Nor was he a poor degraded slave, without opportunities of self-improvement, but a man brought up as a member of the household of Pharaoh, and trained in all the wisdom of Egypt.

But in spite of seemingly overwhelming obstacles, in spite of the weight of oppression and prejudice, leaders, in one sense, did arise among the colored people. Such men as Frederick Douglass, Henry Highland Garnett, Samuel R. Ward, and others—men who were born slaves—did much by their energy, eloquence, and ability to create that public sentiment which led ultimately to the overthrow of slavery.

As to the colored soldiers in the late war, you say "though they were brave enough in the ranks, yet no one had the natural capacity to command." May I ask what authority you have for this statement? There were colored officers who acquitted themselves honorably, and the fact that there were no colored colonels or generals, may readily be accounted for by the strong prejudice, which prevented the Government from employing colored troops at all, until it was forced to do so from sheer necessity. Many of them displayed distinguished bravery; there may have been many a Toussaint among them, but no matter how great their capacity to command, there was no chance for promotion in the face of the cruel and unjust prejudice which they had to encounter. I would like to refer you to a book entitled "The Black Phalanx," by Joseph P. Wilson, which gives a full and deeply interesting account of the bitter opposition manifested to the employment of colored troops, and of the great services rendered by them during the war.

As to social equality, you are entirely mistaken in supposing that the colored people, either North or South, have any desire to intrude themselves upon the whites. They have intelligence enough to know that social equality is a matter which must be regulated entirely by individual preference. They only want their rights as men and as American citizens. They also have a right to expect to be treated in a Christian spirit by the professed followers of Christ, and to expect from those who claim to be their "best friends," a fair and kindly criticism, uninfluenced by the prejudices and calumnies of their enemies. If these friends would take the trouble to inform themselves as to the real progress and present condition of the colored people, I think they would not feel so much "discouraged," nor labor under the astonishing delusion that they are "just where they were a hundred years ago."

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

One Phase of the Race Distinction.

EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH:—I have read, in the "North American Review" for November, an article by Gail Hamilton, entitled "Race Prejudice," and should be surprised that so brilliant and acute a writer could be so illogical, were it not that so many even more brilliant minds are beguiled into making the same mistakes when dealing with this vexed race question. Something—it may be early education, it may be the contagion of color preju'ce—it is frequently both—seems to obscure their mental and moral vision, when they touch the subject of race, and to prevent them from distinguishing reason from unreason, right from wrong.

Gail Hamilton begins by criticising the "Independent" for making the statement that "the race line has not been perpetuated. It has been broken down;" and also for saying, of the negroes, "If left to themselves, without law on the subject, they will very seldom intermarry. The occasional and very rare exception to this remark would do the body-politic no harm." And she asks: "How can a race line be considered broken down so long as two races living in one community, in political unity and Christion fellowship, will, if left to themselves, very seldom intermarry—so seldom that intermarriage is the very rare exception? What prevents intermarriage but the color line; race prejudice?" I take it for granted that the writer cannot refer to the south when she speaks of "two races living in one community, in political unity and Christian fellowship," for ". . . . every day's report of wrong and outrage," with which the south is filled would contradict such a statement, but if she did refer to the south, I would say that another very important reason besides race prejudice would prevent intermarriage of the races here, namely, the danger to life, from those lawless spirits, found in all classes of society, whom no "legitimate social instincts" prevented from forming illegitimate unions with the blacks, who do not now shrink from closest personal contact with them, when they are in an inferior position, but who furiously oppose honorable marriage between the races, simply because they do not choose to recognize colored people, however intelligent and cultured they may be, as their equals.

If the writer refers to the north, I answer that an important consideration which prevents intermarriage there is social ostracism—a result of the prejudice which comes, not from "legitimate social instincts," but from the southern sentiment against an oppressed race, which still too largely pervades the north; and, in many cases, from actual ignorance of the character and capabilities of the race with whom some have rarely, if ever, been brought in contact. I have known instances where hearts were strongly drawn together among those of opposite races, who were equals in refinement and culture, but where the moral courage was wanting, on the part of the whites, to brave social ostracism. But I have reason to believe that the cases in which it has been braved are more numerous than is generally supposed. I should not, however, have devoted so much space to this subject of intermarriage,—which is, after all, a comparatively unimportant one, and will certainly adjust itself,—had not Gail Hamilton made it a sort of starting-point for her attempted argument against the action of the Congregationalists, represented by "Home Missionary Society and the Ameri Missionary Association, in their efforts to establish mixed churches in the south.

It is not at all surprising that the Rev. W. Hayne Lavell, "born and reared at the south," is "discontented" with these societies because they insist that their churches must be open to black as well as to white. But I confess it is both painful and surprising to find a woman born and reared in New England, finding fault with them for obeying the plainest precepts of Christianity. Whether the race line has or has not been perpetuated; whether it has been broken down or not, has, it seems to me, very little to do with the matter. If it has not been broken down, it ought to be broken down, and Christians are, above all others, the people to do it. If we cannot look to the Christian church to right the bitter wrongs that are in the world, to overcome the unrighteous prejudices, to heal the wounds of poor, suffering, down-trodden humanity, to what can we look? This is precisely and preëminently its work, and if it does not do this, what right has it to bear the name of Christ? This is even a more important work than "the successful propagation of our denominational principles," which, Mr. Lavell laments, cannot be hoped for "among the ruling classes of the south, for they will not enter into church relations with the colored people. However unrighteous, this is a stubborn fact, and any one who has good knowledge of the southern character will know that it is to remain as stubborn for all time to come." Do Christians thus calmly accept unrighteous stubborn facts, and make not even the least effort to change them? That was not Christ's way. Slavery was once a very stubborn fact, and the south believed that it would "remain as stubborn for all time to come." Why should not the power of God's truth, acting upon those stubborn hearts, obliterate in the future the existing evils which sprang directly from slavery?

We are still further pained and surprised to find a New England woman even more emphatic than a southern man in her tolerance of race prejudice. She says: "It is not an unrighteous fact. It is an ethnological fact, utterly without moral quality." It is not an unrighteous fact that men calling themselves Christians refuse to sit beside their black brother in their worship of a common God and a common Savior? It is simply an "ethnological fact, utterly without moral quality," that men who do not shrink from close personal contact with the black man when he is in a servile position, will not worship God in the same church edifice with him?

> "Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
> And men have lost their reason."

This is all very astonishing. And the explanation given by our logical writer is quite as astonishing. Again she refers to the marriage question, and says: "But when we come to this question of mixed churches, we come plumply and squarely upon the question of 'marrying a nigger.'" Do we, indeed? Then pray what becomes of the "legitimate social instinct" which she regards as "nearer the scientific truth" than Mr. Lavell's "unrighteous fact?" Surely if these instincts are so strong as to make the southern whites stubbornly averse to sitting in the same church edifice with the blacks, they must be sufficiently strong to prevent them from intermarrying, in case they were, perforce, brought together during the hours of worship. In England, where caste, not color, prejudice is *so* deeply rooted, the very highest and the very lowest engage in religious worship together, but we must certainly acknowledge that this intercourse very rarely results in the intermarriage of the o classes. It follows, therefore, that sitting the same church together does not necessarily lead to intermarrying. And if it did, what then? If "legitimate social instincts" are not strong enough to prevent persons who love each other from marrying, we do not see what harm can come from it, or what anybody else can do about it. It certainly seems to be a matter which may safely be left to the individual judgment.

But Gail Hamilton's main argument against mixed churches seems to lie in the supposition that the colored people themselves are opposed to them. This she bases principally upon the statement of the Rev. B. W. Pond, of Falls Church, Virginia, who "predicts that the proposed Congregational church will fail, not more from caste spirit than from legitimate social instincts. The Congregational church in his vicinity was organized of northern elements of the most thoroughgoing northern anti-slavery sentiments. It has always held open doors to all, irrespective of race, color or previous conditions of servitude. It has recently extended cordial invitations to the colored people. Its members, in their private relations and standing with the colored population are held in the highest esteem, and there is the least in the world of any aims or invidious discriminations against the colored and the poor. All is free and gracious as spring water. 'Do they come?' asks Mr. Pond; 'Not one, so long as there are colored churches in the town.' Black men of large means and first-rate business talents, he affirms, are not wanting, but all the temptations of gain do not bring them and white men into partnership relations. If Congregationalism, with all the other problems on its hands, has this also of joining that which apparently God hath separated, then indeed he thinks it has its hands full."

As I know very little of Falls Church, although it is a neighbor of ours, and was quite surprised to learn that there was so near us a church "organized of northern elements of the most thoroughgoing northern anti-slavery sentiments," I questioned a former resident of the town, one of the family of a colored man "of large means and first-rate business talents," and she informs me that she does not think there are any colored Congregationalists in the town. The colored people are mostly Baptists and Methodists. Her father, who is a Methodist, sometimes attends the Congregational church. It does not, therefore, seem to be any objection to coming in contact with the whites which keeps the colored people away from the Congregational church, but it is simply because they, like other people, prefer to attend the churches of their own denomination. Should some of them become converted to Congregationalism, I do not doubt that they would gladly attend a church where they would be sure of receiving a cordial, Christian welcome; and I do not think they would be at all repelled by the white complexions of its members.

But however the matter stands in regard to Falls Church, of Washington I can speak from personal experience as well as from observation. And I know that the Congregational church of this city has a number of colored members, who were drawn thither by the preaching of that earnest, brave and consistent Christian minister, Rev. J. E. Rankin, whose loss we more and more deplore. And I also know that a great many more colored persons would have attended that church regularly had they received from the members of the church and congregation the cordial Christian welcome which they received from the noble-hearted pastor. And herein lies the true reason why the white churches to which colored people are admitted are not more largely attended by them. They do not generally receive a cordial and Christian welcome. They are, universally at the south, and frequently at the north, consigned to the most undesirable back seats and the galleries, and chilling and contemptuous glances are cast upon them, by the professed followers of Christ, if they presume to take better seats, if they are

not promptly ordered out by some official of the church, as is usually the case. Is it at all strange, then, that they do not feel at ease in white churches? Certainly the circumstances which surround them there are not particularly conducive to a peaceful and pious and happy frame of mind, such as befits the sanctuary.

The Rev. Mr. Pond and Gail Hamilton, if they will only look a little more closely into the matter, will find that Congregationalism has not on its hands the problem "of joining together that which apparently God had separated," but, on the contrary, that which man is trying to separate in a very unchristian manner.

It is not, then, because of race prejudice on their part that colored people do not frequent white churches. The negro has, not unjustly, perhaps, been accused of being only too forgiving. He does not, as a rule, bear malice against those who have wronged him so deeply. If they will acknowledge his full manhood now he is ready and willing to forgive the past. In his own churches he gives a cordial welcome to the white visitor. My husband is pastor of a colored Presbyterian church in this city, and I can assure Gail Hamilton that she, or any other white visitor, would be most courteously received were she to come among us. The white people who frequently attend our services are always cordially welcomed, and are not banished to extreme back seats or the gallery, but are shown to some of the most desirable seats in the church—just as our colored visitors are. This is true of all the other colored churches in our city.

No, the negro is not afflicted with race prejudice. Like all other human beings, outside of the church he chooses the society which is most congenial to him. If he is ignorant and degraded, he chooses the ignorant and degraded; if he is cultured and intelligent and virtuous, he chooses the cultured and intelligent and virtuous—quite regardless of their complexion. It is the whites only, and too often the professedly Christian whites, who estimate a man by the color of his skin instead of judging him by the standard of culture, capability and virtue.

Gail Hamilton is mistaken in supposing that the southern blacks are as averse to the "acceptance of social unity" as the whites are. I speak from the experience of years among them as a teacher. They would gladly be on the kindliest terms with the southern whites, if the latter had humanity enough and good sense enough to fully acknowledge their manhood. Intelligent and refined blacks—and there are such—would not shrink at all from social contact with the same class of whites.

Again, she says, "It is not a question of superiority or inferiority, of right or wrong, of Christianity or paganism." But we assert that it is a question of right or wrong, of Christianity or paganism, and nothing else. And from the depths of our hearts we thank these Congregational missionary societies for the noble and truly Christian stand which they have taken against the paganism of the professedly Christian south. They must expect to be persecuted and reviled for it, even by some northern people. Christ incurred the bitterest hostility of the Pharisees, but he did not the less denounce their injustice and hypocrisy, nor labor the less zealously to root out the very foundations of their cruel and long-cherished prejudices. His professed disciples must follow in his footsteps, in their righteous warfare against the pharisaism of this land. If they do not do this they are unworthy to bear his name.

I do not believe that the mixed Congregational churches will fail. They may not be numerically a success at first. But gradually and surely they will make their way—a little leaven leavening the whole lump—and accomplish great work in finally breaking down those prejudices which are so essentially unchristian—a work which, we believe, can most thoroughly be done by mixed churches and mixed schools. And they will also be a great force in elevating the blacks of the south. May not these despised people hereafter become missionaries among their arrogant white brethren? Gail Hamilton says truly that "God has often chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." And may not these poor, ignorant blacks, under the enlightening influences of a truly Christian Congregationalism, become, in God's hands, chosen vessels—just as those twelve unlearned men were chosen by Christ for the conversion of the heathen world around them? The question to be considered is not what the south wishes, nor what the north wishes, nor what any one of us individually prefers, nor what is most expedient—this nation has well-nigh been wrecked upon that rock of expediency—but simply what is right. And I think if Gail Hamilton will carefully consult the New Testament she will see that these missionary societies, in the position which they have assumed, are really acting not against but with the "divine purposes;" that they are faithfully following in the footsteps of the Master.

She says: "If the black is ever to be raised it is to be by education of himself; not by a crusade at the north against race prejudice at the south." I reply, if he is be raised by education of himself he must have equal facilities for education with the whites, and must also be brought into contact with those who have had superior advantages—in the church as well as out of it; for surely his moral elevation is even more important than his mental improvement. If the race prejudice at the south is wrong, there ought to be a crusade against it, and Christians are the very persons who ought to carry on that crusade. With the writer, we do most earnestly "hope that God will yet make the wickedness of man to praise him; that the rapacious and bloody crashing and crushing together of the two races will yet be a blessing to both, after the woe and curse have done their work." We know that God's purposes do not fail:—

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

But we also know that he uses human instruments, and we believe that the desired "blessing" may be sooner obtained if the Christian men and women of this land will unite with these missionary societies in striving to purify the hearts of the people, north as well as south, from "the woe and the curse" of an unworthy prejudice, which has wrought all this terrible evil. And, as far as race is concerned, let us esteem it, not an error in judgment, nor a rebellion against Providence, but a proof of truest Christian feeling and principle to be "color-blind."

CHARLOTTE FORTEN GRIMKE.

Washington D.C. Oct 18 85.

At Newport.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

A quiet nook 'neath the o'erhanging cliffs:
The grim old giants frown upon us, but
Deny us not rest in their grateful shade.
Oh, deep delight to watch the gladsome waves
Exultant leap upon the rugged rocks;
Ever repulsed, yet ever rushing on—
Filled with a life that will not know defeat;
To see the glorious hues of sky and sea.
The distant, snowy sails, glide, spirit like,
Into an unknown world, to feel the sweet
Enchantment of the sea thrill all the soul,
Clearing the clouded brain, making the heart
Leap joyous as its own bright, singing waves!
"Ah, perfect day," cry happy voices—yet,
For me, beloved, the joy is incomplete—
Thou art not here!

—A. M. E. Church Review

IN FLORIDA.

In Florida, to-day, the roses blow,
And breath of orange blossoms fills the air;
In blooming thickets, by a brook I know,
The mocking-bird is pouring forth his rare,
Rich song, thrilling the charmed listener's heart.
In deeper woods the fair pink lily grows;
Pale as the wind-flower she droops apart,
Or, glowing with the blushes of the rose,
From the dark pool she lifts her lovely head,—
A radiant presence 'mid the woodland gloom,—
While, smiling on her from their mossy bed,
Sweet purple violets in beauty bloom
'Mid their dark, shining leaves magnolias gleam,
White as the snows that o'er our fields extend;
And oleander-trees, beside a stream,
O'erladen with their rosy blossoms bend.
O'er hedge, and bank, and bush the jasmine flings
Its graceful golden leaves with lavish hand;
To boughs of ancient oaks the gray moss clings,
Its long, weird tresses by the soft breeze fanned.

How sweet to linger in the shaded bowers;
How sweet to catch gleams of the blue, blue sky;
To dream away the softly-gliding hours,
As on the fragrant, flower-sown earth we lie!
Alas, it may not be! Our lot is cast
In bleaker climes, 'neath duller skies we stray,—
Still haunted by bright visions of the Past;—
Sweet, sweet to be in Florida to-day!

March, 1893. —*Charlotte F. Grimke.*

WORDSWORTH

Poet of the serene and thoughtful lay!
In youth's fair dawn, when the soul, still untried,
Longs for life's conflict, and seeks restlessly
Food for its cravings in the stirring songs,
The thrilling strains of more impassioned bards;
Or, eager for fresh joys, culls with delight
The flowers that bloom in fancy's fairy realm,—
We may not prize the mild and steadfast ray
That streams from thy pure soul in tranquil song
But, in our riper years, when through the heat
And burden of the day we struggle on,
Breasting the stream upon whose shores we dreamed,—
Weary of all the turmoil and the din
Which drowns the finer voices of the soul;
We turn to thee, true priest of Nature's fane,
And find the rest our fainting spirits need,—
The calm, more ardent singers cannot give;
As in the glare intense of tropic days,
Gladly we turn from the sun's radiant beams,
And grateful hail fair Luna's tender light.

—Mrs. Charlotte F. Grimke, in the Alumni Magazine.

The Eightieth Birthday of Whittier.

The poet Whittier, upon his eightieth birthday, which was celebrated on the 17th of last month, received more tokens of admiration and affection than have ever been bestowed upon any American poet. Beautiful gifts, rare and exquisite flowers, tributes in prose and verse from brother poets, and from ~~two~~ the most eminent American writers, quantities of congratulatory letters, poured in upon him. The people all over our broad land united to do honor to the man who has so nobly and courageously lead the cause of the poor, the despised and the oppressed; to the poet, who, by his stirring lays, has so caused us to love freedom and truth, and whose later poems have taught us such lessons of sweetness, and patience, and love, and trust.

But it is to the colored people of this country that Whittier is especially endeared, as pre-eminently the poet of freedom. For years, most of his poems were inspired by the anti-slavery struggle. They are filled with eager sympathy for the oppressed and stern rebuke of the oppressor. They "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet," and justify the truth of Lowell's description in his "Fable for Critics"——

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart.
Strains the straight breasted drab of the Quaker apart."

Says another eminent critic, "He roused, condensed, and elevated the public sentiment against slavery, * * * and many a political time-server, who was proof against Garrison's hottest denunciations, and Phillips's most stinging invectives, quailed before Whittier's smiting rhymes." Like the other early abolitionists, he was much persecuted on account of his opinions, and avoided by many who would otherwise eagerly have sought his society. But this mattered little to one whe "saw God stand upon the weaker side."

At one time, when a young man, the office of an anti-slavery paper which he was editing in Philadelphia, was burned by a mob. During visits to Washington and Baltimore, his life was threatened by slave-holders, because of his pronounced sympathy with the slave; but he never faltered in his defense of the rights of the oppressed, but kept calmly on his intrepid way—

* * * "against the public frown,
The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's hounding down,"

and poured forth poem after poem, every one a war-cry in the cause of freedom. Among the finest of his anti-slavery poems are "The Branded Hand," "Massachusetts to Virginia," "The Virginia Mother's Farewell to her Daughters," "The Hunters of Men," and "The Yankee Girl."

And now, at fourscore, honored and beloved by all, having seen freedom and right triumphant, he has earned the right to rest in that serene and beautiful old age which comes only to those gifted ones whose lives are an embodiment of all that is noblest, and best, and sweetest, in their poetry. Among the many gifts which he received were a beautiful orange-wood cane, with an alligator carved upon it, and a box of Indian River oranges from the pupils of the Colored Graded School, of this city. I am sure that among all the offerings which came to him on his eightieth birth day, none were more highly appreciated by him than these.

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

for
our
ire
a
to
the
m,
ial
av-
lise
to
ue,
ry.
ck-
ork
od-
the
si-
ake
ing
act-
the
ical
ago
pri-
nk-
was
orm
ach
ark

etts of a later day—when we recall the
in law, in scholarship, and as statesme
then think of our new party, with n
leaders, the thought comes to us, where
ranks is the man so safe and illustriou
take the helm of the ship of state and
securely, over the tempestuous seas.
stopped, and our host rose to the oc
'Young men,' and he stood up to give hi
fire, 'look at me. I tell you that I am j
man,' and that ended the interview,
further remarks from the speaker. Mr
Dr. J. W. Stone and myself were men
the legislature of 1855. We were diner
old Free-Soil Club. We all wore glass
names were called closely together, an
generally voted solid, especially if anyth
ical was up, we received the name of th
S's.' If either one was out of his se
wanted, a page was sent to hunt up th
S. There is not time to summon up th
noon too much of the past. This friend
pencilled face is hereafter to look upo
we come together, is mingled with all
lic memories. Together we carried to
free-soil processions and together wen
free-soil conventions. Together we ma
euil Hall ring with free-soil cheers. T
we jubilated over the election of Charle
ner. Together we fought in 1855 for the
of Henry Wilson. Together we helped
the cradle of the republican party, a

THE GATHERING OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BOSTON, AUGUST 12, 1890.

Through all the city's streets there poured a flood,
A flood of human souls, eager, intent:
One thought, one purpose stirred the people's blood,
And through their veins its quick'ning current sent.

The flags waved gayly in the summer air,
O'er patient watchers 'neath the clouded skies;
Old age, and youth, and infancy were there,
The glad light shining in expectant eyes.

And when at last our country's saviors came, —
In proud procession down the crowded street,
Still brighter burned the patriotic flame,
And loud acclaims leaped forth their steps to greet.

And now the veterans scarred and maimed appear,
And now the tattered battle-flags uprise; —
A silence deep one moment fills the air,
Then shout on shout ascends unto the skies.

Oh, brothers, ye have borne the battle-strain,
And ye have felt it through the ling'ring years;
For all your valiant deeds, your hours of pain,
We can but give to you our grateful tears!

And now, with heads bowed low, and tear-filled eyes,
We see a Silent Army passing slow;
For it no music swells, no shouts arise,
But silent blessings from our full hearts flow.

The dead, the living,—all,—a glorious host,
A "cloud of witnesses,"—around us press—
Shall we, like them, stand faithful at our post,
Or weakly yield, unequal to the stress?

Shall it be said the land they fought to save,
Ungrateful now, proves faithless to her trust?
Shall it be said the sons of sires so brave
Now trail her sacred banner in the dust?

Ah, no! again shall rise the people's voice
As once it rose, in accents clear and high—
"Oh, outraged brother, lift your head, rejoice!
Justice shall reign,—Insult and Wrong shall die!"

So shall this day the joyous promise be
Of golden days for our fair land in store;
When Freedom's flag shall float above the free,
And Love and Peace prevail from shore to shore.

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

A Trip to the "Sea-Islands."

A CONTINUED BRILLIANT DESCRIPTION.

BY CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.

PART II.

A few miles from Beaufort, beside the Beaufort river, are now laid the foundations of a new city—to be called Port Royal city. It is at the terminus of the Port Royal railroad, and it founders, who are Northern men, predict for it a very thriving and prosperous existence. This, however, is in the distant future, as the town now consists only of several whiskey-shops, which are the scourge of this region, and a single dwelling-house. The situation is pleasant and picturesque, beside being advantageous for trade; and if some industrious, energetic Northern settlers could be imported, and the liquor shops abolished, the town would doubtless prosper.

The last days of our visit were spent on St. Helena Island—one of the Port Royal group, opposite Beaufort — where some of us had taught years ago, during the early days of the rebellion. We visited the school first, and were delighted to find how much progress had been made. Many whom we had left mere babies were now in the first class, and well advanced in arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, etc. Almost without exception they seemed bright, and as eager and interested as we remembered that our pupils were in the time when the blessings of freedom and "eddication" were new to them, and their thirst for "larnin'" seemed unquenchable. This school has had the great advantage of being under the same teachers from its beginning — ten years ago. And women of such high culture, such enthusiasm, and disinterested devotion to their work, as Misses M. and T., could not fail to accomplish a great amount of good. They are not only teachers, but friends, advisers, and helpers of the people on the island. And Miss T. adds to her other duties that of physician. They have formed a temperance society among their scholars, which meets twice a month. They have dialogues, recitations and little plays. Some friends of ours who were present at one of the meetings told us how admirable it was. The teachers were present, but took no part in the management of the meeting. It was conducted entirely by the children. There was perfect order and system, and our friends were astonished at the really remarkable dramatic talent which some of the children displayed. We had a specimen of this while in the school, for Miss M. had her boys recite for us one of their pieces—"Two Bare Hands." It is an English poem, into which she has introduced some temperance verses; and is so good and so appropriate that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it entire:—

TWO BARE HANDS.

We sing no songs of politics,
  We write no idle story,
We lead no conquering army on,
  Yet we shall have our glory.
    High, brothers, high,
      The banners fly and fly;
    We brothers strong—
      We two bare hands.

In forests deep awaiting us
  The keels to be are growing,
The sea hath never sails enough,
  The winds are ever blowing.
    Swing, brothers, swing,
      The axes ring and ring;
    We brothers strong—
      We two bare hands.

The fields are wide and warm and brown,
  As were the earth all pleasure;
The sun shines bright on earth, the clouds
  Drop low their dewy treasure.
    Sow, brothers, sow,
      The grain will grow and grow;
    We brothers strong—
      We two bare hands.

The sea is kind, throw net and line,
  It cannot well deny us;
There's always need upon the land,
  The winds were made to try us.
    Pull, brothers, pull,
      Our nets are full and full;
    We brothers brown—
      We two bare hands.

We raise our race, we lead our land,
  Foremost among the nations,
We sign the pledge, we break the cup,
  We dash aside temptations.
    Sign, brothers, sign,
      Down rum and wine;
    We brothers strong—
      We two bare hands.

We sow, we pull, we swing, we sign,
  We whirl the wheel of labor,
We sing the day when man to man
  Shall be but friend and neighbor.
    Sing, brothers, sing,
      Our songs shall ring and ring;
    We brothers strong—
      We two bare hands.

The boys acted, as well as recited, the poem; imitating perfectly, and with great spirit, the swinging of the axe, the sowing of the seed, the pulling in of the nets, etc. It was very effective. The schoolhouse is situated opposite the church, an old red brick building, in one of the finest groves of oak that we have seen. All the trees are hung with moss, and one stretches its huge protecting arms over the little burying-ground. On some of its great branches clusters of exquisite little ferns nestle closely to the rough bark.

The church is devoted to the services of the colored people—none of the whites on the island, except the two teachers, attending it. We went there one Sunday, and were struck with the great improvement of the people in dress and general appearance since we had last visited it, eight years ago. They were all neatly dressed, and ludicrous attempts at finery were rarely to be seen. Many of the men were on horseback; and the women in comfortable vehicles of their own, some having attained to the dignity of buggies. Of course the characteristic mule-cart was in the ascendancy. But even that looked neater and more comfortable than it once did. Altogether the group collected under the noble trees, was quite a pleasing and picturesque one; made especially so by the appearance of the elder women, who still retain their snowy aprons and bright turbans which are so becoming. We regretted that they did not sing any of their old hymns, "spirituals," as they call them. The teachers told us that they still sing these during the shouts in their "praise-houses," but never at church. They now sing from ordinary hymn-books, and often make sad havoc of words and tune. Their preacher is a good old man, but very ignorant. And we wished some intelligent, Northern colored minister (as they prefer having one of their own color) would come down and preach sensible, practical sermons to them.

We visited one day the home of the representative from St. Helena—an intelligent, pleasant-faced black man, in whose welfare the teachers are much interested. Indeed it was through their influence that he became a candidate for the Legislature. They knew him to be a sensible, trustworthy man, and thought he might do good there. They taught him in the evenings, and talked with him on various subjects relating to the history and politics of the country, and were delighted with his eager interest, and quickness of perception. His wife is an excellent and industrious woman, his children bright scholars, and his perfectly neat house, and the well-kept and carefully-planted ground around it, bear evidences of thrift and good management.

It was pleasant to hear the teachers talk of the freed people on the island. They felt so encouraged and hopeful; so different from many of the Northern planters and traders, who, coming down solely to make money, seem to expect perfection from a people so recently delivered from slavery, and are disgusted with the whole race because they do not find it. They say, "Oh, the teachers see only the best side of the people. They don't know their laziness and dishonesty and untruthfulness as we do!" In this they are much mistaken. Such teachers as those on St. Helena know the people thoroughly. They have lived among them for ten years; have constantly visited their homes; know all their faults as well as their virtues. They do not think them perfect, or nearly so. They only say that, considering the training which they have had from their birth, which their ancestors had for hundreds of years, it is wonderful that they should be as honest, as truthful, as industrious, as they are. They think it marvellous that the iron hand of slavery has not crushed all hope, all aspiration, all virtue, out of this generation utterly. And the secret of their good influence over these people is that they treat them with respect—with the respect due from one human being to another. They show them that they believe them capable of improvement in every way, just as other people are. They do not speak to them and treat them as if they considered them utterly degraded and inferior beings, for whom there is no hope—as, I grieve to say, too many Northern people do. And the consequence is that the people are deeply grateful, and every good quality there is in them responds to the touch of kindness and sympathy. Of course there are some so degraded that little can be hoped from them, but these are not the majority; nor is their degradation one whit deeper than that of the "poor whites," nor, indeed, than that of some of the former masters. On this island, I believe, even some of the enemies of the people acknowledge that they are improving. Most of them own little lots of land, upon which they work industriously, and some are building themselves nice houses. Their greatest hindrance is the sale of whiskey. Liquor shops are scattered over the islands, kept by unprincipled men who would gladly ruin the people. In some instances, I am sorry to say, liquor is sold by the glass in shops kept by Northern men of respectability and standing in the community. Earnest appeals have been made to the State government to stop this disgraceful traffic, and it has been somewhat lessened by the increased price of licenses. But such an outrage should be suppressed entirely. The teachers have formed their little temperance society, hoping that its influence may protect the young people, at least, from this terrible evil, and the children are so heartily interested in it that it cannot fail to have a good effect.

And now we must digress for a moment from our sketch of the islands to say a word about the politics of the State, which indeed affect the islands, too. We know that its government is corrupt; that bribery and dishonesty prevail; and many people are ready to lay the blame upon the ignorance of the blacks. They lament that the right of suffrage was ever conferred upon them, and wish that the Democrats might rule the State. Of course many of the blacks are ignorant, and are influenced by unprincipled politicians—Northern and Southern. But the right of suffrage is actually necessary to their protection against the vindictive hatred of the rebels (how deep and barbarous that hatred is the kuklux developments have shown). Were the freedmen denied the right of suffrage a large proportion of them would be again reduced to a condition little better than that of slavery. Intelligence, honesty, and purity in politics, are not *always* found at the North, even among those who have had every advantage of birth and education. Is it so strange that we do not often find them here? It is from the rising generation, who will have had the advantages of

freedom and education, that we must hope for a better state of things; and meanwhile, instead of the utterly unprincipled politicians who come here from the North, let earnest, sensible, philanthropic men come, who will influence the freedmen for good, instruct their ignorance, show them that they have faith in them, and strive to elevate them in every way.

These thoughts came to us as we drove towards the teachers' home, and noticed the kindly and cheerful greetings which they exchanged with the people on every hand. Soon we reached their pleasant place—an old Southern plantation, which bears the aristocratic name of Frogmore. They have renewed the dilapidated house, cleared the grounds, planted a lovely flower-garden, and quite transformed the whole place. From their windows one sees a charming picture; the beautiful grove of moss-hung oaks; the vine-wreathed piazza; the garden in front, glowing, in April, with the most brilliant summer flowers; and, beyond, the blue water of the bay. Within are books and flowers and pictures, and an interesting family of dogs and cats, and it all seemed more homelike than any house we have visited in the South. There was but one drawback to its delights, and that was sand-flies! They were fearful, all over the islands. They are tiny insects, so small as scarcely to be visible, yet their sting is even more penetrating and painful than that of the mosquito. They are simply intolerable. They drove us from the beautiful garden, and poor Miss T., who was working among her plants, was so besieged by them that her brother was obliged to rush to the rescue with a large fan, with which he drove the torturers away, swinging it vigorously over her head until her work was done.

Miss T. gave us an amusing account of "Puss," a former pupil of mine, and now one of Miss M.'s scholars. She is a tiny creature about thirteen, having grown but little in all these years, and is bright and original and perfectly incorrigible. Miss T. took her to live in the house with her, and gave her two nice French calico dresses, both alike. After wearing them a little while Puss declined to go to church, because "the girls would laugh at her for wearing the same dress so often!" Afterwards she announced she that she must run away and work to get a new dress. Miss T. told her that she could not have another dress then, and if she went away she could never come back again. Whereupon Puss exclaims in the most tragic manner, "O God, I stand in need of a friend!" and runs away, and does not return.

One day, in school, one of the children complained to Miss M. that Puss was "cussing" her. Miss M. would have been horrified had she not known that "cussing" among these children means simply calling uncomplimentary names, and not really cursing at all. But she felt it her duty to investigate, and asked the accuser what Puss had said to her. "Oh, she cuss me, ma'am, she cuss me out of the *spelling book*; she call me Gog, Magog and Synagogue!" What could be done with the delinquent against whom such a novel charge of profanity was brought? Puss's way of parsing "sister" was comical. "Of what gender is sister?" asked her teacher. "He is feminine, ma'am, him's a gal." This illustrates their upside-down way of using the pronouns, which is one of the errors of which it is hardest to correct them. They use "he" for every gender.

Miss T. gave us one instance of the trustworthiness of the people on the island, which seems to us worth relating. She said that for years she and Miss M. had been in the habit of driving, alone, over the island, visiting remote plantations, going through lonely wood-roads, sometimes being out until after dark, and they had never been insulted or molested in any way, but always treated with the greatest respect whenever they chanced to meet any of the freedmen. "I think this speaks well for the character of the people," said Miss T. earnestly. "How many places there are at the North where we should not have dared to do this! Nor should we venture it here, at the South, among any but the freedmen."

Miss B. gave us some facts in regard to the people on Port Royal Island which are interesting to know. "Although," said she, "most of the people in our district own their own land, most of them having five or ten acres, and some even twenty acres, they are not independent of the larger planters around them. They must find work somewhere that will bring them in a little money, especially when their taxes are all the time increasing; as in the case of one man who has only five acres. In 1870 he paid 76 cents tax; in 1871 it was $1.20; and this year it was $2.60; and the man can hardly raise on his land provisions to last half a year. The land of the Old Fort Plantation is rented entirely to the colored people, and they raise from it what they can without farming implements or animals to work with, or having anything done to improve the soil." This is a specimen of the disadvantages and discouragements under which these people have to labor. Miss B. said that during the winter, when the children were not obliged to work in the fields, the school was very interesting. There were about fifty children who were never absent unless seriously ill. They seemed delighted to be in school, and gave no trouble. In proof of the interest which the children still feel in their schools, and the efforts they make to enable them to continue, another teacher, in Georgia, says that nearly all of her pupils taught during vacation; and one little girl of eleven earned enough to sustain herself in school the rest of the year.

The time came for our pleasant sojourn to end, and with regret we bade farewell to the islands; to the teachers and children and parents; to the groves and flowers and streams; and, stepping into the delightful freight-car, began the journey homeward. The Cherokee-rose was in the fullness of its beauty, then. It took the place of the jasmine, and overran the banks of the little streams and draped the trees and hedges in the same graceful way. It is a single rose, a little larger than our Northern wild-rose, with petals of the purest white and exquisite, shining leaves. It needs only fragrance to make it perfect. I remember that one day we wreathed long sprays of it around a lovely picture—"The Maid of Mont Blanc." The effect was very beautiful. Through roads made delightful by it, and by violets, azaleas, honeysuckles, dogwood, bignonia, and innumerable blossoming blackberry vines, we came back again to dreary old Charleston, which seemed more prison-like than ever after our experience of the cheerful country life of the Sea Islands.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

REV. FRANK J. GRIMKE.

[Mr. Grimke has kindly permitted us to print in the H. U. REPORTER the remarks which he made at the funeral services of Miss Martha B. Briggs.]

I believe I express the sentiment of all who are here, and of this entire community, when I say that we have sustained, in this sad affliction, a great, and as it seems to me an irreparable loss. Of all the men and women laboring among us as educators, it seems to me, she was the one that we could least afford to lose. Her great natural abilities, her varied attainments, her perfect mastery of the subjects taught by her, her long experience, her great personal magnetism, her foundness for the young, her broad sympathies, her skill in the art of imparting what she knew, her splendid powers of discipline, and the noble enthusiasm which she carried into her work, easily placed her in the very front rank.

Her social qualities were also such as to make her very attractive. I know of no one in this city who was more universally beloved, by old and young alike, or whose death will carry sorrow to a greater number of homes and hearts. She will be missed especially at the University, where for so many years she has been one of the leading spirits, and in whose welfare she was most deeply interested. It has been many years since the University has sustained so heavy a loss, or the students have been called upon to give up so true a friend.

Her cheerfulness was also something wonderful, in view of all the circumstances. Whatever might be her physical sufferings, no one knew it from seeing her. Her face was always radiant with smiles. She worked hard, she worked with all her might, and she worked up to the very last. This day, one week ago, she was at her post of duty at the University. Only an indomitable will kept her up so long. Some of us felt that the crisis must come, sometime, but had no idea that it was so near. And yet it is a ground of thanksgiving, since she could not recover, that her illness was not prolonged. She appeared to realize from the first that she might not recover, and when her sufferings were greatest seemed anxious to go. I saw her only once during her illness. She seemed very, very weak. She shook hands with me and lifted her thoughts in prayer to the great Father of our spirits, before whom we must all stand, at last, in solemn account.

We all stand here to day with profound sorrow. We can never forget her. We shall always think of her with pride and pleasure. Her memory will always be precious to us. We shall be deprived of the pleasure of personal contact and association with her; but we shall still feel her influence. A thorough consecration of one's self to one's calling, it seems to me, is the great lesson of her life. She taught from love of teaching, and she gave herself to her work with a devotion that is as rare as it is beautiful. And this was one of the secrets of her wonderful success.

We take leave of her with sad hearts, and yet it is a pleasure to us to think of how much good she did while she lived; of the scores of young men and women who were encouraged and blessed by her in their their efforts to prepare themselves for life's duties and responsibilities. Her life was not a useless nor an aimless one. She had an object in view and she worked steadily towards it. She wanted to help those about her, and she did help them by her means, by her counsel, and by her splendid endowments and acquisition. It is a solemn thing to to live. It is a solemn thing to die.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die."

Let us who remain, seek to make the most of life.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

"Life is a short day, but it is a working day."

"Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character."

"Life is not a series of unconnected accidents, but a great and solemn steward-ship, leading up to judgment—to penalty or reward."

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

"We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

So living, and so dying, we may pass beyond the genial loving influence of earthly friends and relatives, but not beyond the all-~~enriching~~ encircling arms of the Infinite Father's love.

WORDSWORTH.

Poet of the serene and thoughtful lay!
In youth's fair dawn,when the soul,still untried,
Longs for life's conflict,and seeks restlessly
Food for its cravings in the stirring songs,
The thrilling strains of more impassioned bards;
Or,eager for fresh joys,culls with delight
The flowers that bloom in fancy's fairy realm-
We may not prize the mild and steadfast ray
That streams from thy pure soul in tranquil song
But,in our riper years,when through the heat
And burden of the day we struggle on,
Breasting the stream upon whose shores we dreamed,
Weary of all the turmoil and the din
Which drowns the finer voices of the soul;
We turn to thee,true priest of Nature's fane,
And find the rest our fainting spirits need,-
The calm,more ardent singers cannot give;
As in the glare intense of tropic days,
Gladly we turn from the sun's radiant beams,
And grateful hail fair Luna's tender light.

Charlotte Forten Grimke.

year, and the school is just as nourish
as it was before. Some of the same
jections which he brings forward
made when the subject of mixed sc
was first agitated in Boston, years
The opponents of the plan asserted t
was impossible; that the white ch
would not attend the schools; or, if
did, there would be "bloodshed, anar
etc. None of these dismal forebo
proved true. The change was made
white children did and do attend the s
with the colored ones in perfect harm
and I know it to be untrue that fo
reason the schools are "avoided by
classes of the people." I know t
Boston, as well as in all other Am
cities, a remnant of the barbarous
dice against color still exists, but I v
to assert, as a former pupil, and afte
teacher in the New England public s
that the people do not keep their ch
away because colored pupils are adm
but that the schools are all largely a

Charles Sumner Cont.

moon-
lit and calm;but still our grateful hearts
Are sad,and faint with fear,- for thou art gone!

Oh friend beloved,with longing,tear-filled eyes
We look up,up to the unclouded blue,
And seek in vain some answering sign from thee.
Look down upon us,guide and cheer us still
From the serene height where thou dwellest now;
Dark is the way without the beacon light
Which long and steadfastly thy hand upheld.
Oh,nerve with courage new the stricken hearts
Whose dearest hopes seem lost in losing thee!

Charlotte F.Grimke,

Columbia,S.C.

June 1874.

me, I felt quite a

Ideal Friendship.

BY EMILIE LILLIAN WHITING.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we may!—*Emerson.*

The best good of life, the highest type of happiness, is found in social companionship; but the low standard at which this is valued, the cheap and common substitutes we are forced—alas! sometimes not unwillingly—to accept, are sad commentaries upon human nature. Uncheered by social intercourse, life would indeed be barren; but the common society of common people is infinitely more barren and unsatisfying than a desert solitude.

To designate mere chance acquaintances as *friends* is a desecration of the word. The peaceable complacence we feel toward that portion of humanity "who wear clean collars and use tolerable grammar" is as far removed from genuine friendship as is the common clay of earth from the snowy, glittering purity of the marble of Carrara. If you know of no higher walks of companionship than these—if you have missed the sweetness and fragrance, and deny exaltation of the rich mine of life—then honestly admit the fact to itself, but do not "call nothing something and run after it."

Much of good, of a certain species of satisfaction, even, may exist in the occasional society of the commonest of our acquaintances. Though uncultured, he may be honest and true; though guiltless of the little graces and amenities of life, he may have that natural refinement which ever accompanies a good heart and pure purposes. You may now-and-then spend an hour in his society with mutual benefit. This species of companionship has its place, and a not unimportant one, in life, but it is far from being friendship.

Among all the seemingly inspired words of Emerson there are none more worthy to be lived out than these: "Never strike leagues of friendship with cheap people where no friendship can be." If your life is alone, nobly bear it. Some day the guest divine shall enter. Meantime prepare for his coming. Store your mind with choice thoughts and your soul with pure prayers. You *can* live, and nobly live, without friends. Far better none than the mere mockery and semblance—the empty husks that can never sustain your soul. Open not your heart's doors to the idle, the curious, the triflers. They will but desecrate its chambers and go hence light and vacant as they come. Some day the hand holding the key to the complex lock of your nature will come, and at a touch you will bid him enter your life. Till then, though your life be desolate, be content to wait, and not unfit yourself for the divine blessings of your life coming somewhere from the future by peopling your sacred chambers with unsatisfying guests.

Your *friend*—what words can picture all that he is to you, all he inspires you to be to yourself, all the goodness and greatness which in his inspiring presence seem possible to life? The truest part of your nature is stirred, and thrilled, and magnetized to its very center. Unknown heights appear to you, and you rise to them without conscious effort. The atmosphere of your life grows purer, and life is intense, divine. Such friendship as this demands no words. You meet as strangers, but a glance establishes between you an immortal sympathy. Your souls recognize each other. Your life-books are written in the same language, and what is more unintelligible than Sanscrit or Choctaw to the world around you is at once read by yourselves. You need no words, no outward greetings. God created you friends. You call your meeting chance, but it was destiny. You could not have missed each [illegible] been living

and she gave herself to her work with [illegible]de-

Friendship should be spiritualized. It is a divine state. Do not desecrate it by dragging into it the common cares of every-day life. Let your friend be to you a luxury—a reward of patient toil, a sweet, satisfying, spiritual refreshment. Human life is not, as a general thing, favorable to friendship. The forced necessity of toil, which seems to most lives a necessity, is a disturber of that spiritual serenity in which alone is friendship perfected. Friendship requires elegant leisure. Not that it is a plant of slow growth; it may spring forth in a single hour. It is not to be compared to a vegetable growth, but rather to a chemical union. An instant may perfect it as entirely as a lifetime. It is a purely psychological state predetermined by relative magnetisms.

"A man may be good to thee at times,
And render thee kindly service,
Whom yet thy secret soul would not desire as a friend."

Sudden intimacies spring up only between those persons who, by varying life paths, have come to a similar plane of vision. Intuition, which is the polarized light of the mind, revealing all its secret chambers and hidden architecture, enters largely into a true friendship. It is less a conviction than a feeling. Intellect must be a framework and furnish a broad and deep foundation, but the affections are the drapery and form. Imagination must pour her roselight upon the object in which it rests, fair and glorified. Sympathy must disclose to you the sacred chambers of your friend's heart. By this only can you know him aright, for truly

"Love is never blind,
But rather gives an added light,
An inner vision, quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight."

Outward distinctions are as naught in this sudden illumination of friendship. You do not question what your friend is to the world, what the world thinks of him; it is what he is in himself, to you. If he meet outward prosperity you rejoice in it. If he fail of success you draw nearer him. If he bear the burden of a great sorrow you love him the more tenderly.

The vital element in friendship is faith, not so much tenderness, even, as trust. Faith is sublime, and creates the virtues in which it believes. Trust entirely, unquestioningly. Thus only shall your friend be worthy your confidence. Love purely, unselfishly. "If you serve your friend because it is proper you should serve him, do not take back your words when you find prudent people do not commend you for so doing. Adhere to your own act."

There are complex things in the human heart that yield to but one touch alone, and when this is given the past lies unsealed to him whose clasp has met the secret spring. Withdraw not from his gaze; forbid not his perusal. Be sure he will read all aright—will read reverently, tenderly, silently, and be more entirely your friend forevermore. The revelations your friend draws from you are his by immortal right, by some natural law of being. Life gives to us all just the things we demand from it. We hold within ourselves the power that makes or mars our future. Demanding the highest type of companionship, be assured you will attract it to yourself. Certain states of mind are magnetic and draw from the infinite the elements for our life-needs. What is so divine as friendship guard sacredly, carefully. It is a delicate and precious treasure that, once broken, can never be restored. Outward civilities may be renewed, but the life is gone and the empty form only becomes a mockery. The purple bloom, once brushed away, can never be restored. The fruitage may remain rich and rare and fragrant, but the once mystic beauty is forever gone. Guard your treasure sacredly as a treasure crowning your life for eart[illegible]d rendering it fit for heaven.

PALINGENESIS.—(By Henry W. Longfellow.)

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild-roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could recreate the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes of our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom flower?

"Oh, give me back!" I cried, "the vanished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation,
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on thy way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wilderness,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turns its last leaves in reverence and good heed
Until "The End" I read.

friend, it is too much to hope, because God has ordained that all men shall be brethren; and we earnestly pray that the day may come when He will open your eyes to the fact that all—black and white, rich and poor, ignorant and intellectual—are alike in the sight of Him who "has made of *one* blood all the nations of the earth."

I drew a long breath of relief after I had written these last words (perhaps you did the same), because I thought I had done with this irritating subject, and might refresh myself with the green leaves and the fountain and the cheerful birds once more. But I find I was mistaken. There is one passage in the article from which I have quoted which I have not noticed, but which seems to me to demand an answer. It is this: "The social repugnance between the races has not been obliterated anywhere, and is so strong, even in the city of New York, that the negro children on their way to school are (or until very lately were) stoned in the streets by the white boys; and they could no more be mixed in its public schools than they could in the schools of Richmond. In Boston the mixture is barely tolerated [!!], and the schools wherein it practically exists are avoided by large classes of the people." So little is known, comparatively, at the North, of the real state of affairs at the South, that a writer may make very sweeping statements in regard to them without much danger of being called to account; but he exhibits considerable temerity when he attempts to treat Northern matters in this way. He makes himself quite liable to be called upon for proofs. Has it never occurred to him that if the negro boys were until recently stoned in the streets of New York by the white boys it might have been because they did *not* attend the same schools? Because the separation which has been so long kept up has tended constantly to strengthen prejudice? In the New England and other towns, where colored and white boys go to the same schools, the latter do not stone the former. He has no foundation whatever for the assertion that they could not be mixed in the schools of New York. On the contrary, several colored pupils have been admitted to the Normal School in that city within the past year, and the school is just as flourishing as it was before. Some of the same objections which he brings forward were made when the subject of mixed schools was first agitated in Boston, years ago. The opponents of the plan asserted that it was impossible; that the white children would not attend the schools; or, if they did, there would be "bloodshed, anarchy," etc. None of these dismal forebodings proved true. The change was made; the white children did and do attend the schools with the colored ones in perfect harmony; and I know it to be untrue that for this reason the schools are "avoided by large classes of the people." I know that in Boston, as well as in all other American cities, a remnant of the barbarous prejudice against color still exists, but I venture to assert, as a former pupil, and afterwards teacher in the New England public schools, that the people do not keep their children away because colored pupils are admitted; but that the schools are all largely attended, and by some of the most respectable classes; and there are several colored teachers employed in them. Of course, in every city, there are some of the wealthier class who prefer to send their children to private schools. The same is true of New York and Philadelphia, where the schools are not open to colored and white alike. And I will do old Boston the justice to say that color has nothing whatever to do with this preference.

In Newport, some years ago, quite a fierce war was waged against mixed schools, and Colonel Higginson was removed from the school committee because he so strenuously and eloquently advocated them. Recently he has been reëlected to the committee for three years, and a colored man was elected at the same time. The system of mixed schools is a perfect success there, as well as in every other place where it has been tried. Years ago, in one of the oldest and most aristocratic of the New England cities, not many miles from Boston, colored children were denied the same school privileges as the whites; but long before the war the better feeling of the community was aroused, owing to the exertions of a few devoted abolitionists; separate schools were abolished, and a colored girl, a graduate of the State Normal School, was offered a situation as teacher in one of the public schools. She was at first transfixed with astonishment. When convinced that the offer was a genuine one, she, of course, accepted, and entered upon her duties, but with some misgivings, as she had learned that there was not a single colored pupil in the school, and that the children were very rough and unmanageable. She remembered the experiences of her early childhood in the prejudiced city of Philadelphia, and her heart sank within her; but she resolved to try. She was most happily disappointed. Never, from the moment she entered the school until she left it, was she reminded by word or act of the children that her complexion was different from theirs. On the contrary, she had the satisfaction of finding some of the wilder spirits gradually taming under her influence, and of forming mutual attachments with many of her pupils, which she will always remember with the keenest pleasure. Afterwards she taught in another school of an entirely different character, in the same city, where there were a few colored pupils, as well as whites. They were all girls, and some of the most cultivated people in the city sent their daughters there. Many of the parents were Democrats. The principal was a lady of the highest culture and the noblest character, and her unfailing kindness and sympathy, and the perfect respect and cordiality of the scholars, made the duties of the young colored teacher a constant delight. She never thought of difference of color. I mention this instance to show how greatly public sentiment may be changed in a few years, and how easily people become familiarized with a state of things which their prejudices at first caused them to declare "unnatural and impossible."

I wanted to say something about Dr. Clarke's sermon on Southern affairs, most of which I liked very much; but with some of it I cannot quite agree. I think he has been misinformed in regard to some matters pertaining to the State government of South Carolina. I know he has been in regard to the Legislature. There is great mismanagement and corruption, but things are not quite so bad as they have been represented to him. I think he did not come to Columbia. If he could have spent some months here, as I have done, his judgment would have been tempered, and he would have found that the statements in "The Prostrate State" are not all to be relied upon. For an able refutation of some of them, I would like to refer him, and you, to some articles entitled "Socialism in South Carolina," in the Boston *Commonwealth*, of May 23d and May 30th, by Prof. Greener, of the University of South Carolina. It is a true version of the oft-told story of the political situation in South Carolina, written by one familiar with the facts.

But I must leave my leafy retreat, and turn my steps homeward, for the sun grows fiercer and fiercer outside, and unless I hasten I shall, as a witty friend says, "be cremated before the vital spark is extinguished." I owe you many apologies for this lengthy epistle, but I will only say, as the Quakers do, "the spirit moved me" to write, and I have written.

Your faithful friend,

A CONSTANT READER.

ntries, were represented. How was it
ible, for instance, that Easter lilies
scarlet salvia, violets and golden-rod,
ld be in the same company? "But
," I reflected, "all things are possible
airy-land. I mustn't be surprised at
hing I see." And what a brilliant
nblage it was! A day or two before,
I been reading a description of Mrs.
tary Somebody's reception in Wash-
n. It was such a splendid affair, and
I wished so much that I could have
it. But I am quite sure that no re-
n in Washington, or anywhere else,
have been as beautiful as the one I
beheld. At the head of the room,
a canopy of German ivy and jasmine,
the noble Queen Calla Lily, looki-
grand in her robe of white vel-
lining green mantle, with one price-
d magnificent gold ornament resting
her bosom. So had I seen her on
Sunday, lifting her graceful head
her sisters, upon the flower-laden
f our church,—a fitting type of the
Purity and Love.

de her stood the Princess White
ia Japonica. Her robe was spot-
new-fallen snow, and her man-
the richest green. Many thought
re beautiful than the Queen, but
too haughty and cold to suit my
I liked better her sisters, the Prin-
Pink and Red Camellia. The Prin-
ted to look, whom I had never seen before,
ought at first perfectly lovely. There
was a faint flush on her cheek, the color
exactly of a soft, rosy cloud I had once
seen at sunrise resting over Monadnock.
I fancied she looked an angel that had just
floated down from the skies. But when I
talked with this angelic creature (for, by
this time, I felt quite at home, and was

Among all the seemingly inspired
Emerson there are none more wor
lived out than these: "Never strike
friendship with cheap people where
ship can be." If your life is alone,
it. Some day the guest divine sh
Meantime prepare for his coming.
mind with choice thoughts and you
pure prayers. You *can* live, and
without friends. Far better none tha
mockery and semblance—the empty
can never sustain your soul. Ope
heart's doors to the idle, the curious,
They will but desecrate its chamb
hence light and vacant as they c
day the hand holding the key to t
lock of your nature will come, and
you will bid him enter your life.
though your life be desolate, be con
and not unfit yourself for the divin
of your life coming somewhere fro
by peopling your sacred chambers w
fying guests.

Your *friend*—what words can pic
he is to you, all he inspires you to
self, all the goodness and greatn
his inspiring presence seem possi
The truest part of your nature is
thrilled, and magnetized to its very
known heights appear to you, and
them without conscious effort. Th
of your life grows purer, and life i
vine. Such friendship as this dema
You meet as strangers, but a glan
between you an immortal sympathy
recognize each other. Your li
written in the same language, and
unintelligible than Sanscrit or C
world around you is at once read by yourse
You need no words, no outward greetings.
created you friends. You call your me
chance, but it was destiny. You could not
missed
been livin

nd she gave herself to her work with de-

GREAT MEN.

The following tribute to the venerable JAMES FORTEN, though published several years since, may not be devoid of interest at the present time:

I shall speak of "great men," according to the common acceptation of the term. I had a letter of introduction to some "colored gentlemen" in this city, and as I have not hitherto in any city found any that have excelled them, I choose, in strict justice, to give them a prominent place in the catalogue. I am really serious, and mean what I say, although many readers who seem to believe more in skin depravity than in that of the heart, might conclude, from such an introduction, that I mean to trifle. One of those to whom I was introduced was Mr. James Forten

The personal appearance, the conversation, and the manners, of this gentleman, are of the very first order. His stoture, I should think, is about six feet, and he is most symmetrically formed. As he approaches you, there seems in his appearance an evident consciousness that he wears a skin which is everywhere spoken against, yet it occasiens no embarrassment. To the reverse of this, he seems also conscious that he is a man, possessed of certain inalienable rights, and exhibits a corresponding dignity in his manners. He has no appearance of ostentation or vanity, and yet he is polite in the true sense of the word, and uncommonly easy in his gestures and conversation. So far as I am capable of judging, he talks pure English, and every word weighs. A more interesting gentleman, in elegance of person, ease and agreeableness of manners, together with fluency and pertinence in conversation, I have scarcely ever seen.

Mr. Forten informed me that he could trace his ancestors back in this country about one hundred and seventy years; that he himself was born in Philadelphia; that he was in the State House yard, whsn the far-famed Declaration of Independence was read; and that he early engaged in the defence of his country's rights, in the revolutionary conflict. He was taken prisoner after some severe conflicts, in 1780, while serving in the Royal Louis, under the father of the celebrated Decatur, and was seven months in captivity, on board of the notorious prison-ship "Jersey;" during which time three thousand five hundred of his fellow-prisoners fell victims to pestilential disease.

Forty-five years ago, he commenced the business of sail-making in this city, (Philadelphia.) He served an apprenticeship, and at the end of it was not worth a dollar. Now, report says, that he is posseseed of property to the amount of one hundred th
dollars or more. He
twenty-five

Being once requested to rig a ship engaged in the slave slave trade, he indignantly refused; considering the request an insult. There appears to be the utmost order and regularity in conducting his business, and among his workmen; and the foreman, a colored gentleman, has been with him twenty-five years. All his work is done without the use of a drop of ardent spirits; and he informed me, that he never drank a single glass in his life. Mr. Forten told me he had been visited by a number of members of the Legislature, who were much interested in his history; and one or more of them visited his family, and joined their company at the tea-table. From what I could learn, Mr. Forten is abundant in liberal bequests to the poor, and is generally a patron and promoter of benevolent objects; and not only do the poor of his own color receive, by his charity, an alleviation of their wants and woes, but the white man's heart is often made glad by his benevolence.

The family of Mr. Forten, I should think, would be enough to interest the black law gentry and skin depravity people. They are most prepossessing, and apparently intelligent, amiable, and genteel. His two eldest sons were engaged in the sail loft, to whom he introduced me; and more accomplished young gentlemen I have hardly ever had the pleasure of seeing. Their father showed me a map of the United States, drawn by one of them, entirely with his pen, which, I think, excelled anything of the kind which I had ever seen. It is with great difficulty it can be distinguished from the most neatly engraved map. Other productions of these young gentlemen were shown me, equally creditable to their native intellect and acquired accomplishments.

Mr. Forten died at his residence in Philadelphia, Mar. 4th, 1842. Among the last words he uttered was his love for William Lloyd Garrison. His funeral, one of the largest ever seen in Philadelphia, was attended by thousands of all classes and complexions, including many merchants, shippers, and sea captains, who had known and respected him for years.

The Flower-Fairies' Reception.

BY CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.

I had been working hard in my garden all the bright spring morning. But, tired as I was, when afternoon came I couldn't resist my little sister Nelly's urgent entreaty to go into the woods with her in search of wild flowers. Indeed it was quite too lovely to stay within doors. It was the last day of May, and as beautiful as one of the "rare" June days which were coming so soon to gladden our hearts. There was not the slightest chill in the air; the sun shone brightly; the birds sang gaily; the sky was of the deepest blue, with soft, white clouds floating peacefully over it,—"boats of pearl on a sapphire sea." Nelly and I sauntered through the pleasant streets of the dear old town, under the great branches of the elms, whose young leaves, of a delicate, exquisite green, were a constant rest and delight to the eyes. We paused, as we always do, to look with interest at the big, old-fashioned, yellow house, which stands back from the street, once the residence of Washington, and now the home of the poet Longfellow. Nelly looked wistfully through the railings, hoping that she might catch a glimpse of the poet's children—

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair,"—

whose acquaintance she had made in that charming little poem, her especial favorite, "The Children's Hour." But those fortunate little maidens did not appear, so we wandered on, past the home of another delightful poet, Lowell, so buried in its grand old trees that we could see only a little bit of the house; past Mount Auburn, with its marble monuments gleaming through the foliage, and at last down into the still wood, with its fragrant carpet of brown pine leaves and its wealth of flowers. Soon we were laden with treasures,—delicate anemones; snow-white blood-root; jewel-like columbines; the dog-tooth, with its long, spotted leaf and graceful blossoms of yellow and brown; cowslips; and such violets! dark purple and bright blue, with golden stars in the centre, and white and yellow. The yellow ones were the rarest, and very beautiful, but we liked the tiny white ones best, because they were so pure and delicate, and so fragrant. We put them all carefully into our botany-boxes, and trudged homeward just as the sun was setting, very tired and very happy. And we assured the dear mamma, who was watching for us, as we had done many a time before, that there was no pleasure in the world so perfectly delightful and refreshing as flower-hunting.

"Shall we arrange our flowers to-night, sister?" asked Nelly, after we had had our supper. She was looking up at me very earnestly, her elbow resting on the table, her rounded chin leaning on her hand, and her dimpled fingers pressed upon her lips, after the manner of Raphael's loveliest cherub. She was trying to look very wide awake, and stretching open the blue eyes which were as pretty as our violets, just as far as she could; but it was plain that they could not stay open very long; so I pinched her rosy cheek and said:—

"No, indeed, Nelly. You'll be asleep in five minutes, and I don't feel very energetic myself. They'll keep nicely on the wet moss until to-morrow. Go to bed, sweetheart, and I'll join you very soon."

Just ten minutes afterward I entered our room, and found my little sister fast asleep. What a pretty picture she made, her soft, blooming cheek resting upon one round white arm, and her golden-brown hair floating over the pillows. "After all," thought I, as I stooped to kiss her, "the human flowers are the fairest." And I felt very grateful to the Good Father for this precious little blossom with which he had blessed my life. Seating myself by the open window, I leaned my head upon the sill, thinking of many things, until the daylight died quite away, and, one by one, the stars came out, and the moon rose clear and full, and poured her silvery light through the branches of the great elms, upon my peaceful little garden. Suddenly I was startled by feeling a hand pressed tightly over my eyes; only for a moment, it seemed. Then it was withdrawn. But what a change had taken place in that moment! I looked around me in amazement. I was no longer in our little room, but standing in a magnificent garden. It contained the rarest and most beautiful trees and plants. The air was filled with the fragrance of innumerable flowers and the soft music of many fountains. On one side the grounds were terraced down to a lovely lake, whose quiet waters, scarcely disturbed by a ripple, sparkled in the moonlight. Upon the terraces were trees cut into various fanciful shapes,—birds, and animals, and fans, and pyramids. There were rare vases filled with brilliant flowers, and beautiful statues looking down upon the moonlit lake. Overlooking the lake was a graceful little summer-house, through whose closely clustering vines I caught the gleam of painted windows. Near by was a charming grotto; a fitting place for fairies to dwell in, I thought, as I looked at the great moss-covered rocks, between the crevices of which grew clusters of exquisite ferns and delicate vines, many of them bearing bright flowers; while, from some unseen spring far above, flowed little silvery streams, brightening and freshening everything they touched. As I stood gazing in delight at this wonderfully beautiful scene, I became conscious of an unusual excitement and stir about me, and, looking around, what was my astonishment to see that every flower had suddenly been transformed into a fairy, and that all had formed themselves into a grand procession, and were hastening in one direction. Of course I followed them immediately, and in a few minutes came in sight of what was evidently their place of destination. It was a large conservatory—the finest I had ever seen,—built entirely of marble and glass. At the entrance stood a beautiful marble statue of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, with a wreath around her head and a basket of roses in her hand, all exquisitely carved from pure white marble. Within were balconies with marble railings, over which hung graceful vines bearing brilliant blossoms, such as I had never seen before; but I knew, from descriptions which I had read, that they came from far-off, tropical lands. From thence came, also, the great palms; the tree-ferns, which actually touched the ceiling; and many other gigantic and wonderful plants, among whose branches bright-colored birds — scarlet, and blue, and green, and gold, as splendid as jewels,—flitted in and out. I noticed, however, that these showy creatures did not sing. This disappointed me very much; for a bird without a voice is as unsatisfactory as a flower without fragrance. But a plain, quiet-looking bird, clad in sober gray and black, was singing so sweetly that it really seemed as if he had a soul, and had put it all into his wonderful voice. I knew at once my old friend, the mocking-bird, whom I had heard many a time in South Carolina, where he used to sing sometimes, on moonlight nights, the whole night long. And I remembered what Longfellow says of him in his beautiful "Evangeline":—

"The mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music,
That the whole air, and the woods, and the waves, seemed silent to listen."

Meanwhile the procession of flower-fairies had entered the palace and taken their places. It surprised me very much, at first, to see that the flowers of all the different seasons, as well as of different countries, were represented. How was it possible, for instance, that Easter lilies and scarlet salvia, violets and golden-rod, should be in the same company? "But then," I reflected, "all things are possible in fairy-land. I mustn't be surprised at anything I see." And what a brilliant assemblage it was! A day or two before, I had been reading a description of Mrs. Secretary Somebody's reception in Washington. It was such a splendid affair, and I had wished so much that I could have seen it. But I am quite sure that no reception in Washington, or anywhere else, could have been as beautiful as the one I now beheld. At the head of the room, under a canopy of German ivy and jasmine, stood the noble Queen Calla Lily, looking very grand in her robe of white velvet, her shining green mantle, with one priceless and magnificent gold ornament resting upon her bosom. So had I seen her on Easter Sunday, lifting her graceful head above her sisters, upon the flower-laden altar of our church,—a fitting type of the Divine Purity and Love.

Beside her stood the Princess White Camellia Japonica. Her robe was spotless as new-fallen snow, and her mantle of the richest green. Many thought her more beautiful than the Queen, but she was too haughty and cold to suit my taste. I liked better her sisters, the Princesses Pink and Red Camellia. The Princess Pink, whom I had never seen before, I thought at first perfectly lovely. There was a faint flush on her cheek, the color exactly of a soft, rosy cloud I had once seen at sunrise resting over Monadnock. I fancied she looked an angel that had just floated down from the skies. But when I talked with this angelic creature (for, by this time, I felt quite at home, and was

moving freely among the distinguished guests), I was sadly disappointed. She proved to be insipid and uninteresting. And so was her magnificent sister. I therefore came to the conclusion that the Camellia family, although very splendid to look at, were not particularly interesting or lovable.

I turned from them to my especial favorite, the little Lady Heliotrope. She nestled modestly beside her proud companions, but dared not raise her timid eyes to their faces. She wore a simple robe of pale purple, and so shrinking was her manner that she would have passed unnoticed had it not been for a peculiar charm which drew all hearts toward her; and there was something very fascinating, too, in the rich, yet delicate, perfume which always accompanied her. She will never be admired for her brilliancy, but she will always be loved for her sweetness and gentleness, and surely that is better. The same might be said of her dearest friend, the lovely little Lady Mignonnette, who kept close by her side all the time. It is impossible to describe in detail all the beauties which composed this court. I can only tell you about the principal personages. Of course all the ladies of the royal Rose family were there, in their garments of white and pink, and red and gold, and other exquisite colors, for which I can find no name. They were, as usual, the belles, for they were no less distinguished for their cordial, charming manners, than for their great beauty. While I was watching them I was conscious of a soft, musical tinkle, and such a delicious rush of fragrance that I turned eagerly to see from whence it came; and there, beside me, stood the dainty Lady Lily of the Valley, gently ringing her snowy bells against the green protecting mantle in which she had almost concealed herself. "Surely she is loveliest of all!" I exclaimed, in delight; but just then I met a pair of soft, dark eyes, fixed somewhat reproachfully upon me. They belonged to the Lady Heart'sease. She certainly was bewitching, with her arch, expressive face, and splendid in her rich robe of purple velvet and gold, and formed a charming contrast to my lovely snow-white Lily. But still I felt that the latter was nearest to my heart. All the members of the Geranium family were present, and were, as usual, most tastefully dressed. The Scarlet Duchess, as she was called, delighted my eyes with her warm and vivid beauty, which lighted up the whole room. She is a tropical-looking creature. But I liked her cousin, the Countess Rose, best. She was simply dressed in green, but there was something very sweet and homelike about her. The Ladies Fuchsia attracted much admiration by their perfect grace and the rare beauty of their jewels. The most beautiful one wore a robe of white velvet, very faintly tinged with pink, and a mantle of deep rose-colored velvet, with rare foreign-looking ornaments to match. Chancing to look down, I met the soft blue eyes of darling little Forget-Me-Not raised entreatingly to mine. The dear little creature was nearly crushed in the crowd, so I took her in my arms and stepped aside into a convenient corner, from which I could have a good view of the company. Did I tell you that one of the fairies had informed me that this was a reception given by the city Flower Fairies, who were spending a little time at their country seat, to their country cousins. The latter were now beginning to arrive, and I looked at them with especial pleasure, because many of them were old and dearly-loved friends of mine. First came two whose gorgeous robes outshone even their splendid city cousins,—the Princess Cardinalis, and the Duchess Golden Rod. The splendor of the former fairly took away my breath. The color of her robe was indescribable; it was not crimson, it was not scarlet, but a richer and deeper red than either,—a color that none but the Great Artist could paint. As for Golden Rod, it was certainly "the gold of sunset skies" that she had caught and woven into that wondrous garment and graceful plume. This stately pair saluted the queen who received them most graciously; but, as they moved on, I heard the haughty Princess White Camellia say scornfully: "In what wretched taste these country people dress! They wear such flaunting, flaring colors, with nothing to relieve them. Really, I don't see how your Majesty can speak so pleasantly to such vulgar people." "Dear Camellia," answered the noble Queen, "you must not judge our cousins so unkindly. Their brilliant costumes may not look so well with these surroundings; but you should see them in their own homes. The Princess Cardinalis lives on the banks of a stream. Her home is out of doors, and her bright robes make a perfect and beautiful contrast to the green banks, and clustering ferns, and vines, and waving trees by which she is surrounded. The Duchess Golden Rod, too, is constantly surrounded by green grass, and her bright face and glowing dress cheer many a weary traveler who meets her by the dusty road-side. The Great Artist has painted their robes as he has ours, and has placed them where they appear to the greatest advantage."

The Princess made no reply, for just then a sweet little band of sisters, the Ladies Violet, came up to pay their respects to the Queen. They were dressed in lovely shades of purple and blue, except two. One of these wore a soft yellow robe, delicately veined with dark purple, and the other a white robe, veined in the same way. There was something very exquisite about these two. They were much shyer than their sisters, and more rarely seen abroad. I was particularly glad to see White Violet, with her sweet, modest, little face, and to inhale the delicate perfume she always wears. Then came graceful Columbine, in fanciful dress of scarlet and gold; and a troop of fragile little Anemones, whose robes were delicately tinted with pink, like the inside of a shell. Daisies tripped gaily along in their lovely costume of white and gold. The beautiful Lady Rhodora was there, and her cousin Azalea; and gentle Hepatica in her robe of pale purple; blue-eyed Houstonia; Blood-Root, in her snow-white robe, and rough brown cloak; sweet Strawberry-Blossom; graceful Clematis and Convolvulus; "dazzling" Mountain Laurel; Lady Water-Lily, in her splendid dress of white and gold; the sweet-breathed Wild Rose; and, sweetest, best-beloved of all, the precious little Mayflower, who had cast aside the covering of brown pine leaves and moss, under which she had slept all winter, and come to gladden our hearts with her delicious, rosy freshness. Very glad, too, was I to welcome the bonny Lady Harebell, whose soft blue robes I had last seen floating in one of the loveliest spots in New England, whither she had wandered from her Scottish home. It was on the grounds of a charming country home, just at the junction of two rivers,—one a grand, broad river rushing on to the sea; the other a quiet little stream gliding peacefully through the woods, its banks fringed with ferns, and lighted up by cardinal flowers, and clethra, and arrowhead, and azaleas, and roses. In this charming nook the harebell delights to grow. Our dear poet Whittier has described the spot far more sweetly than I can hope to do, in a poem addressed to the sisters who dwelt there:—

"No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,
Than those you dwell among;
Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined
With roses, over banks inclined
With trembling harebells, hung!"

After Lady Harebell came some Southern visitors. The Princess Magnolia Grandiflora, in her snowy robe and mantle of rich, dark green velvet, attracted every eye as she swept haughtily through the room, followed by her less stately but even more beautiful sister, the Princess Purple, who wore a white robe veined with purple, and whose sweet breath filled the room with its delicate yet penetrating perfume. Then, bearing a still richer fragrance, came the Ladies Orange-Blossom in white and gold; and, following them, the graceful Lady Yellow Jasmine, wearing a splendid dress of pure gold with emerald ornaments; and Lady Cherokee Rose, in a snowy robe, fastened by a single ornament of Etruscan gold, and wearing a mantle of exquisite, shining green. How the sight of her recalled the long, warm April days in the sunny South; when, before the fragrant Jasmine had quite left us, this matchless Lady Cherokee flung her graceful garlands over trees, and banks, and hedges, and made the whole country beautiful with her spotless white and tender green. Other distinguished visitors there were from the South, but I have not space nor time to describe them. I thought most of them more showy, but less delicate and refined, than our Northern Flower Fairies.

Glancing towards the door, I noticed a group of the more humble country cousins, Clover, Dandelion, Buttercup, and the like, who seemed rather uncertain whether to come in or not. While I was considering whether I should venture to call the Queen's attention to them, lovely Heliotrope, who is always trying to make others happy, stepped timidly up to her Majesty, and whispered a few words, and then went to the door and asked the modest visitors to follow her. She presented them to the Queen, who greeted them very kindly, and pleasantly told them that they brought

CHARLES SUMNER.

On seeing some pictures in his rooms in Washinton,shortly after his death

---

Only the casket left,the jewel gone
Whose noble presence filled these
    stately rooms,
And made this spot a shrine where
    pilgrims came-
Stranger and friend- to bend in reverence
Befroe the great,pure soul that knew
    no guile;
To listen to the wise and gracious words
That fell from lips whose rare,exquisite
    smile
Gave tender beauty to the grand,grave face.

Upon these pictured walls we see thy peers,-
Poet,and saint,and sage,painter and king,-
A glorious band;- they shine upon us still;
Still gleam in marble the enchanting forms
Whereon thy artist eye delighted dwelt;
Thy fav'rite Psyche droops her matchless
    face,
Listening,methinks,for thy beloved voice
Which nevermore on earth shall sound her
    praise.
All these remain,- the beautiful,the brave,
The gifted,silent ones;but thou art gone!
Fair is the world that smiles upon us now;
Blue are the skies of June,balmy the air
That soothes with touches soft the weary brow;
And perfect days glide into perfect nights,-
Moonlit and calm;but still our grateful hearts
Are sad,anf faint with fear,- for thou art gone!

Oh friend beloved,with longing,tear-filled eyes
We look up,up to the unclouded blue,
And seek in vain some answering sign from thee.
Look down upon us,guide and cheer us still
From the serene height where thou dwellest now;
Dark is the way without the beacon light
Which long and steadfastly thy hand upheld.
Oh,nerve with courage new the stricken hearts
Whose dearest hopes seem lost in losing thee!

Charlotte Forten Grimke.

Suggested by Two pictures in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

***

to her refreshing memories of the hills and fields. But the Princess Camellia would not even return their shy salutation, but drew her shining robes about her, and scornfully turned away. Lady Heliotrope gave her a gently reproachful glance, but she regarded her with equal contempt. "Really," I heard her say to her sister, the Pink Princess, "I wonder at the presumption of that insignificant little Heliotrope. The idea of her rebuking me—*me!* The silly creature has certainly lost her senses. I must impress her with her own inferiority, and there will be a chance to-night, for the great Prince and Princess, you know, have promised to look in upon us, and she will soon learn, from their treatment of her, how unimportant she is." The faint flush deepened on the cheek of the lovely Pink Princess, and I think she would have remonstrated with her sister had not her attention, as well as everybody's else, been drawn to a new arrival. This was an exquisitely beautiful country fairy, with deep blue eyes shaded by long fringed lashes; her dress matched her eyes, and both were blue,

"Blue as though the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

Her robe was sprinkled with diamond dewdrops, which are certainly the most fitting ornament a flower fairy can wear, and was confined at the bosom by a rare jewel of gold, enameled with dark blue. Altogether, she was one of the most charming creatures present, and the pleasantest thing about her was that she was so modest, so entirely unconscious of her own beauty. I had almost forgotten to say that her name was Lady Fringed-Gentian.

Then there was a great commotion throughout the grand saloon, and Queen Lily looked expectant, and Princess Camellia drew herself up more haughtily than ever, and all the lowlier ones stood on tiptoe, and looked eagerly towards the door. The great Prince and Princess had come. Arm in arm they approached Queen Calla Lily. What a handsome couple they were!

The Prince was very tall and straight, and had dark blue eyes—almost as blue as Lady Gentian's,—and curly brown hair, and a bright smile that was very pleasant to see. And the Princess was the sweetest creature that ever eyes beheld. Her hair was pure golden, and her cheek wore the faint flush of Pink Camellia's, and her eyes were large, and soft, and dark. "A rare beauty!" whispered the Flower Fairies to each other. "Golden hair and dark eyes. Ah, there isn't one of us, not even the beautiful Rose Princesses, that can compare with her." The pair approached the Queen, who came forward to meet them, and congratulated her upon the splendor of her reception, and the beauty of her subjects. Then their eyes fell upon White Camellia, who was holding her head very high. "A superb creature," said the Prince to the Princess, in a low voice, "but rather too haughty and cold." "Ah," cried the Princess, scarcely glancing at White Camellia, "there is my darling little Heliotrope!" And she rushed forward, and embraced warmly the astonished Heliotrope. "She is my favorite of all," she said to her husband; "she is so modest and sweet, and unconscious,—in every way a lovely creature." Princess Camellia overheard her, and tears of vexation and disappointment stood in her eyes. But kind Queen Calla whispered to her not to grieve, but to try to make herself always lovable, as she could be, if she wished. And proud Camellia's spirit was subdued, and she determined to try. I dare say she succeeded, as most people do who really try to be gentle and kind.

By this time I was quite worn out with the unusual excitement, and was very glad when the Prince and Princess and the other guests took their leave. I bade my flower-friends good-night, made a profound courtesy to the gracious Queen, and turned to leave the palace, when suddenly I again felt a soft hand pressed closely over my eyes. In a minute it was withdrawn, and, greatly to my astonishment, I found myself in my own room. The splendid garden, and lake, and palace, and flower-fairies,—all had vanished. My head was resting upon the window-sill, and feeling very strangely, and Nelly was still sound asleep, looking lovelier than ever in the soft moonlight. I kissed her softly—my darling little lily-of-the-valley,—and then went to my own bed, where I soon fell fast asleep, and dreamed all night of the Flower Fairies, and the delightful reception which I had had the honor to attend.

A June Song.

We would sing a song to the fair young June,
To the rare and radiant June,
The lovely, laughing, fragrant June.
How shall her praises be sung or said?
Her cheek has caught the rose's hue,
Her eye the heavens' serenest blue,
And the gold of sunset crowns her head.
And her smile, ah! there's never a sweeter, I ween,
Than the smile of this fair, young, summer queen.
What life, what hope her coming brings!
What joy anew in the sad heart springs
As her robe of beauty o'er all she flings.
Old Earth grows young in her presence sweet,
And thrills at the touch of her tender feet,
As the flowers spring up her coming to greet.
Hark, how the birds are singing her praise
In their gladdest, sweetest roundelays!
Over the lovely, peaceful river
The golden arrows of sunset quiver;
The trees on the hillside have caught the glow,
And heaven smiles down on the earth below.
And our radiant June,
Our lovely, joyous, fragrant June,
Our summer queen,
Smiles too, as she stands
With folded hands,
And brow serene.
How shall we crown her bright, young head?
Crown it with roses, rich and red;
Crown it with roses, creamy white
As the lotos bloom, which sweetens the night.
Crown it with roses whose petals hold
Treasures of richest, rarest gold.
Crown it with roses pink as the shell
In which the voices of ocean dwell;
And a fairer queen
Shall ne'er be seen
Than our lovely, laughing June.
We have crowned her now, but she will not stay,
The vision of beauty will steal away,
Fading as faded the bright, young May.
Ah, loveliest maiden, linger awhile!
Pour into our hearts the warmth of thy smile.
The gloom of the winter will come too soon;
Stay with us, gladden us, beautiful June!
Thou glidest away from our eager grasp,
But our hearts will hold thee close in their clasp.
They shall hold thee fast; and the days to be
Will be brighter and sweeter for thoughts of thee.
Our song shall not be a song of farewell,
As with words of love the chorus we swell
In praise of the fair, young June,
Of the rare and radiant June—
The lovely, laughing, fragrant June.

CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

Grimke Collection of Books At Howard University

By MRS. R. M. KENDRICKS

The cultural background of the Grimke family, which possesses an inviolable reputation through several generations for fearlessness in the cause of right, for a vast interest in the social welfare of the underprivileged, and for illimitable work in behalf of justice for the Negro, is indicated in a miscellaneous collection of books recently given to Howard University by Dr. Francis J. Grimke, former pastor of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and for many years a member of the trustee board of Howard University.

The Grimke collection contains more than 2,200 volumes, as many pamphlets, sermons and speeches, and several thousand clippings collected over more than half a century of close contact with the national upheavals of the period.

Aside from the rare editions, the old imprimatures, and the unusual bindings dear to the bibliophile there are in the collection many items of general interest and others of special interest to those who have had contact with Howard University. The gift of these books has renewed interest in the accumulation of Negro Americana at Howard, and in the establishment of a research center for writers and others interested in the Negro question.

Many of the books in the collection are autographed copies and other association volumes. These include gifts to members of the Grimke family, books by members of the Grimke family, and gifts to Mrs. Francis J. Grimke (Charlotte L. Forten), granddaughter of James Forten, a Negro abolitionist of Philadelphia, and a warm friend and supporter of William Lloyd Garrison. Among the latter are several autographed volumes of the works of John Greenleaf Whittier presented by the author to Miss Forten, and several signed gift books from Thomas Wentworth Higginson ,Colonel of the first South Carolina volunteers during the Civil War, and later a well-known contributor to American letters.

Of Mrs. Grimke's own literary work, there is a translation of the Erckman-Chartrain- novel "Madame Theresa," for the Charles Scribner Publishing Company, 1869.

Old Howardites will be particularly interested in a copy of "Plato's Best Thoughts," from the Jowett translation, collected and published by Dr. C. H. A. Buckley, former professor of rhetoric and literature at Howard University. Inserted in this volume are two handwritten letters from Dr. Buckley to Dr. Grimke, dated October 31, 1885 and November 2, 1885. Another item of interest is a copy of the second edition of "Eshter Burr's Journal," edited by Dr. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, former president of the university, and printed on the university press. There is also a gift edition of "A Sermon in Memory of William Weston Patton," another president of Howard, by his son, the Rev. Cornelius H. Patton.

The wall of the Grimkes and the Fortens in the ways of the early promoters of the anti-slavery movement and with the abolitionists is reflected in gift and autographed copies of books and mention in the writings of the great stalwarts of those organizations.

Mr. Archibald Grimke, late brother of Dr. Grimke, and a promoter of the N.A.A.C.P., is the author of two books in the collection: "The Life of Charles Sumner," and "The Life of William Lloyd Garrison," and his daughter, Miss Angelina Grimke, has contributed a play, "Rachel," and several poems to the Grimke output. Other Grimke matter includes "The Works of Frederick Grimke," 1871, and two books by Thomas Smith Grimke, one a collection of essays and addresses on the temperance movement, the other two essays and an oration on science, literature, and religion, 1831.

Of especial interest is a volume of addresses in memory of Angelina Grimke Weld, delivered at her funeral at Hyde Park, Mass., 1879, and later printed for private circulation. Among the contributors to this volume were Mrs. Lucy Stone, feminist, and Wendell Phillips, anti-slavery agitator. The book also contains memorial sketches of Sarah Moore Grimke.

Other items include autographed copies of the poems of H. Cordelia Ray, signed books by Lucy Larcom and by Lillie Chace Wyman, a volume in memory of Robert Gould Shaw presented to Mrs. Grimke by William Shaw; gift copies of "Papers on Literature and Art" and "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" by Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoli, a noted feminist of the time. There is also a copy of "Roman Antiquities," 1814 by Alexander Adams, Rector of Edinburgh, and containing the inscription: "Francis J. Grimke, presented by his aunt, Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld."

The books in the Grimke collection by and about the Negro will increase the Negro American already housed at Howard University. The Negro collection began with a gift of about 300 books in 1873, and in 1914 was increased by a gift of 3,000 books and pamphlets by Dr. Jesse Edward Moorland, a member of the board of trustees, Howard University and formerly international secretary of the Y. M.C.A.

More than forty years before the Moorland gift was received, however, the library of Lewis Tappan, one of the most famous anti-slavery agitators in America, was presented to Howard. In the Tappan collection are found rare books, complete files of reports of the Anti-Slavery Society, pamphlets, and a few hand-written manuscripts never published and all relating to the anti-slavery movement in the United States and in Europe. Though small in size, the Tappan collection forms one of the most authentic sources of such data now extent.

Other collections at Howard include the Lavalette miscellaneous collections and the John W. Cromwell (Washington, D.C.) collection which is composed of folios of newspaper clippings referring to incidents leading up to the war of the rebellion, the events of that period, and those immediately following the war.

Man Caught With Liquor And Smoke Screen On Car

J[illegible]n Foster, 31, of the 2500 bloc[illegible]f Ontario road, northwest, face[illegible]harges of illegal possession